WE DISCOVER THE OLD DOMINION

LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

DRAWINGS BY WALTER HALE

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We Discover the Old Dominion

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IN THE CAPITOL GROUNDS, RICHMOND

We Discover The Old Dominion

By Louise Closser Hale

Drawings by Walter Hale

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We Discover the Old Dominion

Map of the Route

"WE DISCOVER THE OLD DOMINION"

WALTER HALE
1916

New York
Easton
Lancaster
Princeton
Philadelphia
York
Wilmington
Emmitsburg
Belair
Havre de Grace
Frederick
Baltimore
Washington
Mt Vernon
Easton
DELAWARE
DELAWARE BAY
CHESAPEAKE BAY
Seven Pines
West Point
William sburg
Petersburg
Yorktown
Jamestown
Home-ville
Fortress Monroe
Norfolk
Courtland
Ports mouth
Suffolk

WE DISCOVER THE OLD DOMINION

CHAPTER I

In Which I Ought to Talk About the Old Dominion—and Don't

WILL you adventure? Will you take a chance? Will you fare forth and all that sort of thing? It was April and became May—that is the time for moving. Something makes you want to move—to root up your household things and be uncomfortable. I wish we could all move in motors, but if we can't there are always the wagons, tired women on the front seats with the glass lamp in the lap—rocking chairs falling off the rear. But getting somewhere, getting something new, something different.

I shan't be arbitrary. I don't insist upon your moving. A woman said to me down South—it was down South we went—that there is no pleasure to her in a tree putting out its leaves in a city. But I say a tree is a tree, and goes through

the same lovely processes in a virgin forest or a backyard. Ergo, if you don't want to go to the Old Dominion yourself, look out upon your backyard, and when you've nothing better to do read this book—but I beg of you don't buy it, get it at the library. I am so afraid you won't like it, and will wish you hadn't spent the money.

"Do you think you will repeat?" This was from W——. I introduce him as quickly as possible. My mother once said when I took her on her first expensive taxi ride which was planned to please: "We'll do it and have it over with."

He has got to be in it, but I shall have to treat him with more respect. It is his claim that I have not been sufficiently formal in writing of him, and he has been upheld by this in a number of letters that have come to me relative to earlier "discoveries." The letters were charming in every other way, but reproachful in their tone as to my treatment of a husband. And, while I believe he wrote them himself, since he feels so keenly about it I shall endeavour to handle him with care. I shall even call him the Illustrator now and then so that you won't think he was the chauffeur. Our chauffeur on this trip, well—later——

"Do you think you will repeat?" he said. And yet he did not say it—he wrote it. I was away—I was away for several weeks last season. And I

am wondering now if I should not tell you why I left my roof-tree—and the roof-tree of twenty-seven other families. Since I so clearly reveal the Illustrator to you should I not tell The Truth about myself? I don't mind your knowing, but I am afraid you will cry: "Mercy! if she has some other profession than writing she can't be much—" and will not even get me from the library. No, I shall not say yet why I was written to by W—— except that it had nothing to do with the residence for divorce. (I really don't see why women get divorces. It is so character building to show just how long one can stick it out.)

"Do you think you will repeat?" It seems impossible to get any further than this phrase. It howls in and out of my ears like a cave of the winds. He was hoping very much that I would say I was sure I wouldn't repeat anything I had referred to in our last book of travels. And while I have no doubt but that I *will* repeat I said of course not—by wire.

We both wanted to go to the Old Dominion, but for different reasons. As I have admitted, the annual desire to move was coming on and as our apartment is quite comfortable it seemed better to transfer my activities to another sphere of usefulness. As for W—— he wanted to go as he had heard that there were some adventuresome roads

down there (adventuresome is polite for bad) and this would give him a chance to get a new car.

As soon as he received my telegram he began looking about for an automobile. It is much pleasanter to look about for a new car than, for instance, a new pair of shoes. In the case of shoes you go into a shop, sit an indefinite time meekly asking passing clerks (who continue passing) if they are busy, and when you are waited on get no enjoyment out of your prospective purchase beyond telling the man that "it pinches right there." At length when you find a couple seemingly mates (that is, one foot not hurting more than the other) the clerk plants a mirror in your way and says "This is what we are selling." And you catch a glimpse of two mastodons at the lower end of your stockings and you wearily pay a sum for the humiliating disclosure, saying aloud to yourself all the way home: "I prefer comfort to beauty."

But when you look for motors, beautiful sleek creatures are driven to your house and a charming young man possessed of enormous enthusiasm, takes you out just for the pleasure of being with you. The Illustrator confused me in his endless driving about, for motoring was not new to him, and there were a number of automobiles he went out in that I was sure he had no thought of buying. It reminded me vaguely of the mourner in the

funeral procession who didn't know the corpse but only went for the ride. I did not get at his real reason until he innocently revealed it in one of his daily letters (yes, daily) when he concluded, just before love and kisses: " Time for a car to come—Toby feels it and is getting eager. "

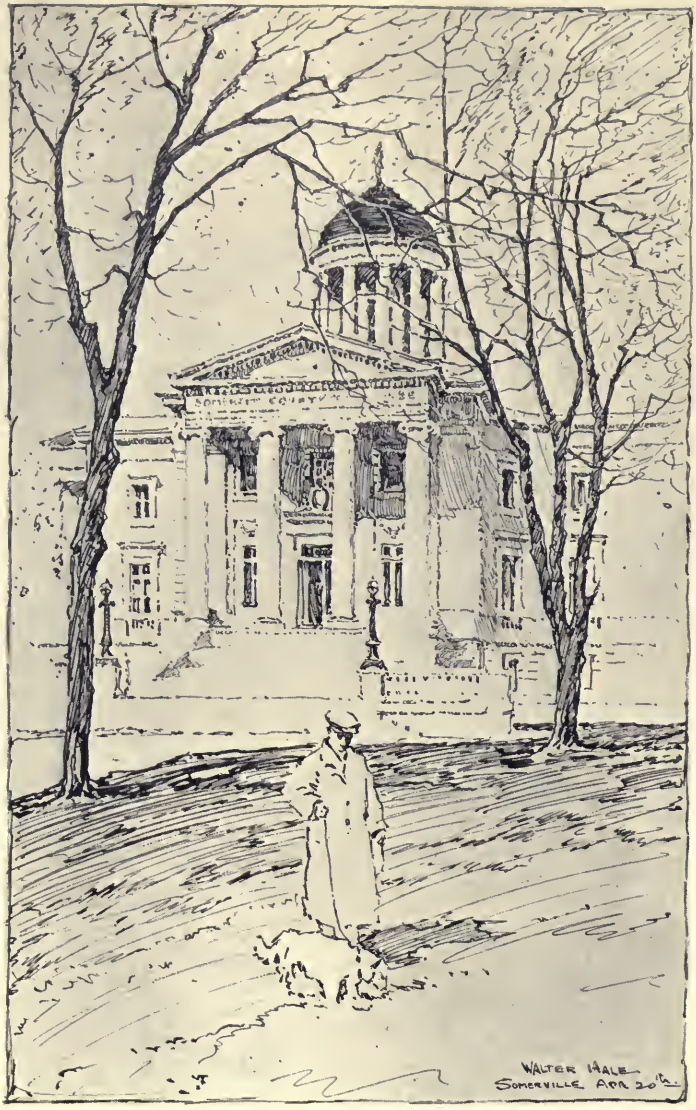
And then I knew, knew that it was all to give Toby a pleasant little airing. It grows very dull for Toby when I go off on these trips of mine. I am the only one in the family who will cheerfully and with enthusiasm abandon all literary efforts or any occupation calculated to improve my mind, to go out in the park with him. He has a terrible way of watching me from the moment I get up in the morning until he has this trip. He is full of hope in the morning, although when night comes and he sees our evening clothes go on he knows there is no use flattening his ears or ingratiatingly beating his tail. He cannot even bring himself to go to the door. It is too much suffering.

He watches me most keenly about noon, and since he has been with us for some months I understand a good deal that he says. At noon it's park or downtown for me—anybody can tell by the shoes. " My goodness, " says Toby, " she's puttin' on her downtown shoes. My goodness, ain't she goin' out in the park? Now I gotta go and stare at Walter. "

You notice he says Walter. We hardly knew what to let him call us. It would be wrong to give him the impression that we are his father and mother, for sooner or later some of his companions would tell him that we are not his real parents and that would hurt his feelings. On the other hand Mr. and Mrs. Hale would be too conventional. So as we call him by his first name we thought it only fair that he should call us by ours.

It was Toby, I imagine, who cast the deciding vote for the type of roadster which took us to—and away from—the Old Dominion. He was very politic on all of his rides. He had caught the lingo from others out on free automobile trips and would remark upon hopping into the car "How smoothly it runs," or "It takes the hill well" or "I'd like Louise to see this." So it was nothing that he said, but just the way he sat up in the little curved seat at the back with W—— and the good looking demonstrator in front that clinched the bargain. And more than this as the Illustrator sincerely wrote me: "There will be room for you as well as Toby."

I had to be convinced of it. In the distant city I took a woman friend with me to an agency that we might rehearse sitting in this circular seat. She was very touched at being singled out for this honour, and I did not tell her I had chosen the widest friend I knew. The agent in the show room would



THE COURT HOUSE AT SOMERVILLE, NEW JERSEY

no doubt have preferred Toby, for my friend, in her zeal, entered the car with her umbrella carried horizontally across her arms. After this we could not greatly enjoy ourselves as we sat in the show window (although quite a number outside the show window enjoyed us) for the concentrated gaze of the salesman upon the umbrella lacerated panels robbed the scene of its festivity.

"Do you know," I said to her that night, "there are twenty-seven coats of paint laid on a car to make it that lovely?"

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, "and I can only get on one"—which incident almost reveals The Truth about me.

When I came home—[that throbbing getting back to New York. "Same address for the trunks," asks the property man. "Same address," we reply]—the car had been ordered and on the big table in W——'s workroom lay the white rattly paper covered with lines that mean days of joy, broken by circles that offer nights of ease. Roads and towns, good and bad, all a gamble. Sunshine and rain ahead of us like the Spring itself, with a wonderful thing to be found out—only I didn't know it then.

I said something like this, making it as unimaginative as possible so as not to embarrass the Illustrator who is ever fearful that I may burst into

tears when having a good time. Even so he detected a tremor in my voice and assumed the superior tone that immediately robs me of all emotion.

"I wonder if you can define the Old Dominion," he asked.

"Certainly," I returned, covering my ignorance by a flippant air. "It is a steamship line."

I doubt if he knew himself, but he looked so wise that I grew very uneasy about this place we were going to and decided to consult my beloved public library.

"Gracious," said Toby, following me to my room. "Not home five minutes and puttin' on her downtown shoes."

CHAPTER II

In Which We Start in the Right Direction, but Easter Flowers at Easton Delay Us

I DID not find out what states comprised the Old Dominion. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was called Virginia, but that meant a great tract of unexplored country of a new world claimed by her because no one was in possession of it except the Indians—who didn't count. However, as time went on it was, to us, not the amount of territory which made the Old Dominion a definite locality but the men and women who peopled it. When it became noised about that we were going South these districts resolved themselves into cordial provinces without state lines, full of the friends of friends whom we must be sure to hunt up and who would " show us a good time. " But I do not think that the Southerners would stop at " showing " a good time.

This vicarious hospitality was interesting, for no one had urged us to surprise their friends when we went into New England, although some had suggested writing ahead to their Yankee acquaintances

with the idea of notifying them of our approaching raid, presumably that they might get away in good time. So this glad sureness that strangers would be welcomed at any moment by those living in the Old Dominion was, after all, the best definition of what comprised Queen Elizabeth's Virginia. And in my dictionary, which, like Samuel Johnson's, will be largely swayed by prejudice, I shall say: " The Old Dominion—a locality where a stranger, dropping in at meal hours, can eat his head off without occasioning surprise or resentment. "

The Illustrator was anxious to get away after we had made this deduction, not that we would visit any one, for we couldn't visit and write of people, but it was pleasant feeling that we would be wanted, and he urged me to overcome the natural instinct to create clothes in the Spring and concentrate on history. I grew very frightened when I heard of the necessity of dates again. I had made a great many mistakes in my last book and my publishers had politely hoped I would be a little more authentic.

I went gloomily down to a book store and told my troubles to an intelligent young man, who has all the histories of the world tamed, and he said he would send me up a very nice little volume called *A Short History of the United States* which I could slip into a pocket. I don't know what kind

of a pocket he thinks I have. That evening my maid came staggering in with a huge package and I thought I had been given Washington Irving in calf. But it was only the *Short History of the United States* for my pocket.

Even so we managed to carry it in a khaki laundry bag together with a mass of reading matter sent me by my aunt. My aunt is an F. F. V. and therefore is not really my aunt but the kind that is a mother's bridesmaid. She had said, in answer to my expostulations, that I really couldn't escape a little history but she would try to limit her offerings to leaflets. As a consequence the S. H. of the U. S. was squashed down firmly on the "Radio-activity of Hot Springs," "Some Presidents I Know," and "How Washington Makes Us Think of the Church." He did not make me think of the church even after reading it.

There was another book I should have liked to have taken, found in a long forgotten corner when I was looking for Toby's rubber ball. It was Elsie Dinsmore—just one of the series—the others must have gone to the little nieces who were loving Elsie as I loved her. With the elasticity of the Old Dominion I was, also, going into Elsie Dinsmore's country, going to that region of broad avenues and darkies singing happily and the gleaming "great house." I was going to experience at last what was

as common to Elsie as verses in the Bible. Something of resentment came to me that I have had to wait so long for what Elsie knew at birth, and I resolved that I should find on my trip a great house, an avenue, a flower garden, yes, even a black mammy better than had ever come into Elsie's exemplary life. With this mighty incentive I packed the baggage.

We got away earlier than I had thought possible but a day later than W—— wished. I could not imagine why he was so keen about starting on the nineteenth of April until I remembered that Paul Revere had taken a little trip himself over a century ago, and though the resemblance would cease there W—— was anxious to ride "through every Middlesex village and farm" on the identical date.

With this effort in view—rather, behind us—we started on the twentieth, W—— with an ulcerated tooth, I with my glasses broken, the new chauffeur with a new cap which blew off, and Toby with the shivers because he was washed for the occasion. Otherwise we were all right. We slipped through the park, going rapidly when there were no officers and slowly as though butter wouldn't melt in our mouths when we espied a bay horse. Toby unmuzzled and leashless hung out and leered at them. The day was pulsing with promises of blossom, equally pulsing was the Illustrator's tooth.

I started poetically. "The hyacinths are out!" I cried.

"Unghuh," replied the distracted man, glaring at the Zoo. "So are the buffalo."

At Fifty-eighth Street we meachingly passed the stern cop who scolds us so often. At Fifty-seventh I sighed for the fine chap who looks like Augustus Thomas, and who is there no longer. Where could he have gone—do policemen die! At Forty-second Street was the one who used to laugh so much before he was transferred from Broadway to this dread corner. He is controlled now and on his job every minute. A woman of the social world who is as good as she is beautiful passed with her red Chow dog on the front seat. The officers all saluted her. She is so kind to people and to dumb things—so awake to the pain of the world. A little wave of regret lapped at my heart that we were leaving these familiar scenes, but we went on through mean streets toward the Weehawken ferry. Mean streets! Poor old New York, I can say what I please of it and no one will write me a letter in its defense.

When the ferry backed away from the city as though leaving royalty I was glad I was going. A strip of water is an absolute severing of ties. I was ready, after all, to go at loose ends for a space. Two years ago when we motored up the Hudson

for an extended trip the war was upon us, yet we could not believe but that it was for the moment. It was grim but passing, we felt. I do not know how near it will be to the end when this bad scribbling is set up nicely in print, but on the twentieth of April I could hear the hoarse voices of the big fellows who sell the five cent extras, and I was glad that for a while I should be separated from news hot from the cable.

More than that I was not ashamed to be glad. I have found out much since this war began. I have found that to preserve the balance of life happiness must be somewhere. It is as vital to the world as sympathy and generous giving. Generous giving? This, too, had confused me. How had I a right to anything when a man died for lack of bandages? How could any of us buy the lovely things within the shops. I spoke of this to my French milliner—" a little French milliner." I said I could not buy her hats that year.

" Bien, madame," she replied, " but what will I do? My bills come in from the wholesale houses—I must pay them. My models come from France—it needs the money—I must pay them quickly. Eight of my people are fighting in France, and I must send your money for my hats to them."

I was delighted when she said this and I bought

a very pretty hat. But we agreed that all of us must do with a little less and give the difference away. So I have a small purse and when I want to go on the bus I take the subway and, saving five cents, put it in the purse for the wounded. Again, half the time when I want an ice cream soda I get a drink of water which is quite as satisfactory, putting ten cents in the purse " pour les blessés." ***But*** half the time I have the " chocolate-ice-cream-please " for what would the soda water man do, who is always a nice fellow in a white coat, if we all left him?

" This," said W—— breaking in upon my thoughts after we had quitted the ferry house, " is Jersey Heights."

I groped back in my mind and advanced the belief that the Jersey Heights were noted for something. The chauffeur said, quite simply, that he had been born there, and W—— strove for fame by confessing that he used to ascend them in our car of twelve years ago, going up backwards for power. However, that was not the event of historical interest which lurks in my mind, but it does not lurk at all in the S. H. of the U. S. I even gave the search a trial at the library, failing miserably for I can never take down a J-K-L volume without going on to read of my dear Lincoln, so I really won't know what happened on Jersey Heights

(if it was Jersey Heights) till my publishers tell me.

We went on and on through Jersey, getting itself ready for Spring. The fountains of the park were being cleaned and in one a collection of stone frogs stuck up on iron rods sent a thrill of satisfaction through me. To my mind the only good frog is a stone frog. I remember a night spent in the country (" Come out, dear, and have a fine sleep," they telephoned me) when the bull frogs in the lake were plying their suit at the top of their croaks. I remember how my affection for those kind people who had invited me out turned to violent hatred of them before the morn, and how I took the early train back to noisy New York and sank into sleep lulled by the hucksters cry and the sound of the hurdy-gurdy. But to be fair to the bull frogs I don't suppose they care for our love music either. They would probably be bored to death at La Bohême—even if the management gave them a box.

We went by way of Newark and out of it by Clinton Avenue which Mr. Samuel Pepys would probably put down as " the finest avenue that ever I did see." It is largely given over now to cavorting jitneys. They were so varied in their destinations that I am sure one could go to any point if they would only start at Newark. Not that I am against the jitneys. I believe in those of modest means hav-

ing a chance to use the most beautiful paths. Nothing rouses me to greater ire when I am in London than being refused admittance to the Hyde Park Drive because I do not possess a private vehicle. It is no treat to a rich man to enjoy the green things, and think how cute the little donkey shays would look backing into all the coroneted carriages.

There is one objection to the jitneys in this locality: you have no excuse for not visiting your friends no matter how remote their suburb. "Don't you care a nickel's worth for me?" they ask over the 'phone. And being untruthful you have to say that you do. Ah! if you had only replied as did Elsie Dinsmore when she gave up the fair: "I would rather stay at home than be deceitful."

We met a moving wagon fulfilling the glad mission which I write of so airily and refuse to entertain. A sour looking woman with a baby was sitting up in front, and on the wagon was a sign which read "Joy Rides at All Hours." She looked at me bitterly and I knew I was having the best of it and felt guilty. I longed to lean out and comfort her with an excerpt from Emerson! "Change is the mask that all continuance wears to keep us children harmlessly amused." But I knew if I did she would throw the baby at me.

If Elizabeth had a better looking front to her hotel we would have stopped there for lunch. I

know I could not run a hotel successfully, but I could deceive enough people each day to keep from liquidation by fresh curtains, clean windows, and a few plants. This is much cheaper than the best meat and active indigestion would not set in until the guests were well off the premises. But the Elizabeth hotel keeper did not make this dishonest effort to attract. Therefore we went on, picking out nice bits of architecture as probable inns and finding them to be engine houses. One was in mission style with a belfry, and a very good style, I should say, for if anything has a mission in life it is the fire department.

There was something about the stucco and the red clay of the vicinity which brought California to me, and with it a memory of a fire engine house of a very small California town where the exigencies of my profession (the secret) once took me.

I recall waking up in the middle of the night by loud denunciations on the part of a fireman who, it seems, had kept on sleeping when the call to arms summoned the others and had missed the excitement. He was very indignant and said "he was in it as much as anybody and they had a right to call him." The fire chief replied in language which could have caused spontaneous combustion that they had something better than wait for a fireman to attend a fire—that they had their DUTY.

"But you might o' waited," the aggrieved one argued, "the fire was out when you got there."

"Yes," said the chief sternly, "but that wasn't our fault."

This should be the end to the story, but I am one of those who always want to know what happens after the end. And in case some of you enjoy this unfortunate curiosity also I will say that the chief concluded his speech with a stinging blow on the cheek of the late sleeper. I had heard a good deal of the honour of the West, quick on the trigger and so forth, and I shut my eyes. But nothing happened. The struckee put his hand to his cheek and said politely, "Don't do anything you'll regret, Jake." After which they both took a chew off the same tobacco.

This has nothing to do with the Old Dominion, I admit it [having been asked by the Illustrator if I could not confine myself within a thousand mile radius] and we will now go back to Plainfield. There we had luncheon. I don't remember what it was—excellent beef stew, I think, seasoned by wails from Toby, who for the first time in his recollection was led away from us and staked down in a very pleasant back yard. Poor little chap! What terror there must be in a dog's heart when his people leave him. We know, a child knows, that we are to

meet again, but a dog knows nothing except that he has been abandoned.

"I am very glad," says W—— at this point, peeping in upon my typist and me, "that you are admitting at last that Toby is a dog." Good heavens! Don't you *feel* he is a West Highlander with wiry white hair, two black eyes and a black snout in a white face like a three of spades gone wrong?

I went out and fed him the dinner he would not touch while we were away, and I knew I was binding myself to certain slavery when I did it. I knew it was the New Dominion settling down upon me. One could have a master more base than a dog.

The Greek bell boy, whom we addressed in Italian to his distress, said the road was cut up by motor trucks from a nearby factory. We always find that a hotel is right when they admit the road is bad, but wrong when it is good. Roads to a hotel man are as a poor version of the little girl who had a little curl right down in the middle of her forehead: when they are bad they are very, very bad, and when they are good they are fair.

He was right about the trucks. Each carried huge stone weights giving them little outings up and down the road to which pleasure they were quite indifferent. How much better if they would carry for their tests: "School No. 11—2,048 lbs.,"

for instance, or " 20 Fat Ladies of the Dorcas Society—6,000 lbs.—with clothes."

We were just getting into open country when a kind Board of Trade, knowing our ignorance, told us on a large sign: " This is Bound Brook where Washington first unfurled the Stars and Stripes." That emptied us all out of the car, Toby to run in a meadow shouting gratefully " I like this Washington," under the impression that the Commander was a field and the stars and stripes a daisy new to the States.

I wonder just how greatly the Arms of the Washington family influenced the design of our flag. Some say it was pure coincidence, but it is hard to believe that a device continually used by George Washington (three stars at the top of the shield, horizontal stripes and bars below) did not make some impression upon the Continental Congress when this arrangement was decided upon for a national emblem. Yet the design appears to be a gradual development from several others that were used by the various colonies, and it was not until June 14, 1777, that the Continental Congress resolved: " That the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, that the union be thirteen stars, white on a blue field, representing a new constellation."

And so Betsy Ross made it, as we all know, and

while the B. B. B. of Trade says that it was first unfurled by Washington at Bound Brook, the Brandywine Board of Trade would probably dispute this. Yet Washington must have been fairly well occupied at Brandywine fighting off Howe's superior numbers, and when night came withdrawing to Chester, "after burying their 1,000 dead." For in those strange old fashioned times the soldier received a grave.

At all events we were glad to have the countryside placarded; glad, too, when the various towns extended to us a welcome as we motored on, instead of frightening us with Don'ts. It engenders a pleasant feeling of comradeship, this painted greeting, and who would run fast through a comrade's domain if he asks you please not to? W—— accepted Somerville's hospitality, making a sketch of a remarkably fine square. I don't know how the man could do it with his face swelling "wisibly." And I hope you admire the picture for he made up a conundrum as he worked. "Why is my tooth like this square?" he asked.

I eased his pain a little by giving it up immediately. "Because it hurts to draw it," was the answer.

Shortly after this came the White House, not as a reward for cleverness, as it is within any man's reach who follows the right road. It has become

ON THE RARITAN AT CLINTON

abbreviated through usage to White House, indeed it is now a town, but one can imagine years ago a great house gleaming white which was used as a landmark—so charmingly do names develop. But wouldn't it be droll if New York were called McKenna's Store! However, I would rather live at McKenna's Store than at Mabel, and that dreadful appellation is holding down a few shanties out West. Clinton, without the originality of a Broadway comedian as to name, led us on by its persistent sign posts. You weren't going to be able to escape Clinton, but it sweetly took you along a brooky way with spring calves much further advanced than the flowers, kicking up their heels at us.

I went into the village store at Clinton and found some originality there in a raspy-voiced woman who was buying Easter plants for "The grave." Her novelty lay in alarming truthfulness, for in answer to the price put upon the flowers by a very gentle old couple she exclaimed "Tain't worth it." And while one may often feel that way about a grave (the grave in this case is a figure of speech—Metonymy it is called—container for the thing contained) I have never heard one admit it so freely.

"She means the plant," said the gentle old couple —they were quite indissoluble—when I spoke of this, and I thought it was very fine of them to stand up for her against my frivolities. Those who live

in small towns must have an endless amount of control. They have *got* to keep friends with the raspy of voice. There is no escaping them, whereas in a big city we can shut them out of our lives as easily as we turn off a phonograph if the record is unpleasing.

" I hope you are getting on," calls the Illustrator at this point. I am really trying to, but it is hard when one has been bottled up in cities for a winter to avoid spending a great deal of time on what may be, to you, an unimportant matter. It seems wanton to pass a pussywillow without giving it a little attention, and I am always so sorry to go in and out of a town that has been a century growing without throwing it a good word. The creeping in of dusk alone quiets me. It was sunset as we approached the New Jersey line and would shortly cross the Delaware into Pennsylvania. Men were going home from work, and just before we reached Phillipsburg, far up against the skyline we espied a lovely composition for the painter of modern life. It was a hand-car on a railway carrying home its load of human freight. The high embankment, the lonely figures—" What is it? " I asked.

" The Angelus," W—— replied, and of course it was.

Across the river lay Easton and we should have gone past it but the Huntington Hotel faced the

open square which was commanded by a monument. Around the shaft were thousands of flowering plants on sale for Easter, and the colour was so lovely that we wheeled the car to the door, and I went in—quaking—to register.

Toby trotted along with me, for I would have no misunderstanding and be turned out in the middle of the night by the watchman. I would not *speak* of the dog for the clerk might be forced into saying they couldn't take him. But he was with me, and I will say this for Toby, while obstreperous often, he never failed to approach a desk in any fashion but one of extreme modesty. And he tried very hard to look like a toy Japanese spaniel.

We dined (I did, the Illustrator had mush) at an open window with a sale of crimson ramblers going on outside. A very large rose bush nodded in on us. Several young men asked the price of it but as it was four dollars their young ladies received, instead, a hyacinth or two. The meal would have been unalloyed save that we mistook a certain yip in the cogs of the elevator for a West Highland terrier. Yet when I went to our rooms I found him peacefully resting on one of our garments. And we secured quiet from him after that, no matter where we left him, by throwing down a coat to show that we would return. A little dog having but one coat himself believes a mortal equally limited.

The best part of motoring is walking about a strange town before we go to bed. There is mystery in the unknown street. A beautiful old church with fine windows lay behind the hotel and beyond that an elaborate mansion, made entirely from silk I understand, and suitable for the Parc Monceau of Paris. Across the way a chemist refused to tell me where to get dog biscuit at night, but said to call in the morning and he would " explicitly direct me."

W—— claimed I had made a conquest " and worthy of it," but his compliment was but the emanation of a brain numb with the consciousness of pain, I fear. For, on his way to bed, he accosted the steward at the restaurant door. I knew he was asking for Philadelphia scrapple, but the steward evinced alarm, as the tortured man was demanding for his breakfast " a little shrapnel."

CHAPTER III

Starting with Toby but Ending with Battlefields

THE buds of the tree outside my window had burst their bonds and were looking in at me when I awoke. But it was a lady tree, I think, and as no other was so well advanced I took this as a compliment to a stranger.

Following the fashion of the inquisitive leaves I peeped into W——'s room and while I found him sleeping, his faithful hound was sitting up on the bed looking at me reproachfully. "His tooth is worse," he announced. I stared back. "We've had an awful time," and, as I continued unresponsive, "that ice pack you bought late last night—when you wouldn't take me out with you—leaked all over us." Although of a sweet disposition he was making it plain that the ice pack would not have leaked if I had taken him along.

So the morning turned out to be a busy one. It strikes me that some women would be busy anywhere. I have often talked of the day when I would rest, but no doubt I should work harder doing that than anything else. At least there is vari-

ety in my labours. Who would have thought that I should spend Good Friday in Easton, " Pa." heating raisins over a candle and putting them on the Illustrator's tooth?

This was the result of a visit to the dentist. His name was Able and, thus encouraged, W—— was induced to go to him. But no tortoise ever made a slower toilet than did he. Now and then he groaned. I reminded him of the courage of Paul Revere. " ' A cry of defiance and not of fear,' " he explained, following it up with a few set phrases about the ease with which we can bear other people's pain.

It is more than a truth. How impossible it is to believe that others are suffering when the sun is shining. Easter flowers are in the square, and you haven't an ache. When I am ill myself I have thought trained nurses a very hard set, but I suppose they pretend sympathy as well as healthy creatures can.

At all events the sufferer stuck to his raisins all day while I made little runs about the town and vast discoveries. There is one house in the square with stiff lace certains at the windows which brought to my mind " The Old Wives' Tale." By the side of it was the butcher's, where " A Big Veal Sale " was going on, also " Baby Lamb "—like a fur shop.

It was on a Good Friday, a hundred years ago, that I received a baby lamb from an adoring man old enough to know better, who afterwards asked me to marry him. Young girls are more cruel than those battered into decency—don't tell me we grow hardened with the years. I accepted that man when I was sweet sixteen with the base idea of holding on to him until I got a better chance. I am glad to report that he finally sent me a note severing our relations while I was still enjoying his buggy rides. The lamb died, and he went away. It is quite like "The Old Wives' Tale." End of lamb. End of man. End of me——? Not yet.

I ran back to W—— to ask if he thought getting him had been the punishment for my early wickedness. He was sitting by the candle. "Never again put a raisin in a pudding," he replied irrelevantly. "Go to church."

The bells had been chiming "Rock of Ages," and I went into the fine old church which has an apse—it might be called—redecorated and lighted with a sort of Russian Ballet result. It rendered the clergyman in sober black unimportant. It made the service incongruous. I kept wondering if the reverend gentleman ever wondered himself if he was being listened to, and then I grew nervous for fear he would point his finger at me crying out, "No, *you* are not listening." I was relieved to slip away,

and I thought the flowers in the streets with every one buying them for gifts to others quite as beautiful a form of religious expression. Even the chemist who gave me back my money for the ice pack was making a little service all his own. I went back feeling that everything was all right. And sure enough it was, for the able one relieved the tooth, and as soon as I could drag the astonished terrier into the car we were on the way. "My goodness," said Toby, "ain't this our new house?"

One thing more happened at Easton which I am obliged to chronicle, although the "suspense" is over when you know The Truth. It was all from that fearful attribute hotel men have of remembering people. "I don't associate you with a machine," he said as I paid the bill, "I keep thinking of—of the theatre." And so the murder is out. He remembered the snow storm, and the try-out of a new play; the all night dress rehearsal, and the five o'clock coffee which he had ready for us when we dragged ourselves home through the drifts. For a hotel is home to a player even for a night.

I would not speak of this other work as I do not need an engagement for next year so am making no appeal to you. But I find myself strongly linked with it as I travel through the country en auto. There is no similarity. It is by contrast that we

get true values. Conditions are better in hotels than they once were for the stroller, but there is still a vast difference between the attention paid a woman who clambers down from a hotel bus and asks for a rate, and the one who descends from a motor leading a dog.

And so—looking every man in the face—to the land of the Mennonites and the Dunkards. But there is ugly country before we get to the rich farm region of these sober people. There is, par example, the town of Nazareth. We thought Nazareth from afar was Bethlehem, so bare was the landscape. But we found this to be only the shrinking of the herbage from the dust of the huge cement works that keep the town prosperous. I suppose the citizens have to enjoy themselves no matter what is the unhappy name of their city, but a Nazareth road house—really, that is a little too much. I should rather stay in a town named Mabel with nothing but Mabel to live up to.

We jogged over a bad cement road which spoke poorly of their industry, and came to Bethlehem. I was prepared for something ugly but stupendous. I found something ugly—and mean. This was hardly the fault of the town of gentle name. The engines of war are not found in their making along our route. Indeed, we saw nothing but a knitting works, and that is hardly one's idea of that grim

commodity which by a glance at the evening paper wrecks a speculator for life.

It was the chauffeur—he observes almost everything along the road except the ruts—who remarked that the streets were empty. They were and I can't imagine any pleasure in staying out to look at them. When we did attract a young man, holding his attention by nearly running over him, he was too indignant with fear and alcohol to give us any information. He had what W—— called " a hot cross bun," a possession you cannot eat, lose, destroy, or give away, and a poor investment for any young man's money.

Love led our feet out of Bethlehem. We made the right turn for Allentown passing a piece of land which a large sign urged us to " Overlook for a Home," an unnecessary warning, and we bumped our way on. Many passed us bumping along more happily than were we, and leaving a cloud of dust behind. [Query: Why does every one leave more dust than we do?] I am sure people who motor over these roads and know no others must think rattling about is a part of travelling.

This is like a young lumberman who, many years ago, took a phonographic French course. He had never heard a phonograph and he had never heard French and he came out of the woods at the end of the Winter speaking the language with an accent

which he took to be French but was in reality phonograph.

One can have all patience with bad roads in poor localities, but in Bethlehem, indeed, out of it and through the rich farming country of the Pennsylvania Dutch which lay ahead of us—well—even Elsie Dinsmore could not have been so racked without a protest.

Up a lovely old street to the Allentown Hotel, out of it quickly, restrained from refreshment by a "Bar Closes on Good Friday from 6 to 8." No one seemed to know why these two hours were chosen. It must be for the reason that one thousand, nine hundred and sixteen years ago at this time darkness fell upon the land.

Darkness came upon us quickly, great storm clouds rolled up from our direction. One could look far out over the countryside when the lightning rent the clouds. Women scurried along the roadside flowers in their arms. To feel the awe of Holy Week one must travel through a wide country. Even in a city we know only our own narrow circle to be awake to the significance of the hour, but on and on and on as we went was the same flood of feeling.

The rain descended nor would we have had the night different, though we made our way slowly. At Kutzville we asked at an old stone inn if they

could give us something for supper. It was past the hour but they accommodated us. And while the food offered had little to recommend it, the motorist in America is so pleased to find the obliging spirit that we had only gratitude for the effort.

We went on through the rain and blackness. I was snug within. W—— had been frightened by the coming storm into rushing up the top before I was even wet. The last service of the week was over. The Passion was at an end. Women were coming out of the country churches along the way, the wind beating their wet garments about them. Our lights shone in their faces. One woman we came upon suddenly—her head was uncovered, her white face and brilliant eyes made a quick picture upon my brain. She was smiling mysteriously, she was exalted with the enormity of the hour. She was enjoying the reliving of the Passion.

Strange thoughts came to me. Did "Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene" and Mary the Virgin find, besides their sorrow, an exquisite emotional stimulus in the death of the Good Man they all knew? This would not be wrong to me. It would not be dreadful to feel that religion could fill every corner of a woman's lonely heart.

Out of the night rose a great munition factory, furnaces glowing like the pit. And again I asked

THE OLD VALLEY INN ON THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY,
NEAR YORK, PENNSYLVANIA

myself if this was the only way—this killing—to preserve a nation's honour. Yet in spite of the precepts of Him who had—it seemed—but this day died I now feel that it is.

On the outskirts of Reading a big motor full of pretty girls dressed for a party offered to go out of their way to lead us to the new hotel. I thought it was very decent of them with their hair coming out of curl every minute to make this detour—decent, yes, and religious.

"My goodness," said Toby, walking into marble halls. "Have we got another house?"

There are many things about the Berkshire Hotel to recommend it, but I was most touched by the card on my desk. It was a pleasant word of welcome. It did not tell you of the things you must not do as in the old days. You were not warned that food carried from the table would be charged extra or that you must receive company in the parlour. And stealing of towels was left to the good taste of the guest. Lacking prohibition of any sort we behaved ourselves extraordinarily well, and the only act I committed which could be questioned was the carrying off of the card itself. For which I hope The Berkshire will forgive me.

I believe we are all growing honester as hotels are growing more courteous. The housekeepers in the linen room and the Pullman porters say that theft

is lessening each year, and it must be that we are developing a sense of public service—which is but the Golden Rule organised, enfranchised, with up and down town offices.

I found myself very tremulous the next morning for we should be on the threshold of the Old Dominion by nightfall and almost ready to begin this book. "Start the first chapter with Maryland and Virginia," my publishers had advised me, so I said I would. But you might as well want your son to be born at twelve years of age. This, I believe, is impossible, although to judge by the birth column one would think it apt to happen. "Mrs. John Edwards is the mother of a baby girl," the papers solemnly announce, as though Mrs. John Edwards might have brought into the world a young woman almost ready for the altar.

It looked at one time as though Toby and I would not leave Reading at all. While they were putting on the luggage we ran in and out of a number of charming streets, lined with old brick houses with the clean scrubbed stone steps that Reading's big sister, Philadelphia, has always advocated. Here and there was a wide gallery at the back of the house which gave more promise of the Old Dominion than I am doing. We ran until we were lost and didn't remember the name of the hotel, and were ashamed to ask.

It was amusing in a way. What if we never found our way back and would have to begin life all over again? I suppose that has entered the mind of every woman, but not many have the courage of one I knew. She was driving in an open Victoria in the crowded streets of Paris, and her husband who had been fairly cross with her for some twenty years was cross a little bit more. There was a block and his attention was held to his side of the way, so she stepped out on her side and he never got a trace of her again. How funny he must have felt when he looked around to find her gone. "Did you see my wife?" he would have to say to the *cocher*.

W—— was asking that as we came back, but not feeling at all uneasy about me, although I have told him the story a number of times. His first words were "I was worried about the dog." But he was no more worried than Toby as he left his handsome new home. He looked at me questioningly out of his three of spades face. Why were we running away all the time! "It ain't debts, is it, Louise?"

The Reading Automobile Club has put up a novel sign telling the motorist when he has reached the city limits and can speed up. It does more—it points the road to Lancaster and, admitting it is the State Highway, leaves it up to the state to apologise. We had already grown nervous when a road is called a pike, and I am sure judging by its usual

poor condition that the term "piker" comes directly from it.

We were immediately among the farms of the Mennonites and the Dunkards. I took them to be Shakers at first from their black bonnets, and I was troubled to see the scandalous fashion that the women were driving about with the men. But these first sects marry, for the Dunkards are simply German Baptists, and the Mennonites a religious order of Protestant Dutch and German who, persecuted in Catholic countries, were invited here by the astute William Penn. They are generally admitted as the best citizens any state ever had, and that may be so, but they are certainly the worst road menders. I doubt if they care for anything beyond their church service and the limits of their farms, and they must be having a very uncomfortable time of it now for they are opposed to all war, oaths, and law suits.

W—— got out to make a sketch of one of their huge barns, a barn which should not have been perpetuated as it was the only dirty one on the day's run and was a failure as a picture. A very kindly Protestant cat tried to make friends with Toby who chased her about as though he were a Catholic. In turn he was routed by a litter of the smallest pigs I have ever seen. To our reproaches he replied that Satan was within them, and I knew then why he

had sat up so late reading the Bible which was "Placed in This Room by the Gideons." Toby is like the old darky: he can read readin' but he can't read writin'.

It was a very merry farmyard with white leghorns flying clear over the barn which a young man, clipping a horse, said was nothing at all. I became as friendly as I can with any one who takes four minutes to answer a question. We discussed hens, I assuming an enormous knowledge. He said they didn't hatch out chickens any more, they bought them, and I said we bought ours too.

"I don't see," said the Illustrator, his eraser in his mouth, "how you can be so dishonest."

"Don't we buy all our chickens," I replied to him. "Do we hatch them on the fire escape?"

"Dishonest," he hissed back. You can hiss dishonest even better with an eraser in your mouth.

One thing I did not ask the young man because it would take four minutes for him to say he didn't understand, four more for him to ask "What doors?" and four more for the reply "I didn't notice it yet."

I had found that the response to my query all along the way was "I didn't notice it yet." My question was simple enough. I wanted to know why all the great stone houses on the farms or those in the neat little towns have two front doors. They

have, and they lead into the same house—for I looked. They have been that way for a century or more, and new ones are going up in the same fashion. There was less inclination to talk of this in the towns, gleaming with fresh paint, that ran along one street like a Dutch village edging a canal. The road very truly stood for the canal. Ephrata which called attention to itself miles in advance gave me nothing to hug to my heart save the name of a piano tuner: "I. List," and a hotel which was called The Cocalico. Think of a stranger with a "hot cross bun" trying to get back to The Cocalico. To be sure there was a pig market in Ephrata, but W—— said he would not stop and have me pretend to raise pigs. I explained to him as gently as would Elsie that I had to get at the people.

"You can never get at these people. They've moved out here to keep you from getting at them. They keep their roads this way to discourage you."

I felt, too, that it was futile, but I was permitted to stop at a lovely old tavern in a little place called Oregon where a village idler sat on the veranda, and village idlers are reputed for their loquacity. With one eye on the Illustrator I whispered to the man that my people came from this locality.

"Did?"

Yes, then they went to Indiana.

"Did?"

But they always talked of Pennsylvania.

"Did?"

Yet I could feel an idea working somewhere within his head. And I waited, and at last the thought was clothed in language and could go out into the world.

"Why for did they go already?"

I said they went to raise extensive vocabularies. They grew very well in Indiana. It was the home of them. I sold mine to the New York markets.

"Did?"

The new Brunswick Hotel in Lancaster soothed me a little as it had only one large door. This had that revolving arrangement in it to keep out draughts. (Amazing that I don't know what this type of door is called!) Toby got in one of the sections by himself and we had to revolve him around a number of times like a squirrel in a cage before he would empty himself out. It created a good deal of amusement on the part of the guests of the hotel, and as we sat down to luncheon W—— asked if I didn't notice that we were always attracting attention. Don't tell me that women are conventional. Every man, I believe, comes into the world with a book of etiquette in his hand.

Through being watched carefully by him, I was not able to ask the waiters why there were two doors to the houses, so I managed it only once in

Lancaster. The question was put to a young lady of whom I bought hair-nets at the jewelry counter of a shop. I explained that I was from New York, where we had but one front door for a great many families, and I thought it rather unfair that one family should have more than its share. She didn't know, but she was neither a Dunkard nor a Mennonite, and she rather intelligently said "It must be for some reason, as they had a purpose for everything."

She looked at me wistfully as I waited for my change.

"New York!" she mused. "You must find it very quiet here after so much excitement." I tried to explain to her as the bill swept along a copper wire to come back considerably reduced (so has the war raised the price of hair-nets) that the people I knew in New York formed such a little circle that we were almost like a country town. "But there must be so many calls to make," she persisted.

I had forgotten that I had ever made calls. Among my heathen friends there is an understanding that we dine and go to dances but we do not call upon the hostess afterward. How well I remember when I was a young girl going out on hot afternoons with my pasteboards in a little case, and how long I would have to wait in the parlours while

the unfortunate wretches dressed themselves. No one would say they were not at home in Indiana. Now I respond over the telephone to the boy downstairs who has announced some intrepid acquaintance that I have just stepped out, and he delivers my message without the turn of a hair—or a wool.

Once I went to Africa fortified by a single visiting card which was to tell Arabs where to send my purse if they found it. But in the course of events a dancing girl asked to write her address for me that I might come to see her house. I offered her my card on which she scribbled her name in Arabic which was of small use to me. But I tucked it away, and a few weeks after that, in Rome, I was granted an audience with the Holy Father. I arrived at the Vatican looking very unhappy in a black gown borrowed from a small thin lady's maid and a black veil over my head which I was forced to buy. At the last moment, just as I was about to be ushered into the presence of that kindly white-robed figure, one of the magnificent gentlemen upholstered in red tapestry demanded my card—my only card. So the Pope has the address of the poor little dancing girl—about the last creature in the world who would have a chance to see—or care to see—her lazy twirling about.

I forgot to say, but must in all honour, that a fine road led from Oregon into Lancaster. After

Lancaster there was a something that was better even than a fine road—although it was quite excellent—something that was painted every five hundred yards on telegraph poles. It gave me a great thrill at the first sight of it, and kept me palpitating for a long while. It was the insignia of the Lincoln Highway: A band of red at the top, a broad area of white below with a big blue L on the surface, and another strip of blue at the bottom. At one turn was a sign post, just as calm as you please: "New York 172 miles—San Francisco 3,217 miles."

We kept thinking how proud Lincoln would be of this road even if it did not bear his name. It is fitting that it should be his. As a boy he knew the untrod ways of the actual wilderness. Grown to manhood he made a path through tracts of mental desolation, created beautiful spiritual clearings, and sowed with infinite wisdom the seeds of a great State. For him the labour of the pioneer, for us the harvest—and the long blazed trail across a country for which he gave his life.

We were to leave this Lincoln Highway at Gettysburg, but we were happy that it was to lead us to the mighty battlefield. W—— besought me to keep watch for the repeated emblem in the hope that I would not see the two doors in front, and flounce about. "Try not to see them," he urged.

"Am I not to enlighten the public," I demanded,

"and isn't it awful to be vanquished by an extra door?"

"I suppose," he hazarded, "they are like Sir Isaac Newton's doors—one for the big cat and one for the little one."

The chauffeur who had the soothing manner that is very irritating, suggested that I close my eyes. I did this, but he kept looking around at me—with that too large interest he had in the world—and we very nearly hung a string of mules on the radiator. We did turn out in time, but the muleteer was most ungrateful.

"Why don't you give me the road?" he roared. W—— roared back that we had given it to him. "Yes, but only half of it," grunted the greedy man.

I kept my eyes open after that, for I may not be much use in a car but I have always noticed that something happens if I don't watch, and I should most certainly have missed a delightful stone house of 1697. It had hung out, on a fine new shingle, the name of Valley Inn nicely flanked by pine trees, with further announcements on an oak tree that chicken dinners would be served. A gentleman in the back yard was calling the chickens. You could see that he was new to the business by the affection he was showing them. No one can possibly like chickens who has spent much time in their com-

pany. A very pretty daughter came out to greet us, and corroborated this inference by saying that they had just taken the inn, having come out from the city. With metropolitan vanity I thought she meant New York of course, but it was York, which lay a little way ahead.

She was a very attractive girl, and made the Illustrator wish he painted portraits of nice eyes and noses and mouths instead of forever presenting hard stone surfaces which increase in value as they grow older and older. Since I am not a young girl —not exactly—it is rather agreeable to dwell upon the advantage of being an admired old stone house. How nice if the world would say of a woman: " Isn't she charming—she's over two hundred years old," or " How beautifully she shows her age—look at the cracks in her face." I suppose I should say " her façade," speaking architecturally.

If wrinkles were a " consummation devoutly to be wished for " my bag of bottles would be much less troublesome. I should like to write about these various unguents that I acquired before leaving, and explain how I am supposed to smatter (I think they call the process smattering) my face every night. The beauty expert told me I should have plenty of time while motoring, so it has a place as part of an automobile tour, and while I dare not *now* I hope to slip the process into a chapter some

CULP'S HILL, GETTYSBURG BATTLEFIELD

day when the Illustrator has gone to the ball game.

I particularly want to talk about it here to make you forget that I *haven't* told you why the English settlers gave these towns—York and Lancaster—the names of the two great houses of the Red and White Rose. The settlers were funny. They came over here to escape the persecution of their own country, and they immediately named their new towns after the old ones, and began persecuting on their own hook.

In York I asked a small boy, who was trying to sell me a two days' old Philadelphia paper with his thumb over the date, if York and Lancaster were still fighting, and he sneered "Lancaster—huh!" So I infer some sort of rivalry is still going on if war is only waged in print. The Susquehanna River flows between the two cities with a bridge over it a mile long, and I know nothing more cooling to hot blood than a body of water. Then, too, they always charge twenty-six cents to cross the bridge, and you have to hate a man pretty hard these days to pay twenty-six cents to go over and fight him.

Visitors from the East who go to Gettysburg and return, generally stay in York over night or motor on to the new hotel in Lancaster. But we were to make a circular tour with as little retracing as pos-

sible, and country inns were to be our portion along with the fireproof caravansaries. So on we went to Gettysburg.

It became a way of toll gates which the motorist never decries as it means good roads, except for the bother of having to stop. Some very nice girls wearing white Dunkard indoor caps, took our mite occasionally. Poor W—— always paid the toll very quickly, although he would have enjoyed talking to them, as he feared I should ask about the doors. I did not want to ask young ladies about doors, but I was mad to find out, without asking, if these girls ever longed for the gay flower-encrusted hats that many of their companions wore. I can't say I found any longing in their eyes, just as I have never seen in a nun's face anything but supreme content.

I did speak to one boy, who took our money, about this annoyance of stopping when you live in the vicinity and must pass over the road every day. He had deep wrinkles in his forehead either from thinking hard or trying hard to think. I asked him if the authorities did not arrange some way for the constant passerby to pay by the year and flash a ticket without going into neutral. He was very positive about it. He said that such an arrangement could not be made. At that a car rushed by, the driver swiftly displaying a coloured card. I was

severe with the boy—I said he was deceiving me.

"No," said the wrinkled youth, "they pay by the month."

Little chills of excitement began creeping over us as we neared Gettysburg. I was surprised to experience this as historical events, even of our great battles, have never stirred me as do dramatic incidents of my own day. No doubt it is our present close relationship to war that gives us a rich appreciation of our own belligerent times. Now that our trip is over and I can look back upon it, I still feel the sensation of pride that was, till then, new to me; and I hope that you will all go to these battlefields of our fathers while you are quick with the anguish of bleeding nations. I would not have thought there could be so much emotion in a field of grain with a shaft of granite by the roadside.

Our sensitiveness to the proximity of Gettysburg was not, however, great enough to carry us there direct. We mistook New Oxford for the little town of German name and were only dissuaded from disembarking our cargo by an honest hotel keeper. A little later the trunk, the dressing case of bottles (for smattering the wrinkles) the hat box, the khaki book-case, and the dog biscuits were being gallumped upstairs—gallumped is the only word for it—to very nice rooms with a bath that

looked out upon the square. Before any one corrects me, the bath looks out upon the square and so do the rooms.

The Illustrator came up after all the work was done to say he had been very busy engaging a guide for the next morning. I asked him what he had to do to find this man, and it seemed that the gentleman had asked him before he got out of the car if he wanted a guide and he said that he did. This completed the operation, proving the despatch with which a man can dispose of important matters. I suppose getting a guide is really the first thing you do in Gettysburg. The clerk in the office congratulated us, and said it was wonderful our picking the best man in town. That he lived in the hotel, had nothing to do with it, and since it turned out very well, I am sure that he *was* the best.

Following the engaging of Mr. Sneed—that was his name the Illustrator said—he and Toby went out for a walk, the latter very martial and growling all along the way. W—— purchased largely, sending home his small parcels after the elegant air of a man who will not carry a collar. But it was very pleasant to hear the little white bell boy present his packages with an invariable formula: "Missus, Mister sent you this." One was a pineapple for my sore throat, and another, to my alarm, was an extra history. I regretted this as the S. H.

of the U. S. had sufficiently confused me already with Earlys, and Ewells, and Hills—both of earth and men. With a guide full of information, too, I knew I should never make head or tail of the great three-day fight.

The lights were twinkling in the square before we went down to supper, and W—— came in as I was enjoying the gentle scene. He pointed to a building, quite near us, wonderfully near, and asked me if I knew who had slept in one of those upper chambers that were now dimly lighted. I was so afraid that it wasn't going to turn out to be Lincoln that I couldn't find any voice to ask, and as I couldn't have used my voice had it been where Lincoln slept the night before he made the Gettysburg speech, I kept silent. The Illustrator, seeing my distress, became not certain that it was the Wills house, and suggested that we ask in the dining room.

We went down. How stupidity takes the lump out of one's throat! We were late, and had most of the young men and women attendants to ourselves. The girls wore high white kid boots but not one of them knew of the famous house in their own square which had sheltered our "Brave Martyred Chief." They had not heard that it was the house of David Wills, who had first urged that Gettysburg be made a national cemetery. I

didn't expect any one to know it who lived as far away as New Oxford. I wasn't so sure of it myself before I bought the S. H. of the U. S., but these people make their living out of such home-made facts.

One young waiter did offer a decent enough excuse—he said he came from Dalmatia. This interested the Illustrator who has always wanted to take me there, and the respect he feels for the traveller came into his eyes. He remarked that it was a long way off.

"Thirty-seven miles," assented the wanderer.

"I meant the Dalmatia of Europe," said W—— very coldly, not looking at me.

The young man gathered up my stewed cherries. "I heard there was another one."

I stood outside of the Wills house that evening and watched the soda-water fountain installed on the ground floor do a good "Easter-egg-sundae" business. The upper room is shown to visitors, but with a sore throat one is apt to be a little too emotional so I didn't go up. I wasn't annoyed with the waitresses in high kid boots any more. How Lincoln would have enjoyed that story on himself.

"I *must* joke," he said to some of those about the Executive Mansion who in their supreme conceit remonstrated with him. "If I don't I shall go mad."

When we were back in our rooms W—— read the speech aloud while I sipped the pineapple juice and looked over to the Wills house. It is thought in the hour after he left the breakfast table, before rejoining his friends, he may have put those immortal lines into final form. But it makes one very happy to be told by those who have studied the subject that he was probably a long time arranging in his orderly and rhythmical mind his almost exact text. It is right that it should be this way—that a great masterpiece should be turned out with the care that is given every work from the shop of an artist. Literature would be a cheap thing if it were easy.

CHAPTER IV

I Sing of Arms—Then Maryland, My Maryland and the Old Dominion at Last

THE three days' battling at Gettysburg is a very involved piece of mathematics, but it is no more intricate to work out than the blending of a full cup of coffee and a full cup of milk when there is no third cup at hand.

I went down to breakfast intent upon the strategy of war and saying to myself, "Buford began it and don't forget he was a Yankee." I thought if I could start right with the Generals I would not be surprised when I found that the North won the three days' struggle.

The coffee order put everything out of my mind. We take hot milk in our coffee in spite of the efforts of the American kitchens to force us into using only cream.

"You want milk?" the waitress repeats after I have explained it all to her.

"Yes, hot milk."

"Hot?"

"Please. I want to mix them together."

"Half and half," going toward the kitchen.

Then she returns, as I have said, with a full cup of black coffee and a full cup of hot milk. I suppose there is some way that a juggler could throw the contents of both cups into the air, and catch half of each ingredient in the two cups as the flood descends. But I have never been good at tricks, and would probably become conscious in a public dining room with coffee and milk flying around in the air and all the guests getting under the tables. So I ask for a third cup, an empty one, and while she looks at me as though I had an unhappy passion for the collecting of stone china, the order is filled.

W—— had breakfasted upstairs under the pretence that he would feed Toby his wheat cakes, but really that he might concentrate on the topographical map of Gettysburg. When I entered he had a huge one spread over the counterpane and he was crying aloud: "Here is the hotel, and here am I facing Chambersburg Pike."

I laughed then, but I have been more sympathetic within the last three hours. Immediately after breakfast today I announced violently that I was going to consult the maps and write of Gettysburg, and no one was to ask me "What's for dinner?" Since then I have called in to the Illustrator a number of times, the last announcement to the effect that I can't get the thing straight unless I ob-

serve the map while standing on my head. He said if I would lie on the floor and hold the map horizontally above me I would arrive at the same result and not attract so much attention if any one dropped in. You see, he is always afraid of causing talk.

Packing patient Mr. Sneed in with us we drove through the town toward this Pike of the Illustrator's discovery and halting on a beautiful government road placarded with Don'ts, called McPherson's Ridge, our guide started in with a flow of statistics that set our brains whirling. We could only limp along behind him, a few words to the rear, as one does when listening to a language foreign to him. You could see our poor lips, as he rolled off Generals, forming: "Yankee General—Confederate General—Confederate General—no, no Yankee," until the history of the first day's battle was over. He then grasped the shallowness of our minds, for, after the pause which followed his really graphic description, a small voice emanating from me asked, "And where were you, Mr. Sneed?" He probably classed us after that as the human document type and told us whatever we wished to know, not of history, but of his own boyhood recollections. How he was working on the railroad—which was quickly put out of commission—and how there had been a feeling in the air for days that something was going to happen. How Early's men had come

marching through the town and gone raiding on to York over the road we had used. Hill's men followed him, demanding clothing and food of the uneasy Burgess. How Ewell's men (they had been Stonewall Jackson's until that fine soldier was shot at Chancellorsville), who were advancing upon Harrisburg, were bewildered by a sudden call to return; and "Jeb" Stuart came on the third day beating his exhausted horses from Carlisle. How all of the roads that led like a spider's web into little Gettysburg were full of marching soldiers. They came on like a fog, as Richard Harding Davis said of the Germans. Yes, grey fog, but a ragged fog, footsore, desperate, ready to make what was almost their last stand.

It is supposed that Lee in provoking the fight at Gettysburg, believed that a great defeat would induce the North to accept peace on the basis of Southern independence. He felt that the North was growing tired of the war, and he had beaten his opponents so often that he did not recognise they had failed in their attack from bad generalship, not bad soldiery—all of this gleaned, of course, from the S. H. of the U. S.

What he must also have failed to foresee was the use these same spider webs of roads could be put to. For in turn they became filled with the blue coats of the Yankees and they came from every point of

the compass, clouds and clouds and clouds of blue, ninety-five thousand of the North under General Meade, only seventy thousand of the Confederate army. And the loss at the end of the three days was equally disproportionate, for the toll was twenty thousand four hundred and fifty-one Confederates killed, wounded, and captured, to twenty-three thousand and thirteen Federals. A number not to be held lightly even as the guns of Verdun belch their eternal fires.

Mr. Sneed having finally plumbed our minds, directed the chauffeur over an old covered bridge which figured on that first day's fight, telling me a charming little story en route of the Confederate General Gordon. It was he who found on the ground after the battle the Federal General Barlow, quite unattended by the First Aid of that day. He dismounted and asked if he could give the wounded man any help, but Barlow replied that he was done for and only wished some message could be sent his wife who was beyond the Yankee lines at Howard's Headquarters. And in some wonderful way Gordon managed a soldier with a flag of truce who brought her to the wounded man. The nice part of it is he didn't die. She got him to the farm house which still stands beyond the covered bridge, and there nursed him back to life. Years after he met General Gordon at just an ordinary party.

ACROSS MASON AND DIXON'S LINE—CLAIRVAUX, NEAR EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND

And the Confederate Veteran asked him if he was related to the General who had died at Gettysburg, and—well—I needn't go any further.

I thought we were being driven across the bridge to see this house, but it was another residence which our guide picked out. "That," said he, addressing the chauffeur and W—— exclusively, "is Plank's house."

The chauffeur who had been as quiet as a mouse as we swept over the battlefields bounced at him. "Eddie's house?" he asked.

"What! Eddie Plank!" exclaimed the Illustrator.

I felt very out of it. But I questioned the Illustrator and he told me to be sure and put in the book that General Plank commanded a brigade on the Union right during the fighting at Culp's Hill. I did try to put it in the book, although I should have been warned by one of his pitifully obvious winks directed at Mr. Sneed, but my publishers upon receiving the manuscript sent me a hurried note to the effect that Eddie Plank was star pitcher of the Philadelphia Athletics when they won the World Championship. So this paragraph is inserted at the very last moment, and I think a joke can go too far.

We passed the cottage where Jennie Wade was killed by a stray bullet on the third day of the fight

for neither side fired upon the town as it sheltered their wounded. She has a monument in a cemetery nearby. "With the courage born of loyalty——" the inscription reads. I am glad she has a monument for women have few enough of them, but Jennie Wade was not out ministering to the wounded, or working for her country, or doing anything but walk past the open door of the house where she was visiting. And of the five hundred monuments erected at Gettysburg to commemorate the deeds of those intrepid days, I fear hers is the only one not earned by the honest labouring for whatever cause was theirs.

There was a great to-do when she was killed. Mr. Sneed told me of it while the Illustrator, instead of listening to the story of the second day's battle as we stood on Culp's Hill, was making a sketch of the hairpin corner. Mr. Sneed didn't mind being interrupted, he simply went on as far as he could: "Now Longstreet —coming in from Chambersburg Pike on the night of July first—had been ordered to occupy Little Round Top. But he did not respect Lee's commands——"

"Mr. Sneed, have you ever noticed what a lot of disobeying there was?"

And that is what amazes us both. The wars of the world are vast records of discrediting a superior

officer, of delaying when orders were given and of failing to seize the opportunity when it was presented. And not every country had a Lincoln whose patient efforts were ceaseless to keep union among his Union Generals. No wonder he answered when some clamoured for the removal of Grant: "I can't spare this man—he fights."

"The second day" our guide leaped in "ended after furious but unsuccessful assaults upon the flank of the Yankees, and to Gibbon, who had charge of the Union centre, Meade said, 'They'll strike at you tomorrow.' And all night—they stopped fighting at night then—Meade at his cabin planned the third day's battle, while Lee in his little shanty—they call 'em picturesque now but they must have been hot—drew up his splendid moves. But that was nothing, the folks say who lived around there, 'that the lights at Headquarters burned all through the three nights.'"

"And could they sleep in the town, Mr. Sneed?"

"Mighty little sleep for anybody. The air was full of smoke, and on the hills you could see lanterns flashing signals, and all the time the wounded were being brought into the houses—Yanks and Rebs the same."

"Did your people have some of them, Mr. Sneed?"

"Sure. We had eight; one big fellow died, and

his father from Georgia came and took him home. All of 'em sent little presents back to my aunt. The doctors would go in and out the houses, and the men would cry 'Don't take off my arm,' but they just clapped the chloroform over their faces and went at it. They couldn't take any chance in those days. I guess there wasn't a bed in Gettysburg that didn't have a soldier in it. All of the townsfolk when they could rest, would sleep on the grass. You could see 'em in the yards thick." Then Mr. Sneed would get on his job again: "Now Sickles made a fine defence, and Slocum's second corps ——" and he would go on with his wondrous talk which so confused me.

I know if I were to blindfold Mr. Sneed and, after driving him about in a circle, suddenly remove the bandage from his eyes and force him to stare at the government road-bed he would say: "Here Pickett's and Heth's Divisions deployed—— "

But he could well speak of the charge of Pickett and Heth on that third day. From one ridge, down into the soft curve of a pasture, up a steep hill fifteen thousand Southern men made an effort to break the Union's centre stationed on the opposing ridge. What cannon fodder they were for those in blue from the height above them! They came on like a plain—they went down like the waves of troubled waters. Many were so terrific and persist-

ent in their charge that they rushed into the unbroken lines of the Northerners and were made prisoners. Hancock, who commanded the Federal forces at this point, said " I have never seen a more formidable attack."

" That was about the end of the three days' struggle," concluded our guide as we rounded a turn on our way back, passing a little stone-encased well. " That's Spangler's Spring. Both the Blue and the Grey spent the night of July filling their canteens one by one from that run. All feeling seemed to die with sunset in those days."

W—— replied that it was so in the present war, that he was last year in the trenches (I hope you have all read his book), and I, wishing to get into it, repeated what an English officer had told me: " Why should I dislike the Germans? I don't dislike a pheasant, but it delights me to see it fall."

I can't say that Mr. Sneed was very deeply interested in anything that had to do with the present conflict. There was but one war to him, and one battle in it—Gettysburg.

We drove about among the five hundred memorial shafts and the one thousand tablets which mark the battlefields along the ridges and in the plains. Some of the marbles were very badly executed. But the general effect was stupefying, and there was no scribbling of names upon the surfaces

as I have seen on many a foreign memorial. W—— was very much touched over his Minnesota regiment that lost eighty per cent of its men, and I found a tablet to the 27th Indiana whose colours never fell to the ground, though it cost many a good man. What a waste of soldiers by this drawing of the enemy's fire! Today's warfare is more economic in the avoidance of their flags.

So far as I know but one monument has been placed on the grounds by the Confederates, while one of General Lee will be shortly unveiled. "But they'll begin soon," said Mr. Sneed cheerily, "they're getting on their feet."

One may observe that the name of Mr. Sneed has been frequently repeated in these few inadequate remarks anent a really great experience. But it is not employed in the script with the frequency that it was sounded upon my lips. This was because I was sure of the name, and I am so seldom sure. As a rule I address a strange companion at dinner with a sort of hurried introduction of all the vowels and as many of the consonants as I can get in, hoping in this way to make a sound something like the poor man's rightful appellation. It is the same with faces, especially, I am happy to say, with the faces of men. I can have a very good time with a face new to me and go away with every lineament sponged from my memory. I can remember them

better if they are scarred, or have a birth mark or a hare lip, and one very delightful creature who knows my weakness always takes a few steps when I enter a room as he has a distinguishing limp.

I suppose this is the only way of my "getting back." I have spent my life explaining myself to people. And I do really think we should have less vanity about ourselves. Instead of saying "You don't know me?" with arch looks upon greeting some mystified acquaintance I think we should obligingly hoot out our names as we enter a drawing room. It is as bad over the telephone. Cousins whom we have not heard of for years, much less talked to, find us in the telephone book and expect us to guess who they are by the sound of their voices.

It was the Illustrator who told me in the last chapter that the guide's name was Sneed, and I don't know why he waited until I had triumphantly mouthed it a hundred times before he asked why I was calling a man Sneed when his name was Sheads. I ask any one—is that fair? He says, at this point, that I am giving more time to the subject than is necessary but I feel if I explain this all carefully, you who visit Gettysburg in the future may, out of kindness to me, atone for my unhappy misunderstanding.

But don't, I beg of you, ask how Toby behaved

on the battlefields, or how he chased a cotton tail rabbit in the Devil's Den, a procedure which was largely among the official Don'ts. It is not through shame but from fear of a summons that we wish the rabbit episode kept dark. A photographer stations himself in this rocky cairn, and visiting parties have postal cards made of themselves standing where the dead were once piled thick. And I think that is just as bad taste as chasing a cotton tail.

We left Gettysburg by the Emmitsburg Road, past the Peach Orchard, the Wheatfield and on through fields of grain. I could not understand on that first day of battlefields, why these simple names that had to do with farm lands were so much more dramatic in their titles than the Valley of Death, the Bloody Angle or the Slaughter Pen —but I arrived at something like a conclusion later, which is pretty far for me to go.

W—— asked me if I thought I could do justice to the scene, and the point is I haven't tried. It has been well done by the able ones. It was Lincoln, with his exquisite modesty who said:

"The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here."

A few miles along the Emmitsburg Road W—— shouted, "There it is," and he fell out the car to photograph a very inconsequential sign con-

sidering the trouble it has caused, marking the Mason and Dixon Line. I don't suppose either Mason or Dixon ever thought when they engineered this strip marking the division between the North and the South, that they should form a combination stronger than any dance team known to Broadway. But its yellow paint and black lettering stood for the soft warm things of life. It spoke of jasmine and mocking birds, turbaned slaves, old mahogany, low bows and ruffled shirt fronts. I might not find any of these old time sweetnesses while travelling in haphazard fashion through the country, but one may take away all this from the South and its choicest possession remains. The first words I ever remember an old coloured woman saying—and we had some of the old ones in Indiana—were "Manners, child, manners." And in this day when a great and efficient nation finds itself out of favour with the world from its lack of the graces, we cannot underestimate the power of courtesy.

W—— began singing, "Maryland, My Maryland," which is anybody's privilege who knows the tune, but was particularly stirring to him as we were on our way to "Uncle Charlie's." When the Illustrator is in New England he belongs to his father's rock-ribbed race, and upon approaching the South he goes over to his mother's people. I would not say he chose this route that he might visit

the old homes of his kin, but he had talked a good deal about Emmitsburg and kept hoping I would have room to "get in it."

One could put it in a pint cup, but it would take several pages to describe our satisfaction with our first sleepy old Southern town which looked exactly as I wanted it to look. With supreme confidence that some one would know at the hotel just where to find "Uncle Charlie's," W—— went up the raggedy old steps and came down shortly afterwards with a perfect Southern gentleman, soft accent and all, who shook me warmly by the hand, although the Uncle Charlie, whom I had never seen, moved away from there thirty years ago.

I could hardly keep the tears from my eyes for I felt that everything in the South was going to be exactly as I had expected, and strangely enough, it turned out to be so. Even the trees were further out than they were across the line, and a perfectly good buzzard flew over our heads to set all doubts at rest as to our locality. As the Illustrator remarked, buzzards are the most exclusive of all Southerners. They never go beyond the Mason and Dixon Line, yet they begin promptly on the other side.

We turned off the highway to go to "Uncle Charlie's," following an avenue of huge pear trees out for Easter that must have been centuries old.

It was good enough for the approach to Elsie Dinsmore's house and I feared I was going to discover something better than hers right at the start. Fortunately, for I did not wish to find my quest so easily, the house on the estate—San Marino it is called—had too many gables for Elsie who, I feel, lived in a mansion with a flatter roof. There were picturesque quarters for the house slaves, though, and a block where they were sold. There were daffodils growing in the lawn encircling the homestead, and there was a host much more cordial to strangers than Elsie Dinsmore's stern father would ever have been.

W——, who was now speaking with a strong Southern accent, had no fear of intruding, and the host accepted us as though strangers from New York motoring suddenly over his daffodils were doing him an honour when they awoke him from his afternoon nap.

We let the nephew of Uncle Charlie mooch about by himself for he wanted to see where the old lake had been. He once told me that there had been a boat on the lake which ran by winding a clock, and he thought as a boy that it was the most wonderful mechanism in the world. I remember (this is irrevelant so one may skip it) his expatiating upon this clock boat while a sweet little old seamstress was in the room trying to " make me style," as she

expresses it. And she joined into the conversation to a mild extent. She said she was no inventor—she had never had time—but she still believed that an automobile could be propelled without gasoline or electricity by using clock work. If you can make a boat go, she argued, why not an automobile? And, indeed, I don't know why not, except that it would be very embarrassing to run down at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street when the green sign told you to "Go—go," because you had forgotten to wind the clock the night before.

The Illustrator was courteous but did not encourage her to abandon "making me style" for higher endeavours. And she may have put that down as professional jealousy for she herself had painted pictures in her younger days specialising, she told me, on flowers and cats.

The gentle land owner of San Marino patted a beautiful collie which looked indulgently at Toby growling like distant thunder—a storm that never breaks—and told me of his longing as a boy to live at San Marino. How he had gone West, made "not a heap but a little money," enough to buy the place when Uncle Charlie wanted to go away, and how it was understood by all the girls and boys and grandchildren of Uncle Charlie that they were to come back for their honeymoons. He didn't have any children of his own but he had

adopted two little fellows who had grown up to be splendid men and, thus encouraged, he and his wife were out seeking for little girls. I was strongly tempted to tell him that I had adopted several children, just because my sister has one, and it speaks well for the truth pervading the atmosphere about the dear gentleman that I couldn't choke out a baby.

Was it not an agreeable entrance into the South! For the success of this man was emblematic of the spirit of these states. The farm which would not prosper under the old method of cultivation was now richly producing, and the chalk quarries which the master of the old régime had been indifferent to were yielding automobiles, porcelain tubs, and other luxuries of this day.

Stung by the social bee we could not stop visiting, but halted at the next estate on the flimsy excuse of admiring the architecture. We had been assured of a welcome by his neighbour with that hospitality-once-removed which our friends in New York had offered us. We were rather surprised to find our friends so right.

A black dog did not care for us but a white gentleman of evident discernment restrained him, and he loped over the fields to eat up a distant scare-crow. He was a plain Virginia hound and not the French police dog that fitted best into the

architecture of the house. One expects to plunge immediately into ante-bellum mansions of Greek design even on the fringes of the South, and this chateau of many gables like an old French picture of fourteenth century Gothic piqued our interest.

Our perfectly new host led us into the house and we sat down in a room where we were told a ghost spent many a quiet evening in company with the present family. The ghost is the refugee who came out at the time of the French Revolution, built the house after the fashion of his old manor near Clairvaux, named it after the town and lived to an extraordinarily old age, dropping dead about where I was sitting.

" I really don't know why he should be dissatisfied," said the gentleman whom we were outrageously visiting. " He had a very decent time of it. This is a great Catholic community and customs went on about as they did in France. They stop work and say the Angelus around here still. You must have noticed the Catholic schools as you came along. There are bishops and nuns buried in the church-yard, and every darky of the vicinity believes that they sit up in their graves on All Souls' Day and chant the Miserere."

" Do you see the ghost? " I asked, hoping he did and hoping he didn't.

" No, our old black man sees him, but I can

THE OLD MILL ON CARROLL CREEK, FREDERICK

often hear him sitting down and getting up—he creaks a bit. I have placed that chair for him—the one you're in."

I got up—because it was time to get up—the Illustrator would have stayed forever, and I went out looking backwards at some darling old chairs whose legs sloped fore and aft, a model we found only in this neighbourhood. We walked toward the car after W—— had finished his sketch, trying not to step on the blue periwinkles (do periwinkles sound like fish to any one else?) and in parting I went back to the ghost subject wondering if the old Marquis could be unhappy over the present owner's sympathies in the war. Strange how we cannot get away from this great fight! But our host was as French in his leanings as the gables of his house. W—— suggested that it might be the method of warfare that disturbed the old fellow.

"That may be it," assented the Châtelain casually. He was not tempestuous. He came from the newspaper world and, having created sensations, knew their emptiness. "You saw Gettysburg—that was the warfare of the French Revolution—'up to date' they might have said. But this of today is a return to the Middle Ages. The liquid fire in present usage is the molten lead of that earlier period. The Arab at the front is

right. Let them fight man to man, and it would soon be over."

The Illustrator and I agreed when we were on our way that we would not stop anywhere else even if we were asked to supper. And we only did stop once to photograph a very good old house. We did not enter the gates, although with very cordial intention a cornetist somewhere within was blowing to us: "Whosoever will may come."

A sort of panic crept over me. I remembered what we suffered at home when it seemed that my older sister might marry a young man who always brought his cornet when he came to call. He would play all Sunday evening to her accompaniment, "Oh, Fair Dove, Oh, Fond Dove." My mother and I would walk up to the corner and pretend we didn't know where the noise came from when the neighbours protested. He was a very religious young man, and, I believe, tooted his way into heaven some time ago.

The only thing that surprised us about the day was the magnificence of the road, and this but added to our cup of happiness. Every one was enjoying it, including small cars with the top up although the sun was shining. We dared not look at them for fear of embarrassing the young couples within. I besought our driver to give them the road, for the young chauffeurs made no effort

to guide their vehicles save by the feet. There was no attempt at speed, they just jogged along as had their ancestors when wooing, and I am sure if they had occasion to stop they would instinctively cry "Whoa!"

There were barefooted children, log cabins, violets at Thurmont, and "Miss Birdie Gilbert—Milliner" at Lewiston. There wasn't a hat in her window, however, and they must have all been on the heads of the young ladies in the small cars which were being run by the feet. I hope Miss Birdie did not go into the country on an Easter walk and see the angle at which her offspring were being worn. It would be enough to crush the soul of any millinery artist.

And so, frivolously, we came to Frederick —the Frederick of clean streets, fine houses, a dashing stream, and Barbara Fritchie. I never thought in my young days (when, magnificently impersonating Mrs. Fritchie, I attacked Stonewall Jackson so hard that one small boy burst into screams) that I should ever discredit the story of Barbara. I never thought when a girl that I should ever go to Frederick at all.

What are the early dreams of youth made of? I cannot remember. Certainly wide travelling was not among my ambitions nor within my understanding. I fear that I went to sleep and woke

up with the sound of applause in my ears, the applause of a distant day. And while there hasn't been much of that in my life, I believe, after all, that the Business has been better than the Dream. With all the pain of existence I believe that every one will find more in the conflict than the conquest. And the conflict will never desert you—not even in Frederick.

The young clerk at the desk of the pleasant City Hotel was very dubious about giving us two rooms after he had read our names. I didn't know why until W—— went down to protest against the two walled up interiors which were apportioned us. The clerk was frank with the Illustrator. He said when married couples came to the hotel in the busy season he could allow them but one room.

"Yes, but if they are willing to pay more," queried W—— weakly.

"No," from the young man who was an upholder of Jeffersonian simplicity, "one is enough."

As he was a very agreeable Frederickian, one need not put down his ideas on deportment as the old trick of the American hotel keeper in the small town. It is not unfamiliar to the strolling actor who takes his wife about with him. In many cases the same price is charged for two in one room as for two in two rooms. The eyes of the clerks gleam when they read the guilty man's admission

that he has a wife. They go into one room—or they sleep in the "Op'ry House." And I have known of tired husbands and wives after weeks of one night stands, approach the desk as individuals, register under separate names, and staring at each other as though strangers, secure a glad respite from a common tooth mug.

W—— appreciated that there lay before him a tussle between the flesh and the spirit, with the good young clerk—curiously enough—on the side of the flesh. "I suppose," he said, glaring morally at the dispenser of keys, "you would like to have us register as did this secretive gentleman."

He pointed to the line above our names. "Mr. Black and friend," was the simple admission.

"They have come for dinner," cried the young man in a shocked panic—striking the bell for the boy. It was improper enough to have a married couple in two rooms, but the expounding of Brieux ethics at his hotel desk—No! "Shoot if you must this old grey head but——"

"Front! Show the gentleman into 41 and 42."

CHAPTER V

In Which a Fine Old Story is Exploded but We Offer as Good a One by a Dear Old Lady

SOME one will write me a letter to say Maryland is not South, that it never seceded from the Union, many of the natives did not believe in slavery, and most of the men fought for the North. But I say that there was a buzzard after the Mason and Dixon Line, a Southern accent at Emmitsburg, a hospitality at "Uncle Charlie's," and coloured waiters at Frederick. More than this I have delayed long enough writing of the Old Dominion, and it begins "right hyar."

It began with me by a feeling of languor and a disinclination to leave my warm room (wrested from the disapproving clerk) which looked out upon a pretty little court. I could see into the clean kitchens opposite and watch the waiters passing into the dining room swaying along as only blacks can sway, with their loaded trays high up on the palm of the right hand, swooping around each other and never colliding. I wondered how a left-handed waiter would get along in the pro-

cession. And I am very sorry that such a thing came into my head, for it is not important, and I have been looking for left-handed waiters ever since when I should be attending to exports and imports, or what is indigenous to the soil.

Through the dining-room windows I could see Easter hyacinths upon the tables where were seated many guests. I fancied they were Fredericksians who had given their maids a night off, a pleasant innovation from the old "go out in the pantry and get a bite if you're hungry" arrangement for Sunday supper. A hum of voices reached me. It had a very easy sound. There was none of the restraint of the Northern hotel which one finds so depressing. They were having a good time and weren't ashamed to show it. There is no muzzle to spontaneity in the South. I think they are more like the French than any other people.

And the women are like Frenchwomen. One doubts if they have the executive ability of the Gallic woman, but then no other race posseses that. I can remember the impoverished Southern ladies who came up North to visit us when I was a little girl, and that oft-repeated phrase "Befo' the wah I nevah buttoned mah shoes." They probably didn't, but "the thing is" as my friend M. W. P. says, they did button them when they

had to. With the denial which the "frivolous" Frenchwoman is showing now, the "frivolous" Southerner did without servants to button shoes—and shoes—and, as time went on, buttons. In the terrible days of reconstruction when a Lincoln was so needed, they continued to permit themselves no luxuries beyond the luxury of talking of the past. Even to their own undoing they held to a fierce partisanship which rendered a meal a mere fashion to be done away with like an extra flounce on a gown.

When I was about ten we had a young teacher in the ward schools who came up from the South. That was quite a while after the war, but the feeling was still intense. It was Gertie Mossler (of curly hair which I no longer envy), who threw a note into my lap apprising me that "teacher was a Rebel." Hot with the bitterness of which I knew nothing but whose wings were still beating in the air, I wrote back that if a Rebel, I hated her. And this, possibly through the treachery of Gertie Mossler, reached teacher's ears.

She had me up after the others had gone to ask me if had written thus rudely of an instructress. I had not developed my gentle art of lying to its present perfection and I admitted the uncomplimentary things, instinctively sure if it came to an issue that I would be upheld by the community.

I recall the fine flush that reddened her sallow skin. I could see the colour in her scalp through her thin blond hair.

"Yes, I am a Rebel," she replied, not to me but looking far over the desks of the ugly school room, "and I'm proud I am a Rebel. I wouldn't be this *scum*——"

She pressed her lips together and did not continue, but she did not retract her dangerous cry nor ask me not to repeat it. I don't know how I got out of the room. With the instinct that assured me I would be upheld in hating her, I knew, too, that teacher's job was in the hollow of my hand. For some reason I never told any one—this is the first time I have ever spoken of it—so you see the confidence I have in the gentle reader. She used to watch me curiously, wondering, no doubt, when I would speak. She was pretty brave, wasn't she, for it wasn't easy for a girl to "speak out" with starvation staring her in the face.

Of course, if she had gone to my dear Lincoln —or had him to go to—well, that's finished! Among my aunt's leaflets which were in the travelling khaki laundry bookcase was a little story of one of her kin, Miss Ann Elizabeth Summers, who was probably called Miss Ann Elizabeth. She had left Virginia on a visit before the state seceded, and as martial law was declared she found herself

in Washington without funds or home. She grew desperate, and was advised by a friend to apply to the Treasury, " for they were hiring women until the trouble blew over."

She was not encouraged when she made her application, the man in charge of appointments, unsympathetic to Southerners, telling her in jest that she would have to see the President for such an important position. She took him at his word and waited at the White House next day from eleven in the morning until the sun was setting. And when she was ushered into his presence the best she had to say for herself was: " Mr. Lincoln, you may not want to talk with me for I am a Rebel from Virginia and cannot get home—but I need work."

And after a little while the President sent Ann Elizabeth off with a note which read:

" Secretary of Treasury,

Please give Miss A. E. Summers a position in your Department.

A. Lincoln."

As he handed it to her he said: " Miss Summers, this is as much as I have done for any one."

And, do you know, she kept the job. She kept it for thirty-five years and retired on a pension.

And I don't know whether the moral is to wait, or, in distress, to pray for a Lincoln, or just to be a Southern woman.

I have wandered far afield again, but the roads in Maryland are so good that it is no trouble at all to run back from Washington to Frederick. And Miss Ann Elizabeth hasn't changed much from the women having supper at the City Hotel.

Indeed, I became very mid-Victorian watching the waiters, and trying to be annoyed because W—— and Toby (who was out attacking iron dogs on elegant steps) did not return. I had no doubt but that we were going into the Old Dominion after the most topsy-turvy fashion. We should have begun at Jamestown where the first English settlers endured, and worked our way through the earlier battles of the Civil War to Gettysburg. The Illustrator had not planned it that way, doubtless in his anxiety to reach "Uncle Charlie's," but ostensibly to let me see the Virginia mountains in the first flush of Spring. Perhaps it is just as well to progress backward slowly (if you understand me). I was already fitting myself into the mid-Victorian period with W—— in a nice black stock, but I could not jump him so quickly into the long curly locks of the Jamestown régime.

It was all very sweetly old-fashioned this Easter

night, and old songs like "Nita, Juanita," came into my mind, and "Genevieve, Sweet Genevieve," which my mother used to sing. I remember her very softly picking them out on the piano at the old Palmer House in Chicago, when we went there to see the world, and my looking about hoping that some one was admiring us. I touched the pale blue satin furniture with awe, and heard stories of the real silver dollars in the floor of that part of the building where low men drank liquor. We had been out on a shopping expedition that morning and she had looked at plaid cloth for my new pelisse (it was a revival of the pelisse I want one to know). She could not decide for the cost was terrifying to her, and she finally said with that assumption of ease which deceives no one:

"I fear it is too dark for my little girl."

Then the city clerk exclaimed aloud, but endeavoured to conceal his exclamation, uttering: "Is it possible that this little girl is not your sister, ma'am?"

"I think I'll take that goods," replied my pretty mother.

Telling these things is the best description I can give of Frederick—which is no description at all—but the sensation continued throughout the next busy morning. The day began with a large grey cat jumping on Toby in the most inhospitable

fashion as we passed through the lobby to go discovering. Several old ladies who were in the office—refined village loungers—gathered up their skirts and screamed, while the coloured bell boys enjoying themselves to the limit, made tardy efforts to remove her claws from Toby's inviting long hair.

He was very much astonished, for he assured me that he had not invited the attack, but he had probably grown a little too cocky from his success with the iron dogs of the night before. He trotted along with us when we gained free air, saying, every now and then, "Wasn't doin' no harm, Louise," having already soaked up a negro accent. One may have noticed a certain inelegance in our aristocratic terrier's speech even before he embraced this new dialect. It comes, we think, from his devotion to the funny pictures of Briggs, Fontaine Fox, Outcault and such artists as have introduced dear, talking dogs to the public. I know if he were to confess his highest ambition it would not be "Champion West Highland Terrier Toby," (and get into "Vogue") but one of those long-eared canines who go around with the fellers and have such a good time laughing.

I led him up to some little boys with a view to distracting him, while the Illustrator darted down a wiggly road with a stream crossing it and a mill

beyond. As soon as He decides upon a composition I try very hard to find something about the view, in order to justify his sketching it beyond his natural wilfulness.

I was in hopes his choice concerned Stonewall Jackson and Barbara Fritchie, but the boys gave me no encouragement. They were playing in a gay, green square, opening off the main street. On one side was the stream which was slipping stealthily past the Illustrator that it might dash through the village and see the sights. I told the boys that I knew they had all the rightful information about Barbara Fritchie as I could see they were Scouts. And while they were not Scouts they rose to the compliment, and escorted me to the other side the bridge. Here a tablet read that her house had once stood upon this perilous point, directly over the water. So I assume that it had been washed away and the stream is given wider bounds that it might not drown any more of historic Frederick.

It was very disconcerting to have the house on the downtown side of the creek, for Stonewall Jackson could not possibly have come "up from the meadows rich with corn," by way of the Illustrator's watery lane and on toward Harper's Ferry if the Fritchie story were true. I almost wished I had not seen the small boys who embar-

THE TOLL HOUSE ON SOUTH MOUNTAIN, MARYLAND

rassed me further by asking if Toby belonged to the circus.

"I seen one to a circus," argued the principal embryo Boy Scout to my cold negative.

Toby nudged me. "Ask him what the dog done," he said to me.

"He done nothin'," said the boy, thus interrogated by me.

Really—I never did like young men. They aren't to be trusted. I walked up the street to an enchanting chemist of middle age, and bought some medicine for my cough (I love to speak of "my cough," it sounds so die-away) not that I cough much, but I wanted to talk about Barbara to him. I thought I ought to buy something first, but one does not need to buy anything of a Southerner if one really prefers to talk. I found that out afterwards. And they would give up a good sale any day to tell you of their town history.

It was very interesting to notice the skill with which he skated over the thin ice of Barbara's story. Out of loyalty he wouldn't deny it, and, like Shaw's poet in his play, he "wallowed in the honour of a gentleman." He employed a certain deftness in leading one away from the subject to truths which are not questioned. At least they are questioned only by the Government that has been trying ever since the Civil War to avoid paying

Frederick $200,000 and interest. Each year the Congressman for that district brings it up, and each year it is thrown out, and each year the citizens of Frederick pay interest to the banks who loaned them the money to keep the Confederate Early from destroying the town.

Frederick was sympathetic with the North, and took pride in the great Union stores in their keeping. They were stacked up, I believe, in the old Baltimore and Ohio freight depot which is still standing, and, speaking of relics, is the oldest railway station in the world. Some one came dashing in on horseback one night, one of those nameless boys whose wild rides never got into poetry, urging that the stores be hidden, for General Early was raiding through the country en route to an attack upon Washington. The citizens hurried away by train the rations for man and beast, and by the time Early arrived, confident of food and fodder, he found the depot empty. Enraged at this he threatened to destroy the town if the sum of $200,000 was not paid him with which to buy other stores, and the good townsfolk borrowed the money from the banks to save the city. But this so delayed Early that his effort to reach Washington was of little value, and I do think it's horrid of Congress not to pay Frederick that money.

The enchanting middle-aged chemist believed

that I had forgotten all about Barbara, so indignant I was over the shabby treatment of the town. And I might have forgotten had not a very trim type of corner drug store patron egged me on again. I noticed him when I came in. He had already taken his "morning's morning," and was teetering about in a dignified fashion while he talked over our position in this present war. Rather, his companion talked and he disapproved, repeating at steady intervals: "Ain't we a powah?" until his companion settled the matter by saying: "No, we ain't a power," after which the trim non-abstainer turned to me.

It was he who suggested my going to the printer's. The printer knew All, and while All might cause a good deal of uneasiness if it were applied to some historic characters, I had no qualms about Mrs. Fritchie. But the printer was of a type (typographically speaking) new to me. He did not work on Easter Monday—nor would he let his machinery. Everything was as secretive about the establishment as Barbara's washed-away house. And I grew very discouraged, which is the way to become after trying very hard, for then something agreeable always happens.

I sought out the Illustrator, for no matter how inefficient we feel each other to be, we always flock together when things look blue. Toby and I ap-

proached from the other side the stream by the busy old mill which didn't know about Easter Monday. The wagons go through the water, " also the Fords, but no automobiles," I was told, and there is a tiny suspension bridge, swaying like a trapeze, for foot passengers over which Toby had to be teased. " A nice circus dog," I told him, " can't swing on a trapeze."

To offset this cowardice he growled at a rooster which was crowing at us, because the Illustrator had already gone and I couldn't find out All about Barbara Fritchie. An old gentleman in a back yard chided him for crowing while I chided Toby for growling, and in that way we became friendly. He was weeding the garden, but he had words to assure me that the suspension bridge had been there in War Times—" sure pop "—for, though a little chap, he was there himself.

" Yes, *ma'am,* stood on it to watch the soldiers wade through the water. The town was full of 'em, Yanks and Rebs, all the time."

I sighed. I was glad he stood on the bridge—at midnight—or whenever it was. And I tried not to wish that it had been Stonewall Jackson standing there instead. I was rewarded for my abstemious wishing. " Yes, *ma'am,*" continued the old gentleman shaking the dirt out of a weed. " Saw General Jackson pass." He threw the weed

in one corner of the yard just as though he had said nothing at all.

I put my toe in a knot hole of the fence and climbed higher. "General Jackson," I told him in a small fine voice, "must have come down Main Street or he couldn't have passed Barbara Fritchie's house."

"Forded his hoss right through thet air water," throwing another weed, "his colyum a'streamin' after him. Off to Harper's Ferry, 'n from there to Antietam."

"My goodness gracious *no!*"

"Sure pop. You ask the cobbler's wife."

"Cobbler's wife?"

"First turn to the right and on till you see the cobbler's. You ask her."

I hated to leave that lovely man who could bring so much joy into a life while pulling weeds, but I did so want to meet the cobbler's wife. Toby and I flew around to the right. I warned him nervously: "Behave yourself now. Everything depends upon our behaviour," and he did conduct himself with the greatest decorum. If I do say it Toby is the dog for a crisis.

I fear they were about to have dinner in the back room, for the shoemaker had left his bench and his tools were laid out as neatly as a lady's manicure set. It was very warm, with the pleasant smell of

leather, and the room had some of those lovely old chairs with legs sloping fore and aft. I don't see how I could notice them when I was so afraid that the wife wouldn't talk to me, but I am in the habit of seeing things now, and I keep on doing it even though my head gets full of rubbish like an old, old attic.

But she came out from the back room and he and she and their daughter and I all shook hands, while a growing-up grandchild who wanted his dinner looked unutterables at me from a distance.

"Well," said the gentle old lady with a twist of a smile and brown eyes that still embraced the world, "I guess I can tell it." She smoothed her dress down over her knees. "I hardly know how to begin."

"Barbara Fritchie——" I encouraged.

"That was wrong," assisted the old gentleman. "She was in bed."

"We think it might be politics that got her name in," aided the daughter.

Politics! Shades of Jeanne d'Arc! Catherine de Medici! Diane de Poitiers!

"You see that house across the way?" the mother started again. I did; it wasn't very pretty but it was old. "It was just that way exceptin' that it had a railing across the steps when Mrs. Quantrille lived there."

"Mrs. Quantrille?" As the Illustrator would say: perfectly new stuff.

"Yessum. The one that had the flag. I was in her household then. Her husband worked in Washington. She was a mighty smart woman and a right handsome one. Everybody'd kinda look at her on the street. Yessum. And she was a Northerner, but we were all kinds in Frederick."

"I fought with the South," said the shoemaker.

"He did," continued his wife, "and my brothers fought for the North. The two armies used to come raidin' through the town, and pickin' each other off right in the street sometimes."

"Would you be scared?" I probed.

"Scared? Why, I'd be that scared I couldn't tell the colours of the uniforms. Thought I saw my brothers in the front yard, and they were Rebs. But they never hurt women, neither side."

"No, nobody ever hurt women in those days," said the old soldier.

"But us girls used to have good times with both sides. We'd joke an' laugh with the Rebs, and they'd say they would come back and marry us, and while that would make us hoppin' mad some of 'em did come back and marry us."

The old, old lady and the old, old gentleman smiled at each other.

"This ain't tellin' her about the flag," insinuated the husband.

"No 'tain't. Daughter, run up and get that picture of Mrs. Quantrille. You know, ma'am, we always felt a battle ahead, and when the orders came from Lee for General Jackson—there didn't many call him Stonewall then—to march his troops through the town to seize Harper's Ferry, we felt something in our bones. He came by way of that creek."

"Not past Mrs. Fritchie's house?"

"No'm, just this side of it. We were all on the stoop watchin' for Mr. Jackson who, we had heard, always rode with a Bible under his arm. There was a good deal of delay along the road because you know, ma'am, they wait for the commissary. The Confederate band was playin' down at the drug store, and it was Hill—D. H. Hill, there were two in this corps—who sent for the musicians to serenade Mrs. Quantrille and us girls. He had reined his horse alongside of us and we were all cutting up.

"All this time Mrs. Quantrille had a little Union flag in her hands. It's the rule when an army comes through a town that only the flag of the army is shown, so I reckon hers was about the only one flying. Mrs. Fritchie was a very old lady and was sick in bed that day."

"But didn't anybody protest about it?"

"Well, Mr. Hill said, 'Madam, you ought to take that flag of yours and make an apron of it,' but quick as a flash she came back 'You ought to take yours, sir, and make breeches out of it.' They were terribly ragged, that corps.

"Then Hill rode on and no sooner had he gone than one of the privates, gettin' into line, stabbed it with his bayonet, and used some language that wasn't very nice. Mrs. Quantrille was as perky as you please. She made a fuss about it, and said the man ought to be arrested for rudeness to a lady. So one of the officers rode on ahead and said he'd see to it. Southern gentlemen were very particular about language before a lady. I don't suppose anything was ever done because there was a good deal to think about just before a battle.

"But Mrs. Quantrille said, 'Girls, have any of you got a flag?' We used to all carry Union flags in the bosom of our basques, and May went into the hall and took hers out. So by the time General Jackson came along she was waving one again. He never said a word that I can remember, and we were all so excited bowin' to him that we had to laugh afterwards because we forgot to look for his Bible. Yessum, we did.

"It was the other Hill of Jackson's Division—I always call him the Hill on the cream coloured horse —who brought up the rear. And he said to Mrs.

Quantrille, 'You ought to be shot for wavin' that flag.' His pistol was out of its holster but he didn't shoot her. And Mrs. Quantrille who always had the last word, said 'You'll be the one to be shot.' It seemed a kind of a prophecy, for he was killed. But then a good many was. And after that another soldier, encouraged by what Hill said, I reckon, cut the second flag out of her hand and trampled on it. So if the poet had got it right, he'd have had two flags torn down."

"So that," I said, "is the story of Barbara Fritchie."

"Yessum. They say people who write just naturally can't tell the truth—excuse me."

"Money," said the shoemaker.

"Politics," insisted the daughter who had come back with the photograph.

"Romance," I suggested, not daring to urge "artistry."

Toby and I walked up the street, going very uneasily toward Barbara Fritchie's tablet. I felt as though I had been taking finger prints on a flag staff.

From a distance I heard the beating of drums and the sound of fifes. I thought the martial music had got into my brain along with the spell of the story, and that I must be dreaming. But the beat grew more insistent, and I abandoned the search

for the Illustrator in the good old search for the band. I looked down the little lane where Jackson's men had marched, and there, to my chilling horror, saw an oncoming army. Over the swaying suspension bridge they marched, not the stalwart boys of Jackson's Division but a little company of little darkies. The only resemblance was the fife and drum, and the ragged condition of the corps. They bore two banners, one to announce a baseball game that afternoon and the other a painted notice in uncertain lettering which read: Dance Up Tonight.

But a drum is a drum for all that. On they swept through the town, passing Barbara Fritchie's tablet out of compliment to the good lady. A yellow dog followed them proudly, and behind the yellow dog came a West Highland Terrier, and a beautiful woman with prematurely grey hair—who shall be nameless.

On and on we marched as gay as linnets, until a certain roadster drew up alongside and the voice of the commander cried "Halt!" I spoke to him sternly:

"Who touches a hair of my grey head
Dies like a dog." "Get in," he said.

And Toby and I under the Old Dominion of the stronger sex motored on to Antietam.

CHAPTER VI

Too Much of Me in This, but the Truth about Our Toll-gate Picture. History to Burn and—Virginia

When I was a little girl there was a room in our stable with a platform at one end, used by the former owner for billiards. It is hard to tell why he had the platform unless it was for the Look-out. For many years our coachmen, varying in colour from the ebony of Old Sam to the lobster hue of a country boy, who was known by us as Green Henry, slept there. That is, in a bed on the platform—like a succession of kings.

I would like to talk about them but the Illustrator is already warning me if I make this book too long "it will scare them off," meaning that a thin book written by me is of more value than a fat one. Fat ones terrify him. When a new book of mine comes out he has a way of sticking his head in at my door saying: "Can't I go to bed? I've read a chapter."

But Green Henry (I must say this) was brought frequently to my mind the more intimately I became acquainted with our chauffeur. To be sure our present driver was New York—or at least New

Jersey—to the last "woid." But he had the same interest in things about him that Green Henry had when he came to the great city to drive our horses. My mother is a timid woman and as the smallest reference to what we saw along the street was accompanied by Green Henry's close attention we were obliged to see and speak to no one, all of us staring straight ahead in the hope that the newcomer to the State Capitol would emulate us.

With the same cordiality that he embraced city life so did our genial chauffeur take to himself the ways of the country. He overtook them. He could tell the name of any bird on the wing no matter how distant; he knew the wild flowers by the wayside, indeed, went so close to recognise them that we feared the day would come when we would lie in the ditch along with the daisies. But nothing ever happened to us beyond a rather mean irritation when he would cry, as he tooled us out of a hedge: "Nobody can beat me on eyesight."

He was delighted with the custom of bowing to each other which is still charmingly preserved on Southern roads. And from an inclination of the head while driving he rapidly progressed to a salute, a wave of the hand, and, finally, the long extended arm of welcome—something after the manner of a monarch recognising his subjects. I recall it was when Green Henry began cheerily lifting

his hat to our passing friends as they bowed to us that the stern exigencies of Safety First caused us to relinquish him. He went back to the farm—carrying our good cook—and this gets me around to the beginning of the chapter, for a man who " slept home " took his place and the coachman's room was given over to us children.

We scrubbed and aired it before it became a first class theatre, but there was always a pungent trace of the long line of servitors who had so fully occupied the stage before us. And on warm days, when the drama was intense, mothers and fathers were known to leave even before their children made their appearance. We gave several war plays, serious plays in their intention, and we children could not understand the unseemly mirth among our elders when this very battleground was presented toward which we motored Easter Monday.

It was called " Lost His Last Chance," a title to make any one think. Yet after the first lines of the prologue, which I had carefully put into rhyme, there was a great lack of self-control. Having written the play I spoke all the good lines. I came out wearing the red, white, and blue bunting used to drape our front porch on the Fourth of July. I was beautiful, but impeded by the twenty-two yards of drapery as my mother would not allow me to cut any of it up. I progressed as far as:

"Dear Friends, foul deeds and hard to beat 'em
You'll find in plays of Ant-ie-eet'em."

Then the uproar began.

"Didn't you *know* it was pronounced An-teé-tum?" said my mother afterward. ["You see, Sam," as Frank Tinney would say, I put this in so that you'll all know how it is pronounced, and not keep waiting for the end of the joke.]

I told this to W—— as we went along a most engaging road, and while he didn't care much about it I will say that the chauffeur laughed most satisfactorily. W—— was busy looking for toll-gates. We were agreed that the road was as good as anything in France and it seemed only right that we should pay something for it. We were just going in at the tip-toppy of the Blue Ridge when we found so lovely an old toll-gate ahead of us that we stopped on this side for a sketch.

The chauffeur discovered the first white violets, the first buttercups, and a red clover which I was proud to tell him was sorrel. I spoke of the custom in Normandy of staking the cows in a long line and making them eat with neatness and no waste. Whenever we are in perfectly simple surroundings with the birds singing in the bush, sun—some clouds—and a good white road, I do not think of any other part of America, but of France—or Austria—or Germany. Yet not of Italy. Italy

is so vibrant with old passions, so teeming with castles on grey hill tops, so hurt with the straining of beasts of too great burdens. South Mountain lay ahead of us and beyond that was the little creek of Antietam across which the two armies fought with the greatest loss of any day in the Civil War. And that is France—and Austria—and Germany.

When the Illustrator had almost completed his sketch and Toby had run away in fear from a piece of earth moving unassisted in an even ridge—for he had not learned "mole"—I went up to the toll-gate lady who was working in her garden to say that we ought to pay toll for the house as well as the road.

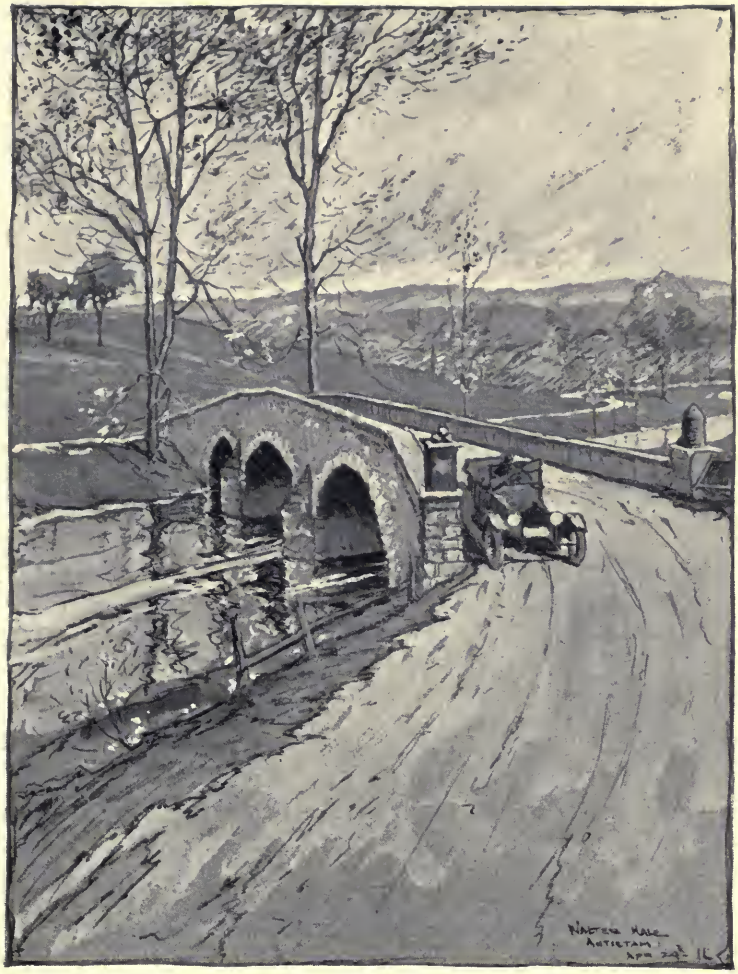
"Toll?" she repeated. "Tain't a toll-gate."

I came over to her closely. I didn't want the Illustrator to hear. "It's got to be a toll-gate. My husband has been looking for a typical one and he says this is perfect."

"'Twas a toll-gate once," she admitted. "Tolled the road mighty nigh a hundred years, I reckon, but I plant tomatoes now. No, won't cost you a cent."

"But don't you see," I whispered excitedly, "it's got to be an active toll-gate. If it isn't, he'll tear up the sketch and I do so want it in."

"In?" I told her about the book. She stared at me in a sort of happy daze. "This old ramshackle in a book—well, what are we coming to?"



BURNSIDE'S BRIDGE, ANTIETAM

I saw an opening. "It's up to you. I tell you what." I watched the Illustrator from afar as the plan took shape. "When we come along here, you just hold out your hand and say 'ten cents' and then I'll give it to you. Say fifty if you want to. It's worth it."

"Land sakes! I'll get took up for it."

She wouldn't do it. That sweet, tired, honest woman wouldn't do it. I kept on talking. I saw large possibilities of her making more than she ever would out of tomatoes. She need only hold up touring motors with New York numbers. "Remember, cream background and blue lettering. If they are a young couple in a little car why only ask eight cents, if a large rich party, not carrying my book, ask a dollar. It will do them good, and they won't get a better road in Europe."

She laughed and laughed at my nonsense. "Land sakes," she kept repeating. But we finally effected a compromise. She went into the house and picked a ten-cent piece out of her poor worn purse, giving it to me. Four minutes after that as our car rolled up she came out sternly, and "Ten cents," she demanded, like the best actress on Broadway.

Of course there is going to be a little trouble about this, but at the present writing the Illustrator has gone to the Lambs' Gambol, and I'll choose a

time to read it out to him when he loves the world —when he comes home from the Gambol for instance!

We stopped at Middletown to be sure that we were right for Boonsboro, questioning five very fat men who were sitting, quite correctly, on the porch of Koogle's candy store. I wanted to ask them if McClellan had marched via Boonsboro but the Illustrator thought it was better not to. We would be so disappointed had they gone another way. If this man had three eyes and didn't know it he would not consider that he had them.

So swift was our pace that we arrived and left Boonsboro before we knew it and drove back a little to turn sharply to the left for Antietam Creek. The tablets along the country road began much sooner than we had expected. It gave us a thrill to see "Headquarters of the Army of the Potomac" marking where the tents had been pitched. It was a field of grain then, it is a field of grain now. Between that point and the creek, the bridges of which were so fiercely contested, were many markers, great open scrolls, which gave the divisions of the Federals, told us when they were despatched to the bridges, when they were relieved and by what regiments.

The history of the battle is exceedingly simple and I beg that I may tell a little of it. It is easier

than working out a picture puzzle, and I think in time you will find it more stimulating. It introduces some of our friends at Frederick and some who endured for the battle at Gettysburg three years later.

On the 13th of September, 1862, McClellan coming into Frederick from Washington was handed an order found by a Yankee private, from Lee to D. H. Hill. It showed that the Confederates were at present divided on South Mountain—it showed to McClellan that it would be a great coup to place himself between them. "Sing opportunity!"

But he did not go that night. He waited until the 14th. In the meantime the Confederates had consolidated, and when McClellan forced them to evacuate the gaps in the mountain it was with great loss of men. When Lee heard of the lost order—imagine the despair of this fine General!—he hastily withdrew his forces, which were nearing Hagerstown, moved to Antietam and sent for Jackson who had marched from Frederick—as we know—to Harper's Ferry.

Had McClellan followed up his first attack without delay he might have gained the victory, so reads history, but another day was lost in skirmishing, and it was not until the 17th that the battle opened in earnest. Jackson's men were arriving, yet things were pretty shaky for the Confederates—60,000

men opposed to 87,000 Federals—when our friend A. P. Hill, of the cream coloured horse, leading the last division of Jackson's soldiers arrived from Harper's Ferry. They had travelled 18 miles over roads not such as we were enjoying, but they went immediately into action. They went without orders from Lee or anybody else as far as I can make out. They fell upon the Union men who had taken the bridges at all costs—and at such cost—and drove them back to their first entrenchments.

Night came. Lee's army which was not on the defensive but the offensive in this battle, moved farther south, and McClellan, who was on the offensive not the defensive let them go. For this he was removed, and Burnside was put into command. The nation, I believe, rejoiced that at least Lee's invasion of the North had been checked, and they buried the 12,470 men who had checked him.

A little company of school children with their teacher came along the road, as accustomed to the tablets as they were to the wild flowers, and looking at me curiously as I sniffled. They advised us to cross the ugly modern bridge ahead and go to the one now known as Burnside's, for there the fighting had been most furious. We went on through more peaceful country, fields of May wheat rich in promise, along the ridge which Lee's zeal had granted him. A fine old house stood at

the bottom of the hill across which the guns must have thundered. We asked a scrap of a boy with soft brown eyes who was swinging on the farmyard gate what he had done when the shooting began and he said "I don't just remember." One could hardly blame him, but I was sorry I couldn't find out some way or other, for it has always been a mystery to me how houses are evacuated during such times of stress. But he could only tell me that he was Mr. Nicodemus's little boy.

The Burnside bridge over the stream is very lovely. We crossed again that we might read the memorials to the Northern men who had held it. The Illustrator brought me a little bunch of violets picked at the base of one column to unknown dead. Above rose the heights which Hill's men had wrested from the advancing Federals. It could have been no easy task to have climbed that steep. On one corner of the bridge Colonel Pope has erected a granite stone to the 35th Regiment of Massachusetts:

"Who crossed the bridge and went up the lane and left there 214 killed and wounded.

"Gloria est pro patria mori."

So ran the inscription.

There was time to sit quietly in the sunshine and think it out. I know, too, that it is glorious to die for one's country. I know it now after suffering

from doubt and confusion for twenty-two months. I know that the flesh must die that the spirit may be quickened. And what can patriotism be but spiritual manifestation? Why, after all, should a man fight for the mere dirt on which he chanced to be born unless it means man's highest expression of the inner life—the life that has naught to do with the love of man for woman or the material ties of hearth and home?

And yet—again I am confuted—if this battling for a cause is constructive and not destructive, if it is a process of evolution, the following of a natural law, why should the young men go before the old? Why do not the old men go out to battle and the younger men fill their depleted ranks? I suppose I shall find an answer to this. One finds so many answers in these days to the problems of life.

We secured at Antietam what we missed at Gettysburg: the vision of a battle. It did not come from government roads, nor acres of land turned into park—the former yield of the good brown earth nullified. It came from the fields of grain serving as they had served in war times, fulfilling their mission as the soldier fulfilled his.

Not long ago a friend of ours—a woman—exclaimed over my joy in the quick return of the French peasants to their scarred farms. She thought a battleground should remain sacred, she

said it would be offensive to her to eat the bread of a blood-soaked earth. And I have no reply in a language fitting for the theme. But here are a few verses of a young American, Alan Seeger, who is with a regiment in the Champagne district of France. The entire poem was printed in the *North American Review,* and Mr. Review has been so good as to let me use them.

"Under the little crosses where they rise
The soldier rests. Now round him undismayed
The cannon thunders, and at night he lies
At peace beneath the eternal fusillade . . .

"Obscurely sacrificed, his nameless tomb,
Bare of the sculptor's art, the poet's lines
Summer shall flush with poppy-fields in bloom,
And Autumn yellow with maturing vines.

"There the grape-pickers at their harvesting
Shall lightly tread and load their wicker trays,
Blessing his memory as they toil and sing
In the slant sunshine of October days . . .

"I love to think that if my blood should be
So privileged to sink where his has sunk,
I shall not pass from Earth entirely,
But when the banquet rings, when healths are drunk,

"And faces that the joys of living fill
Glow radiant with laughter and good cheer,
In beaming cups some spark of me shall still
Brim toward the lips that once I held so dear."

It is all there, isn't it? I hope every one in every Broadway cabaret when glasses are lifted for years to come will think of this.

We stopped at Sharpsburg for luncheon, sanely hungry after an emotional morning—just as it should be. The hotel was getting a new coat of paint and they said they never had anything to eat when they painted. We were served at the Nicodemus house further along by a brown-eyed young girl like those of the little chap who doesn't quite remember what he did during the Civil War. The pretty girl was his cousin and used to live in that very farm house. The three of us sat in a long dark dining room while she graciously served us, talking of what the Nicodemus family did when Lee levelled his guns at the foe across the valley. "They just naturally all cleared out," she told us, which was a very sensible thing to do considering that the thick brick walls are still encasing the lead of both armies.

She was a nice girl and agreed with us, saying it was mighty pretty about here. I looked for the restlessness that marks the faces of so many country girls of the North, but she was passive. Possibly that very love of home—not of the wide country but of the small environment—is the quality that made it rational for the Southern graduate from West Point to cleave to his state in preference

to his nation when he walked in his Garden of Gethsemane and made his choice.

When we arose to go and I reached for my purse W—— began hissing to me: "Don't insult her—not a single cent," like a nest of snakes. This would have been surprising, for he is an honest man, and had eaten a great many eggs, had I not understood his fear that I was going to tip her. I would as soon have thought of tipping the First Lady of the Land as of offering anything beyond the price of the meal and our thanks to pretty Miss Nicodemus. I said as much when we got outside and W——, who had put on a grey suit that morning and forgotten his rock-ribbed forefathers, replied that you could never tell what mistakes a Northerner might make.

Thus varying the day with pleasant wrangles we came to a new diversion, perhaps one should say division, for it was the Potomac River spanned by a long bridge. He went ahead to take a picture of it with our car magnificently crossing, but he had no sooner reached the other side and begun waving for us to start than the chauffeur discovered a sign overhead which threatened a heavy fine if we passed without paying toll. There was no one about to take our money, still both of us were cautious as to our expenditures and the enraged

W—— had to return to tell us that the toll-gate was at the far end.

A very dear old toll gentleman explained that they had put up the sign as a horrible warning. "I cain't always ketch 'em," he said, which was the truth, as in a running contest he couldn't have caught a crab going backward. We asked if any one was low enough to escape tolls, and we learned that there are people who make a regular business of it. They have an instinct for it like pickpockets, counterfeiters, or safe breakers. I thought it must be very uncomfortable to be handicapped by such an instinct. It would not be as lucrative a pursuit as pocket picking, and the field of one's industry would be limited, for he would have to spend his life hanging about toll-gates whereas pockets were in every part of the world.

I fear I spoke too sympathetically, but W—— came up, turning the old man's attention by the desire to know something of a monument high on the bank which he had just "taken." The old man told us it was put up for Rumsey who, he said, "discovered steam." There is nothing like enterprise for acquiring a monument, but I looked into Mr. Rumsey's past more definitely and found he had applied the power to a boat, an honour shared with several other discoverers.

"It's goin' to rain," our old new friend tolled

(forgive me) as we left him, "the *Baltimore Sun* says so." And this raised the question as to the state we were in. Anybody in Maryland would believe the *Baltimore Sun,* but could its blighting prognostications be taken seriously in the Virginias? We asked a huge black fellow guiding oxen just where we were and he replied that he "reckoned we was in East Virginia," then confessed frankly as we pinned him down about this state new to us, that he disremembered.

It was West Virginia, and after some driving along a country lane, fields right to the motor's toes, we came to Harper's Ferry. High on a bluff overlooking the merging of the Shenandoah River with the Potomac is a fine hotel known as the Hill Top Inn. It is managed by an intelligent coloured man and his wife, and that is the finest monument which could be erected to the memory of John Brown.

From the bench on which the Illustrator was sketching they pointed out the inconspicuous shaft far below, erected to the great fanatic's memory. I didn't know much about John Brown, at least I "disremembered" save that "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on." So we listened to the two as they spoke most impersonally of the man who had given his life to free their people. He had come out of Kansas. He had been lawless enough there to bear

watching, for, violently anti-slavery, he had been instrumental in the deliberate killing of five slave owners of that state, yet I cannot find that any steps were taken to indict him for these murders.

In time he conceived a well formed plan to make raids into Virginia and Maryland, seize slaves and hurry them through to Canada. Some of the cooler abolitionists in the Eastern States would have nothing to do with him, but he secured funds, and with eighteen followers actually captured the United States arsenal at Harper's Ferry, cut the telegraph wires, and entrenched in an engine house, where the little shaft now rises, held all comers at bay until overcome by marines. Curiously enough, two United States army officers then known as Colonel Robert E. Lee and Lieutenant J. E. B. Stuart of Gettysburg fame—but, alas, no longer under the same flag—effected his arrest.

"He wasn't any more crazy than I am," said the intelligent coloured proprietor of the stately inn. "He showed that at the trial. But when you believe in only one thing and you believe in it hard you seem crazy to people who don't care much. It appears to me to keep your balance you got to believe in a heap of different things."

So John Brown, the insurrectionist, was hanged. He died with dignity if he lived with violence, advancing his belief more in the quitting of life than

THE POTOMAC AT HARPER'S FERRY

by any fierce holding of it. He became a martyr and his private prejudice grew into a sacred Cause. He believed that naught could be accomplished without the shedding of blood—he gave his own. It takes a superman for that especial sacrifice.

The hotel proprietors withdrew to welcome a luxurious motor, and Anna Dore with her two little friends next occupied our attention. Anna Dore was of a dark skinniness familiar to my youth, and she was the self-elected leader in the game of rolling coloured Easter eggs down the hill—this assumed leadership is also familiar. Each had her basket of eggs, the contents of which were rolled rather gingerly, the egg getting the farthest winning the other trophies. It was an encouraging refutation of the old adage which is being continually applied to me by an anxious family that "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

I asked them what they did with so many cracked eggs—I was hoping for the present of a smashed one—and Anna Dore replied that they only rolled them until hunger (presumably theirs) was stilled. She had another game which consisted of tapping upon each other's shell to see which cracked first. "Do you pick?" said Anna Dore to me very politely.

"She does," returned the Illustrator, and as I

did not wish her to get a wrong idea of married life I hurried on to Toby.

He had gone off with a lop-eared beagle whose charm consisted in leading dogs strange to the town along the perilous edges of the cliff. And no matter how near death the chauffeur afterwards brought me, I have always been grateful to him for pursuing those will-o'-the-wisps. It was not a chauffeur's duty, nor was he in training for it, but this is one of the penalties for taking a friendly interest in his employers. We finally got under way, Toby lunging out and barking farewell to the beagle. "I like this Harper's Fairy," he cried, not understanding at all. But it made us think for the first time of the ferry and of Harper. Where was it? Who was he? I doubt if even the coloured proprietor would know.

And now—evening, with the first yellow clay of Virginia prematurely beginning in West Virginia. We passed through Charlestown with a memorial hall—given by Charles Broadway Rouss—showing a huge picture of the donor in the steeple. I don't know why more millionaires who build great edifices have not thought of this pictured fame. Imagine Mr. Woolworth's face going all the way down his tower—the longest face in the world!

Sharp at the state line which bounced us into Virginia we struck some bad going. The road was

probably built by one of the First Families of Virginia—and never touched since. It was not the welcome we would have planned, although it was something we feared. But we were distracted by a youth ploughing the rich clay of a field. He wore a dull blue shirt and his face was glowing from too long a task. There were four great black horses straining at the plough, but as we passed he pulled them into inaction. He watched us, and I thought there was a terrible despair in his face, despair that he must plough of a sweet Spring evening while we drove by. I longed to tell him that he made the finest picture I had ever seen, and my first picture of Virginia. But I could only wave to him, and immediately what bitterness there was left him—or he was too proud and too courteous to show it—he lifted his broad hat and swung it in the air, then went on with his work.

And while the pike behaved itself a few yards further on, I found this first experience over the state line entirely Virginian. When the way is bad lift your head and hear the mocking bird; turn your head and see the beauty about you. Look to the people and the road will be easier by the smile they give to you. It is unending—and takes no toll.

CHAPTER VII

Officer Noonan All Over These Pages, an Umbrella, the Shenandoah Valley, Wicked Gypsies, and a Shampoo

THERE was a progressive hotel in Winchester, Virginia, which sent out advance notices of itself like a well-billed play. "Hungry?" read a sign on a tree with the name of the hotel underneath. "Bath?" it continued further on. "Sleepy?" Indeed every inducement was offered except "Dog?" and for that reason we passed it when we reached the old town stopping at the newer Hotel Jack.

It was not until Toby and I had triumphantly gained our rooms that he read out to me a notice on the back of the door: "No dogs allowed." But nothing was said to us at the desk, and we assume that the landlord had wisely put elastic in his rules which gave the motorist extra privileges. He is right in this for the automobilist is willing to pay for extravagances, and the possible annoyance of a dog should, I think, go down on the bill. It hasn't as yet, but I see no reason why the price should not

be "$2.00 with bath," and "$2.50 with bath and dog."

They could not accommodate the Illustrator, however, with any sort of liquid refreshment less soft than a down pillow. Many other towns in Virginia have gone distressingly dry and in November the whole state will be forced into grape juice toddies. The clerk assured W—— that he would be accommodated at the club now occupying General Phil Sheridan's old headquarters. "Just explain the situation," he hospitably advised, and while the club would no doubt have astonishingly done this, the Northern man felt that by no stretch of decency could he sign the visitors' book.

We walked up the street after an excellent meal to see this fine old house which had been described as opposite the new library instead of the new library opposite it. Both buildings were impressive, although we mistook the character of the more recently built edifice. W—— was saying that it looked as a library should when one of the ladies of Winchester sent "daughter" in to buy "five twos, three ones, and a postal card." It was just as satisfactory in the character of post office and across the street was the new library, excellent too, but not in the Georgian style suitable for the home of Elsie Dinsmore, or the books concerning her.

I knew that I should go into this library and find

out historical truths about Winchester, but I knew, also, that I wasn't going to do it when it was so much pleasanter walking about the streets listening to what people were saying. "Daughter" had come out of the post office and she went on with her elders, joining in the conversation with that grown up freedom which young people enjoy, yet do not take advantage of in the South. They were all agreed that Mrs. Kendall had right pretty hair, and daughter said that whenever mother saw her coming up the street "she hollers out: 'Here comes Mrs. Kendall with her pretty hair'"—as though Mrs. Kendall might not have it with her every day.

It was amusing to hear the child introduce "holler" into correct conversation. I have had to rebuke an excellent Virginia maid for telling me that "he is hollerin' for his breakfast," whether referring to W—— or the canary bird. I felt at the time that she was in a state of perplexity over my criticism, and having heard the word frequently used down there for "call" I presume I am in a position to apologise to her.

They drifted up the best street while we cut into a narrow alley for no reason in the world save that we could do exactly as we pleased, and came out on the highway before a most beautiful old hotel. It was denied its original purpose, but a small por-

tion of it served at the time that we were there as a show room for Antique Furniture. There could be no better shelter for the old mahogany of the South than this splendid ante-bellum building. We stood before it a long time and I went back (in the rain the *Baltimore Sun* had sent us) later in the evening to look up at its wide silent verandas and sad unlighted windows.

More than any other form of housing for human beings, a hotel needs people to render it anything but a shell. Yet one is conscious of this lack rather in the closed hotels which never boasted a history. How quickly all character is gone from a mammoth Summer inn when the shutters go up! How meaningless are the walls of a city caravansary when it is deserted by its clientèle! A hotel is not built to husband books or pictures or household effects. It is a rooftree for men and women, and, sometimes, if the rules are gentle, children and dogs. But an ancient tavern is pervaded with memories, and like a tired mortal who has richly experienced the weal and woe of life, it retains a quality that holds the interest of the mere passerby.

In my case I was not a passerby. I was a lingerer-there, and a returner-to. I was misunderstood of course. When I came back in the *Baltimore Sun's* rain late that night the Illustrator,

rudely aroused from his first sleep, said I was hanging around there in the hope that the Antique Furniture shop might open. And while this was untrue, it put a new thought in my head and I determined to be on hand the first thing in the morning.

The rain, set up in heavy type, continued and I could get no encouragement from the coloured waiter at breakfast over its possible cessation. The cloud burst would not interfere with my going to the Antique Furniture but it would dim the joy of motoring ninety-four miles up the great and historic Shenandoah Valley. A little girl who sat at table next to me was equally discomfited because —new and alarming child—she couldn't go to school. "And it's French day. And I do like my French. And I get good marks in my French."

"Listen to the canary bird singing so happily," said the mother with an inane attempt to distract her. "It doesn't want to get out of its cage."

"Let it holler," said the young person. "It doesn't know how nice it is to get out, and I have learned all about it."

Griefs are relative, but you can't make the aggrieved one admit it. I had wanted all my life to see the Shenandoah Valley and she wanted to have her French lesson yet I suppose her disappointment was as great as mine. I had one advantage over her: I was going just the same. The touring mo-

torist who is stayed by rain would stop and turn back at the first mud hole though the sun shone.

At least, we were going after I had visited the Taylor Hotel, for that was the name of the old inn. I abandoned the bills and bags to the Illustrator and borrowed an umbrella at the office. The clerk carried it down the steps for me and opened it with so great a show of good manners that I went off in a daze, forgetting to thank him. Once at the furniture shop a man oiling an old table came forward to say that the proprietor, an antiquarian of note, was moving his effects across the street, but to make myself at home. This I did, weaving my way about beautiful mahogany at very low prices and telling myself that I already had one sideboard and no dining room. I passed into the court now roofed, but that had once been open; the rooms gave on galleries running about three sides of the hollow square, while the stage coaches and post chaises were driven in from the fourth side after the fashion of old English inns.

I did not get all this by intuition but was gracefully apprised of it by Mr. Noonan. Mr. Noonan appeared suddenly from nowhere with a nickel device of some sort on his blue cap which I took to be the insignia of nothing less than a colonel. It was hard to believe he was a roundsman going around, hard to believe from the information he gave me

and his manner of delivering it. One would never stop a New York policeman to ask him if the block house in Central Park was put up as a protection against the Indians or the English. But Officer Noonan had the history of Winchester and of the Taylor Hotel at his tongue's end.

It was just as good as I felt it would be—this old place. It had been built in the middle of the eighteenth century when it was known as the Edward McGuire Tavern. "But Doctor von Witt would tell you all about that," he had a way of saying when dates became a little persistent. They had all been there: Washington, when he assisted Braddock, and General Braddock himself, fighting the Indians stupidly in British formation, demanding it of others and going to his death. Davie Crockett had stayed there. I couldn't find out why, though in the report I gleaned from one history that "With little education he became a noted hunter." Henry Clay rested his horses on his way to White Sulphur Springs; Daniel Webster in 1852 leaned over the railings to address the people below.

"Thomas J. Jackson," as the general so signed himself, hung his call to arms on the walls, and the tavern, by that time changed in name to the Taylor Hotel, was deserted for a space as the men of Winchester responded. Then came the occupation of the town by whatever successful army that chanced

to pass through. Union troops, Confederate troops, Union troops again, each side making the hotel its general headquarters until it must have been hard for the Southern barkeeper to know whether to mix poison or honest liquor. In one day the hotel changed hands five times, and if I quote correctly, Winchester endured over seventy occupations and evacuations of the two armies.

I am afraid to look this up for fear it will be wrong, and I couldn't press Officer Noonan too closely. It would have been as rude as asking him what he had in the cigar box he was firmly carrying. I know one thing, I never had a more lovely morning, rain or shine, and Toby and I splashed over to the mysterious Dr. von Witt feeling that there was nothing more to be said. But there was a little more.

I found the antiquarian and guide among his treasures—Treasures of the Humble they might be called for they were easily within one's means. But there was a safe in the room, and out of it came a ledger and another time-stained document for which we might possibly swap our automobile if we threw in Toby.

The ledger was of the Edgar McGuire Tavern of 1763 proving that Edward Braddock and Daniel Morgan—a great Indian fighter—and George Hollingsworth (comrade of Lord Fairfax I think)

all ate very little and drank a great deal. They were particularly fond of a "bumbo" which cost one shilling three pence, and judging by its steady demand before a dinner must have been the cocktail of the day.

Then Dr. von Witt "because you are fond of these things," took out the other document, lifted it from its wrappings and displayed the neat account of the young surveyor George Washington. The bill covered the two years from 1747 to 1749 when he was occupied in surveying the great estates of Lord Fairfax. The whole sum rendered was something under one hundred dollars and of this poor little George received but thirteen dollars in cash; the rest he had eaten up, rendering faithfully to my Lord Fairfax the bags of flour, flitches of bacon and other commodities which go to make a man the Father of his Country.

We are so accustomed to portraits of our first President looking out at us benignly, with snow-white hair arranged something the way I do mine, that it is hard to believe he could ever have carried the chain for so many months with such poor results. But I found the story much less irritating than the outrageous one of the cherry tree, and more of an incentive to the young politicians of the country to work with the hands and leave electioneering to others.

Since he was not of age the acquittal had been countersigned by Lawrence Washington, and to my shame be it said I had forgotten that Lawrence was his consumptive half-brother who died shortly afterwards leaving the industrious civil engineer the estate of Mount Vernon. I think the antiquarian's faith in me was shaken by this unfortunate revelation, this and the divulgence that we were motoring on without further explorations in Winchester. "Do you know," he said solemnly, "that this town is historically second to but one other in the South?" I looked out of the window fearing my expression would reveal my quick wonder as to the name of the first town. The old hotel looked across at me. In the rain I could see the Illustrator making a sketch and Officer Noonan talking to our driver. No, we could not give up the car for young George's bill but would, oh would Dr. von Witt exchange it for the chauffeur!

The good antiquarian's eyes followed mine, but they did not seek the chauffeur. They were on the old building.

"It is to be altered soon. That is why I am moving out."

"Altered? For preservation?"

"No," said he bitterly, "for a five and ten cent store."

And I here beg Mr. Kresge to keep the old

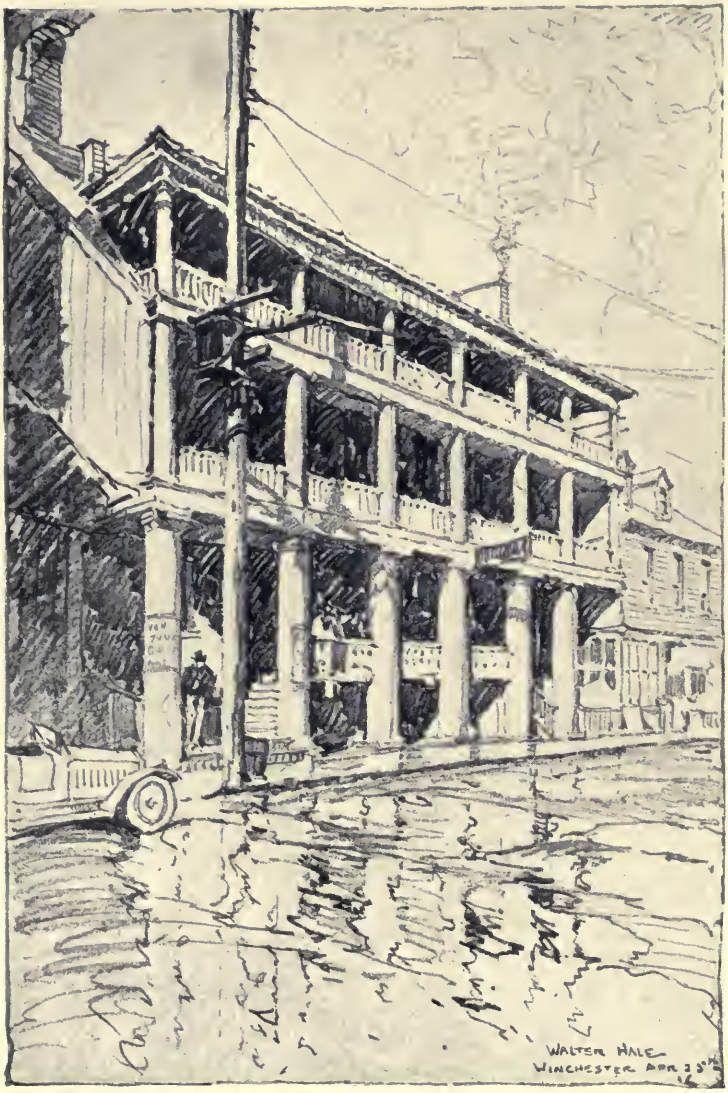
façade as it is, or may the town of Winchester once more rise up and turn the invading army from its door.

Since the bill was paid and the baggage strapped on we were ready to start up the Valley—ready, except for the umbrella. It wasn't much of an umbrella and I haven't much honour, but sufficient to guarantee a return of the kindly loan. For all one knew it might have been left at the hotel by L. M. H., the nice young man who had also forgotten the collar—and a clean one—which was found in my top dresser drawer. I know that his initials are L. M. H., for the collar says so, and I know he is a nice young man, as he had dumped into the drawer a quantity of small paper flags with which he had evidently been "tagged" on Belgium Day. So I left the collar hoping that he might return—besides, it didn't fit the Illustrator.

The most charming thing about Winchester was the leaving of it, which sounds ungrateful but read along, for Officer Noonan said he would take the umbrella back himself as he continued on his rounds. The last we saw of him he was wading through the flood with it in one hand and the enigma cigar box in the other. "It's just Southern courtesy in a nutshell," said the Illustrator.

But I confounded him with a line of Chaucer.

"A verray parfit gentil knight," said I.



A RELIC OF ANTE-BELLUM DAYS—THE TAYLOR HOTEL
AT WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA

The rain obligingly lessened as we reached the first toll-gate, which suited us very well, as it is pleasant to chat with the keepers and we can't expect them to get wet while we are asking if they think it is going to clear up. Some did away with all efforts to engage them in conversation by sticking out a warming pan from the door into which we dropped our ticket. At least it looked like a warming pan or a skillet with a long handle, the gift of a hotel which lay ahead of us. A hotel evidently does not read its Gideon Bibles. Not only the left hand knoweth what the right hand doeth when the patron gets something for nothing, but the left repeateth it in big print on the other side the article. They " holler " it out so loud that you can't make a gift of the thing even to a blind man.

The only way a woman can ever dispose of the fans she receives at restaurants—and get some credit for her generosity—will be to find a race on a South Sea island who will take the lettering for part of the ornamentation. I have often thought how agreeable it would be to discover a country like this where the inhabitants had a sense a humour but had never heard a single one of the fine old stories which were so much better than are the new ones. Fancy hearing the best joke in the world for the first time!

We must get beyond the first toll-gate for there

are nineteen of them on this route. You pay for the whole lot at once and it is a bargain as the long slip of tickets have been reduced gradually from $4.65 to $1.79. W——, who believes in statistics so long as other people collect them, was filled with pride of me when I told him at the end of the run that the tickets were collected by three old men, four young men, eight old women, four young women, and two whose age will receive the benefit of the doubt. As the darky expressed himself concerning the advisability of the chicken hash at breakfast, they were kind of " so-so " as to their years.

I think this toll-gating should really be a job for old people or for crippled ones. And the controllers of the roads must agree with me for many of the little houses were presided over by men without an arm. If any one follows us on this route I wish he could find out and let me know why such a quantity of young men in the South have lost an arm or a hand. It must be that they work in machinery when they are children, doing the tasks of the elders with the carelessness of youth. I could never lead up to the query without giving possible offence, or, as the chauffeur put it, " without stepping on their toes "—which would be a mean thing to do to a man not quite all there as to his extremities.

Some one in Winchester told us to ask at the

second gate about the woman stationed there in war times who held up and demanded toll from the Union Army as they were seeking Jackson. We hear very little of Stonewall Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley, only of Sheridan who devastated it so completely in 1864. But Jackson in 1862 seized vast stores of the Union forces under Milroy, Banks, Shields, and Frémont. Sheridan was not alone in recognising the advantage of controlling the Shenandoah. It not only was a rich granary for the Southern people, but its level length furnished an easy approach to Harper's Ferry, and from there to Washington and Baltimore. I suppose there were many rides as dashing as Sheridan's if one would only stay long enough in the public library to find out about them and not go off to look at hats. And I think a public library should be in a remote part of town far from millinery.

We couldn't get a word from the toll-gate lady about the story so vaguely outlined at Winchester. But she thrust out a warming pan just as her predecessor might have thrust a gun, and while it is a brave deed to hold up scouts—even Boy Scouts—I should think that a woman at a toll-gate would, from long experience at holding up, be in a state of preparedness which renders her deed less remarkable.

We couldn't care much about the doubtful story anyway as we had to concentrate our weak intellects on Sheridan's ride up the Valley. The road invited speed, although Mr. Noonan had warned us there were " constibules " behind every bush to discourage any pace swifter than the doughty general's. [I love that word doughty and I haven't an idea what it means, but as it is always applied to generals it may have something to do with epaulets.] In these days of swiftly covering the ground en auto it is difficult to give any credit to the feat of galloping a horse almost twenty miles, but let the motor break down and let the motorist walk back three miles to a village or trot back with a borrowed horse and he will have an idea of the momentum of General Sheridan when he reached his troops in two hours' time as I read somewhere. He even had breath enough left to rally the disheartened and give General Early's men the second surprise of the morning.

In truth there were three surprises, and while I say " in truth," I am feeling a little nervous about it for the story was told me by an old soldier with whom time has possibly juggled fact and fiction. The first surprise was on the Union troops sitting down to breakfast as Early's men descended upon them; the second was on Phil Sheridan who had spent the night at Winchester and was riding back

to his command leisurely with nothing "in his bones," telling him that there was havoc ahead. The third surprise was on the Confederate soldiers, who after dispersing the enemy sat down to finish up the breakfast so hastily abandoned by them. And there seems to be no moral in this at all, for, as every one knows, women must work and men must eat and General Sheridan had every right to sleep at his headquarters.

The only thing I can get out of it beyond the splendour of the story is the necessity of a leader. There were no finer troops in the world than the Union soldiers, but there must be a controlling power. I can't understand how a Divinity can be questioned when we recognise this great necessity in all the kingdoms which make up the universe. I don't care whether it is a male or a female head (I tell this to W—— often who thinks it should be a male) but a household or an army, a nation or a sphere can't go far without one.

It is all very well for me to speak lightly of these armies remeeting at Cedar Creek on that day of October, 1864, but there wasn't anything funny about it then. It is never funny to us now when the commemorating shafts of marble begin. The sun was beaming as we descended at the creek, and every flower of the season was lifting its head to peep at the glory. Spring was in full blossom here.

We had driven out of the cold straight into the heart of it as one turns undeviatingly to the splendid warmth of a friend when trouble is our portion. There had been lilacs as early in the day as Strasburg, and the hills were pink and white with the glowing tree which seems to have no name. But on the banks of Cedar Creek was a blue flower which made me catch my breath, and my brain whirled a little.

I don't know, now, whether it is all a dream—my seeing these blue flowers before. But I remember (it's another "I remember") one Sunday morning we didn't go to church—and that was remarkable enough. All of us got in the carriage with Black Bess in the shafts and we drove far out into the country to a creek. Flowers were blooming, bluebells they must have been, just like the flowers of Cedar Creek. It was so lovely—not being in church—and so lovely anyway, that I have often tried to find the same spot when I have gone back home. But I have never had a trace of it, and my father isn't here any longer, and my mother doesn't know what I am talking about. "Didn't go to church?" she repeats.

Yet I had always felt that I would see it again, and so I caught my breath when we came to this battleground fulfilling entirely my sweet old picture that has faded from all memories but mine. I

don't know what it " means "—if it means anything —this deep longing to realise again that happy landscape, and to discover its only satisfactory replica to be a battlefield. Unless—after many years of life—I would not find complete contentment in a stretch of earth which held no sorrow. I may have often passed the place at home and never known it, for I could no longer recognise as beautiful—nor as mine—a nameless creek and bluebells without meaning. But here I stooped and picked the flowers with some small understanding of bleeding wounds. What does old Omar say:

" I sometimes think that never blows so red
The rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head."

There was another high shaft beyond here, yet I cannot remember exactly where we passed it. " To all Confederates," ran the offering. It rose from out the grain with no Sheridan to trample it, and again the old striving for the answers to life oppressed me. Why should God's food for His people be deliberately destroyed in time of war? Why should this be if war is not destructive? Why should the grain die before its purpose is fulfilled or young men go before their fruition? How I

long to live to see the spiritual development from this present-day annihilation of the body! Alas! It seems that only the spirit will be left.

Some distance beyond the battleground we ourselves were met by an opposing force which stood valiantly in the middle of a bridge we were crossing and waved for us to stop. It was a petticoat power, the whole costume a glare of red, yet we all felt guilty as we lessened our speed, wondering if one of the constables had so disguised himself. Coming nearer we found the flaring beacon to be an unusually pretty gypsy begging in broken English that we assist her band. There, just beyond the bridge we came upon the Romany up-to-date. They were all packed into three old automobiles, probably stolen since purloining little boys has gone out of fashion, and not one of the cars would, as the French say, "march."

I suppose they were full of water from the heavy rains for we knew as much about it—and more—as the gypsies themselves. A very handsome young man, a woman with a baby and an old crone smoking a pipe were pushing one car about in vain circles, all of them shrieking with laughter, while a fine Romany patriarch looked on majestically and did nothing. They spoke almost no English, the young man shouting at us as though we were deaf, "Car-bur-et-or no go." It would have been a very dismal

situation for me, with all the bedding piled into the tonneaus as wet as the magnetos evidently were, and for the sake of old days when W—— and I would spend many an hour on foreign waysides looking appealingly at passing motors I importuned both of the men to do what they could for the strangers in a strange land.

They flung themselves upon the machines, although they appreciated that very little could be accomplished until the coil dried out, and I was immediately surrounded by the women and children. I gave the one with the baby half a dollar that I might escape further grafting, and out of gratitude, so she said, the beautiful young girl began to tell my fortune. I did not wish to hear anything about a handsome blond man, as that might set me to looking for him, but she was persistent. She was persistent to the point of asking for a silver piece —which she would return—the better to read my palm, and I watched her with amusement as she abstracted from my purse, under cover of my handkerchief, several coins and proceeded to distribute them over her person.

To quote the Illustrator this awkward thieving was very " rough stuff " for a Romany, or possibly the green goods men of today find opponents equally keen in city folk. I have always said that I would know when my pocket was being picked,

and I not only knew this but felt sorry for her incapacity.

When she had finished telling me about the blond young man who was not as distracting as she had imagined he would be, I asked her to replace the money. In fact I commanded her to put back the money. My blood was up. I come of fighting ancestors even if I don't wear buttons and badges. My language was not elegant nor could she understand anything but the primeval anger that lay behind it.

"Put back that quarter up your right sleeve. You have a lot of cheek with my men helping your men. Stop palming that half dollar in your left hand. Drop it in the purse. Is this the gratitude of the Zingara? And I used to sing songs about you. Now that ten cent piece between your fingers. No, I didn't say you could have it." I called the Illustrator and the two men got into the car. The self starter started. She stepped off the running board, her face contorted with rage. "Now we're going to leave you, leave you flat. And here's something for you to reflect upon: Where are the Rubes of yesterday?"

We went on up the Valley, the occupants of the car admiring me hugely and not aware that I was as scared as possible. Perhaps all the valiant ones are really terrified, those who control howling

mobs, calm rebellious directors' meetings, or subdue cooks on the eve of a dinner party. Perhaps (since I am wedging myself into that class) they're all the more valiant for entertaining fear.

One passion merges itself into another, or possibly all passions are the same with different names. I know that I found myself hungry as we approached Harrisonburg, hungry enough to eat a gypsy or anything these small towns along the way had to offer. It speaks well for the loveliness of the broad acres, the Appalachian range on our right, the Blue Ridge on our left, that we had run past the dinner hour, which is a very serious matter in America if we wish to dine. But the villages after Middletown, where there is a fine inn, had little to offer beyond repeated notices of " ice cream and ham."

Architecturally they are bereft of beauty. Magnificent Georgian houses set far back from the road are on either side, but they alone seemed to have escaped the devastation of Phil Sheridan. That is, I imagine the houses in the towns must have been destroyed, and the South struggling for a new life began to breathe, unfortunately, during a period when architecture was at its worst. New ones are going up now with mean doors, narrow windows, and meagre porches. If I had a million dollars I would apply some of it to the development of taste

among the manufacturers of stock sizes in window sashes, door frames, and general ornamentation. To build cheaply one must use these factory made articles, and if a new householder would only take the trouble, he could find in some of the work shops of the Middle West these essentials built with graceful proportions. (I am not getting anything for this —not even to Harrisonburg for luncheon.)

When we did get there the hotel dining room had been closed fifteen minutes and Gabriel's trump couldn't have opened it. I made a polite speech to the proprietor. I said he advertised as catering to motorists, that the arrival of this new vehicle of travel brought prosperity to a community, and it would create a pleasant feeling between host and guest if there could be some arrangement made to entertain us no matter how simply. And while it made no impression upon him I am glad I made this speech as it gives me the opportunity of repeating it here.

We all recognise that under the present mode of running a hotel, cooks rake their fires as the dining room door slams and there is no reason why they should linger. Now if a hotel could only employ a tweeny! A tweeny is that little scrap of humanity who lives in English houses, and does the work " between " the tasks not definitely belonging to the graded servants. If we had her the automobilist

might be sure of a dish of tinned soup, cold meat, and bread and butter. Also the coffee might be "het up." Personally, I wouldn't entertain the idea for a moment if I were a girl, as tweenies appear to do all the work of a vast establishment. But I am very sympathetically inclined today toward those who have to do housework. I shall not say why, but I shall never again wonder how it can take so long to wash up a few cups, nor will I let the new one coming in wait until Saturday just because Friday means "short stay."

A friendly bell boy who mistook the chauffeur for the owner, directed us to Friddle's restaurant, whispering that it was all just as well. And it turned out to be so, for Mr. Friddle sat on a high stool and entertained us as we ate, reading out bits from the Harrisonburg paper. There was a troupe in town. One of them had had a dollar "frisked" from him by a beautiful gypsy and couldn't get it back. This put me in a glow of satisfaction and I implored him to read on.

There was a great deal about the troupe in the paper. They were advertising for chorus girls. We asked him if he didn't think the company would use this home talent only for the week as a method of bringing their friends to see the performance and he showed by his shocked negative that he was not alive to the advertising schemes of managers.

He even read to us that on the last evening of the show two of the company, Miss Pearl Morella and Mr. Arturo Smithson would wed on the stage of the opera house and the entire audience would be invited to remain. It was a romance of a year's standing. They would appear every night before the marriage in their accustomed rôles. He was a nice young man, so pleased that Miss Pearl was to become Mrs. Smithson that I hadn't the heart to suggest they got married the last night in every town with the audience invited to remain. But I was glad that Mr. Friddle and his silver hadn't encountered that girl of the Romany Rye.

The industrious motor bound for Warm or Hot Springs makes the run from Winchester to Staunton and from there crosses the mountains to the springs in a day. But as long as we grasshopper ourselves through life I don't suppose we will ever make any time, or hay, or anything to keep one alive when one grows old. It was late in the afternoon as we neared Staunton. We had avoided an alluring advertisement to visit grottoes at the left on a road all "McAdam," but we had stopped to photograph apple trees with small boys under them and "Toby with Blue Ridge in Distance," and a beautiful old red brick house which would have done for Elsie Dinsmore except that there were chickens in the front yard.

THE IVY-CLAD TOWER OF TRINITY CHURCH, STAUNTON

As we went up the ninety-four miles of this magnificent pike I grew very uneasy over finding—ever—anything better than Elsie's Roselands on account of these chickens and, in some instances, pigs. Yet it has occurred to me that Elsie's yard may have had chickens and pigs, only they were never spoken of. Possibly these homely creatures may be part of the equipment of a real old Southern place. Personally I would not object to pigs as cute as these. Their colours were neatly halved like little boys in black trousers and white shirts. It is only when they grow old they lose their charm, just like men and we have to accept them all the same. There was a stern air about Staunton, rather, just before it. Boys in grey uniforms saluted us vigorously, trying to hide their school books as they marched by in military order. This is the neighbourhood of good schools. Indeed the finest buildings along the run were for schools, newly built, of excellent architecture and full of heads with bows of ribbon on them, for we could see just so much and the little girls could see even less.

Poor mites! Except for the Child Wonder back in Winchester, a school is a place of torture no matter how you dress it up. One can be in uniform, or under the Gary plan or living the carefree existence of the Montessori system, but when one has to be at a certain place a certain time life is pretty

hard. " You are naturally prejudiced," says the Illustrator. He knows of that shameful effort of mine to pass in arithmetic when with a hundred for the topmost mark, I received two. I have never learned what I got right.

But here is Staunton. " Just get there anyway," advises W——. We go down a hill. The car is looking very pretty. The chauffeur has thrust sprays of the lovely pink tree into the pockets, and it was I who asked to have the top down. W—— stared at me bewildered, knowing that I had no umbrella in case of little whirls of rain. Still I, too, am beginning to like to " see up " as he puts it. I suppose as we are growing old together we are beginning to think alike, and while it would be much better for the world if he would only think as I do, failing in this I follow in his mental footsteps.

We diverge occasionally. When we reached the hotel he thought I should not go in and ask the clerk the name of the pink flower, whereas I thought an armful of it might screen Toby. We had heard of fierce anti-dog rules. He was right. The clerk as he leaned over to examine the corolla or whatever the thing is, spied our dear little friend hiding serenely on the lee side of the desk far away from storms. So we were turned away, finding shelter in the hostelry where President Wilson always stops.

I went out into the streets for historical purposes. The mahogany was quite expensive and very little of it. But I particularly wanted one of those old settees of painted wood which we found on the porches. They were not in the shops, and I feared to ask a Southern householder about the possibility of her disposing of them, for she might burst into tears or flames, and I should be either quenched or incinerated.

However there was Rollo College to distract me. A Staunton gentleman and I talked a long time on the hill wondering if the Rollo books could have come from the school. One need never be afraid to jest with a Southern gentleman. He thought I was staying on to talk because I liked him but it was really on account of my dismal room. Yet I came home—home, I have to call it—with a bottle of gasoline bought at a pharmacy. A woman can travel perilously near gallons of gasoline yet cannot get a pint for her hair. The young man who waited on me ran to open the door. It was pitiful to hear me down there responding to attentions which a Southern woman would accept as a matter of course. "Oh, thank you—you're very kind—much obliged, I am sure—don't trouble—not at all," I go chattering up the street.

Night came, a chilly rainy night. The windows were all open in my bare room when the Illustra-

tor came in. He had been out "siccing" Toby on the hotel opposite. My hair was over my shoulders, smelling horribly. My cleaned hat was on the window sill. My coat collars were redolent of gasoline.

"What," demanded he, "are you doing in this cold?"

"I am getting ready for Hot Springs," I replied.

CHAPTER VIII

And Here We Figure Largely as a Circus, Then Fold Our Tents and Steal into Muddy, Mountainous Adventuring

We have always found it as difficult to leave a town as to reach it, but our efforts to quit Staunton were unusually retarded by a combination of circus and art student. The art student came first, urged on, I fancy, by the chauffeur who had met him the night before and had added to his artistic development by treating him to a moving picture show.

He brought his sketches to the hotel which was very hard on the Illustrator, as he wanted to say they were good yet found them not promising. He skated about it kindly. It is impossible to tell the blunt truth, anyway, to one of artistic endeavour—if not of talent. You are simply not believed. There are two attributes in the student who has a leaning toward the arts. He is highly sensitive, yet at the same time his heart is invulnerable to criticism. One need not put this down as vanity. I think this pride in himself, in his work, is clearly

created to offset the sufferings that most of the artists go through before the door of fame is opened. And if it is never opened, this compensating quality offsets the grief, translating the lack of recognition into the opposition of ignorance or jealousy.

It is amazing what an art student will suffer to gain an education when such indifferent attempts are made to learn a trade. If this bright boy in Staunton would bend one half of his heroic efforts to save money for the mastery of a business we might find his name in big letters the next time we went up the Valley. But what's the use? They said that to us once—to the Illustrator and myself—and we didn't listen.

W—— took him out for a drive to see how he felt about composition while he sketched an old church, and Toby and I started off to secure luncheon for the sixty-four villageless miles across the mountains. The chicken and ham sandwiches would probably have grown into a very successful order had not the proprietor of the café suddenly burst at me with: "Will you tell me, ma'am, what that kind of a dog is good for?" And this so embarrassed both Toby and me that we rushed out of the establishment, for he knows as well as I do that he is not good for anything except to be loved and to love us. And that is the real reason there wasn't

any pie or root beer or crackers and cheese or green bananas when it came time to eat.

I understand now that the restaurateur mistook our position in life—he was as the little boys in Frederick who had expressed themselves more boldly concerning Toby's profession. An old coloured woman outside the door elucidated the situation slightly by wanting to know if "he slep in de caige," but even then I didn't hitch up Toby with the event occasioning the gala air of the streets. It was near the Court House that we watched a long file of soberly clad citizens pass by. I stood among the loafers admiring the dignity of what I took to be the makers of our laws and those who sit in judgment on us. Eager to pay a compliment to the citizens of Staunton I remarked upon their excellent appearance.

"Court and jury?" I questioned politely.

"No, ma'am," replied the loafer. "That's the insane asylum going to the circus."

We left the town shortly afterwards with our position in life firmly established. Giving Toby this preliminary parade sowed the wind, our heading the procession reaped the whirlwind. We had not intended to head the procession. Our car had started to turn from the side street where the hotel stood into the main thoroughfare before we appreciated that the traffic had ceased and that the great

red and gold band wagon had already passed. There was a hiatus between this band wagon and the elephants, and the ever courteous Southern policeman seeing us with our baggage strapped on, wished to speed our departure by slipping us into this space.

When we were once in we could not get out. I won't say that Toby and I cared to get out. This circus idea had been forced upon us and we accepted it, but the Illustrator's face was pitiful.

"Are we going to make monkeys of ourselves all our lives?" he asked me, the perspiration rolling down his face.

"Not monkeys," I shouted, for the band had struck up. "They think we're the proprietors. The monkeys are in the wagons. We really ought to be throwing out handbills."

"Do I look like the proprietor of a circus?" he roared back as coldly as one can roar.

He had on a green plaid overcoat with a yellow leather lining. "Yes, you do," I was obliged to confess.

"Oh, my Lord! When can we turn off?"

It was a long block. The band blared, the elephants swung their trunks and the camels coughed. Staunton thick along the wayside stared at us respectfully, and Toby leaning with studied ease on his elbow, stared at them. I sat back luxuriously,

and since W—— had his eyes shut, bowed to the people. The dream of my early life had been realised—all but the spangles.

It was very dull after this to go up the hill toward such a respectable place as Churchville, and we were in no hurry to reach it for the good road ended there as even a hotel proprietor is forced to admit. A jolly old lady took our toll just outside of Staunton. She said she'd rather starve than toll a road which wasn't worth the money, but she wanted us to know that her tax on us endured only to Churchville. There is no macadam encouragement to attend divine services in the town if you come from the mountains, and it speaks well for the devotion of the people that they have established so many houses of worship at this point. This was a great Indian country, yet they met in spite of the hostile natives. Danger seems to give a fillip to religion, and it might be a good idea in the lax present-day worshipping to more than hint that there are Indians behind every lamp post on Fifth Avenue.

Mud, the modern excuse in the mountains, seems to have no effect upon them. They just splash along in their little motor cars as though it were a pleasure and pleasure lay ahead of them. Indeed I have about come to the conclusion that we are the " short sports " concerning motoring, not the aver-

age American who travels widely by automobile in his country. Possibly it is because ("repeating" here) they know nothing better, but we found the great motor cars arriving at Hot Springs with their full equipment of ropes, block, and tackle, what-you-will for pulling themselves out of the mud and feeling no particular alarm that the going was poor.

And there was mud. To be sure we were crossing the mountains after the hardest rains the country had known for years, and in a renewed downpour which began promptly with the already oozing clay. I understand that the road is quite passable in dry weather and it is possible at all times. The grading is much better than that of the Green Mountains, and part of it was engineered by Claude Crozet who, after Napoleon's downfall, came to Virginia, and was appointed state engineer. It is rather sad to see a Napoleonic road making so poor an appearance, like a fine mind which has been denied cultivation. And I am sure a few thousand dollars' worth of blue stone would largely overcome the difficulties of travel.

I never admired blue stone as I did on this Southern trip. One could see patches of it far ahead on the hills, rendered pallid by the wet yellow clay which would preface and follow it. The water rolls off it like a base prevarication off my lips when I grow sympathetic—an admirable stone!

We stopped at Jenning's Gap to take a picture because Jenning's Gap looked as it should. How splendidly fitting are mountain names in Virginia: Lone Fountain, Windy Cove, Panther Gap, Cowpasture River. And the thing that surprised me most about the Virginia Mountains was their looking as I had expected them to look. There was the same spare growth, yellow roads, rock formations, the women working over big kettles in front of their log houses, the tall lank men, the many lean curs—all as I had imagined it. This correct mental vision must have come from reading of mountain life, and while I frequently skip description (as you are probably doing now) one can't avoid entirely forming an impression of a true background if the foreground—the he-saids and the she-saids—is equally true.

A big fellow at Jenning's Gap advised us to ask continually about the rivers we must ford, as the streams were quite high and we might have to make a détour. But we stopped to talk with a fire warden as we neared one danger spot further on in the mountains, and he said the cars could get through always if they would go into low speed and not do too much splashing. It almost compensated for bad going, this stopping along the way to advise or be advised. We can all do so well without one another when our ways in life are easy. Perhaps it is

a compensation for our miseries that we get this excitement from hazardous, though uncomfortable experiences.

After we had forded the two rivers that were seriously deep we met a large blue limousine at the side of the road waiting for the occupants to eat their luncheon out of a basket vulgarly capacious. I was hoping something would distract the Illustrator's attention from the lavish display, and it was held by the approach of their chauffeur. He had just been told by a car ahead of us marked Touring Information that it would be impossible for his car to ford the streams. As we had just crossed them he was much relieved, and we all wondered how Touring Information had managed them itself if the thing couldn't be done. I did not know how largely this car so marked was to enter into my day, but its lively fancy appealed to me even as W—— and the limousine with its mouth full of *pâté de foie gras* (figuratively speaking) deprecated sensationalism.

However, I agreed heartily with anything that W—— said after we had left them, with the view of blotting out the memory of the pâté pasted on the crisp biscuit which they had been champing. "Kind hearts are more than crackerettes," was a plank in my platform. It might have worked had not we suddenly come upon Touring Information

in front of the village store at Deerfield nibbling away at the best the shelves had to offer.

Touring Information was the oldest car in the world containing two of the youngest inhabitants of the globe. They were stamped bride and groom without the addition of a white bow of ribbon anywhere upon the ancient rigging. "How do you like it?" called the bridegroom to us cheerily as we peeped at them through the rain.

"Fierce," answered my consort. We were past them in a trice, but I was not past the Illustrator. "Fierce," he repeated, turning to me, "fierce that every one should be eating and we have only three sandwiches. Did you see that young couple, even poorer than we are, having a nice lunch?"

"Nice to them," I returned, "but it wouldn't be nice to us."

"Why not?"

Why not indeed! Why should we not be born ugly babies and grow more beautiful as we grow older! Why do our dispositions and digestions not improve as knowledge grows in the control of them! Why should youth be the sauce to make palatable the disagreeable instead of old age, which is rich in a philosophy only to be acquired by growth. I suppose the sense of taste is the single one that does not wither and leave us, and out of gratitude we "old 'uns" feel that it should be catered to.

I was ready for the Illustrator with blandishments. I said that the three sandwiches were for stop gaps, not for luncheon. I had thought it would be pleasant to dine with some of the mountain people.

"Dine with 'em?" he repeated, just as though he did not know about Southern hospitality.

"Certainly. You choose a house where you want to eat and I'll go in and arrange it."

With a promptness that was disconcerting he picked out the one we were going by. It was a pretty little house but he gave me no chance to prepare a speech. An old man came down the path with that detached look in his eyes which took small interest in food. He might have been a bridegroom, and he shook his head when I importuned him.

"You're hyar with your w'ite dawg, and I'm hyar with my black dawg. We live alone, leadin' a dawg's life, so I cain't give you nothin' decent."

"Couldn't you manage six eggs?" I pressed, as though he were a prize hen.

But he couldn't. He could only advise us to go on to the big farm house where they would do the right thing by folks that were hungry. I suppose W—— was looking back at me but I kept my eyes concentrated on the view the isinglass windows

afforded. His appearance is excellent, but there is no use in staring at the man all the time.

I had my speech ready at the next house—it was something about strangers and kindness of the road. A fine large woman with her hair over her shoulders came out on the side porch and "My goodness," I said instead, "you're washing your hair. I did mine last night."

We became as thick as thieves as I hung over the gate. "I put ammonia in the water," she said, "and it makes my hair so fluffy I can't do anything with it."

"For days I can't do anything with mine either."

"Ahem," said W—— from the car.

Millie Elizabeth, the pretty girl who helped, had, also, washed her hair, but they both put on caps, and, since it was long past the dinner hour, started up the kitchen fire for biscuit. I went into the living room with the two little girls, Mary Susan and Annie Harriet. Annie Harriet had never liked her middle name so she had changed it from "Annie Haih-yet," as she pronounced it, to "Annie Rooney." She had heard the song somewhere and now it was written down in all her school books as "Annie Runie." Their mother said there had been a "right smart discussion" at the school, for teacher thought it was spelled "Runey." I sang the song as well as I could to Mary Susan and An-

nie Haih-yet while the rain poured down outside, and the Illustrator hung out of the car talking to Touring Information, which was through its lunch and heading for Hot Springs.

I told them how I had gone to the theatre with a beau when I was a young girl and heard Bessie ——? Bessie ——? the name has left me. "Are we so soon forgotten, then?" said old Rip Van Winkle. I heard her sing it for the first time. And I had picked out the air with one finger on the piano when I reached home, awaking an irate and unmusical family.

Annie Haih-yet, entertaining me in turn, told me that Mary Susan never ate anything at all—"Maw jes nachally don't know what to do aboot it." Mary Susan enjoyed this, singling out, repeating mournfully "Not a mite, not a mite."

She took little interest in life but was very gentle and sweet (as are few grown up invalids) save when a small boy appeared with a tin pail, when she said with considerable force: "Thar's thet mean Paul Simmons comin' hyar for a settin' of eggs." Then she looked again. "No, he's ben hyar. He ain't a swingin' the pail."

It was very droll to chatter with these children of nine and eleven, for they had no talk of dolls and playthings. They looked from out the windows to gossip of the doings of the road just as all

THE HOTEL AT HOT SPRINGS—WIDE-WINGED AND WARM IN COLOUR

grown ups do, no matter the locality, who live in the country. I asked them if they didn't each have little tasks to perform but they had nothing at all to do, no long seams to labour over, no beds to make. It was nice to see how Mary Susan and Annie Haih-yet quieted down when we were all ushered into the bright dining room. I didn't hear a word out of them beyond one ecstatic exclamation from Annie as she discovered Toby: "Looks like a little ole wite hawg," she said.

Millie Elizabeth passed the excellent dishes while our hostess sat at one side and poured the coffee. She and the Illustrator discovered that they were in some dim way kin to each other, which was maddening to me as I could have been related to her if I had only thought of it first. However, I spoke of my ancestors coming from Holland and settling in Virginia, which, after being pressed I was obliged to admit was West Virginia. I do not talk about my Virginia ancestors as much as I once did. As a young girl I had the fever very keenly and I remember asking an old family friend if these good Dutchmen had not held large plantations. "No," he drawled with the mistaken humour of those in their nonage, "they were all slave drivers." But of course I did not tell that to my hostess.

It was hard to get away. We were all having a pleasant time except Toby, who after the white

hog epithet was rendered even less spirited by a tortoise-shell cat. He was thoroughly cowed—if a dog can be cowed by a cat—and kept asking me "Where was Hot Springs at?" as a gentle reminder.

He might well ask. One could not believe it possible that a cluster of fashionable hotels lay anywhere in these wilds. The road beyond was admitted by our hostess to be "right slick," and there were two passes to cross as yet. When we prepared to leave I asked if she did not care to hang up a shingle as the only eating place between Staunton and the Springs and let me mention her name, but she said she was heavy on her feet and might not be able to serve the guests if Millie Elizabeth should go away. So I hope that all who read this will take a great many sandwiches and leave her alone. She said something else as I exclaimed over the modest sum for her trouble and the outlay. It was so charming in her that I hope no one will notice that it was also charming about us. "Think what you gave us of your table," I said.

"Think what you gave me of yourselves," she replied.

This—and the food—made W—— very young again and he started after Touring Information with the incentive that a pacemaker always gives.

I learned from him that the car was not giving information (beyond what was wrong about the

fords), but getting it. The two young hearts were spending their honeymoon sign-posting the best way to Hot Springs for the automobile club of a large city. The back of the tonneau was full of neat wooden placards with the names of the town painted thereon. "Danger" in red, arrows with Hot Springs on them, like the banner of Excelsior, and band boxes for milady's hats.

As their honeymoon was just as important as sign-posting a road already very decently marked, we did not deplore his lack of activity in the getting out and nailing up of directions. Yet we found some evidences of effort on the part of the young man. The road was indeed "right slick." We had not put on our chains until leaving the farm house and we kept pretty well out of the ruts by careful driving. But it was thrilling to see the tracks of the lovers ahead of us. They were slewing, slipping, and bouncing over their course, and at one point they had stopped a while. This was where we found the sign-posts, not on the trees but in a mud hole. "Winchester 22 mi." had served for the right wheel; "Sound klaxon," badly splintered yet looking up at us as one whose cause is just, had helped the left wheel of the happy pair.

There was an insouciance about the use of these carefully prepared and timely hints which bred in me a desire to know better the gay wreckers. Our

eyes were fastened to the marks of their tires in the clay. We were growing warmer. Toby grew very excited and thought it was a game. "Indians!" he exclaimed, leaping out in the mud. He was marched sternly back, but returned a clay dog with a new and terrible inclination to sit upon my chest, his fore feet planted on the Illustrator's back. This mode of savage warfare so obscured my vision that I did not see Touring Information until we had run alongside it. It had stopped completely on a steep hill.

The bridegroom greeted us blithely: "I think we're out of gasoline," was his preface as unconcerned as if the carburetor had drunk its last drop before a garage. We were ready to spare him what we could, but he found out, after splitting up "To White Sulphur Springs" and using it to measure by, that the engine had stopped only because it was hot and wished to rest.

"I don't know what I'd do without a hatchet," the young man had said chopping away merrily. "I'd rather be without extra tires than a hatchet on a long trip. Be sure the brake is set, dear heart."

Dear heart set the brake. She was a very beautiful girl with her husband's rain coat on no doubt, as he had none, her equipment as a motorist ending there but continuing as a bride, for she wore pink silk stockings and thin slippers.

"Have to watch this car," said he, beginning to crank it with no results. "It ran down hill yesterday and stood up on end, its nose in the ditch—looked perfectly ridiculous. Dangerous?—well perhaps. She wasn't in the car."

Some mules had righted the car, he told us. And then between efforts at cranking and getting his breath we spoke of the courtesy of the mountain roads. It was not the motors which turned out for us, but the wagons, the drivers with many head of cattle, the sheep herder and the men with strings of colts. The spirit of resentment that is occasionally met with in the Northern farmer is not found among the mountain people. It would seem that those who are remote from the railway have a sense of camaraderie for the fellow travelling the same course. I can't say that I've noticed it on a journey by train.

The mud, with the landscape, grew wilder and wilder. Our two cars took turn ahead, the leader waiting now and then for the other to catch up. We were rather proud that we held to the road so well and hesitated only momentarily in the deep holes. It makes me feel very sorry for an engine straining to do its level best, and I am impatient when they are shut up in a garage after a hard day's run without any appreciative oil or grease

or kerosene in the cylinders. One might as well let a horse go supperless to bed.

Touring Information may have tried to do its level best, but it was only at its best on the level. Yet we managed the ascents, stopping to breathe when we reached the summit of Warm Springs Mountain. The rain had ceased, it was almost sunset and if we hadn't been so cold the view would have been most engaging. There is nothing that will take the beauty out of a view more thoroughly than a chill in the marrow of one's bones. The little bride's lips were blue, but she had taken off her rain coat and was going to make the descent into Hot Springs looking as a bride should if she froze to death. After a fierce internal admonition of myself to be generous I brought out our cherished flask, and having given a little lecture beforehand on the folly of a chauffeur drinking I offered them the stimulant. The bridegroom had no trouble with his chauffeur conscience but the bride had to be coaxed:

"Take some, honey, you look so white."

"Ugh! Will it burn?"

"That's what it is for," I intervened snappily.

"Take a big drink, honey dear."

("My whiskey," I thought.)

"Will it taste like that sherry I had?"

"It will taste worse," I said firmly. If she

really didn't want the whiskey it was foolish to urge it; but he was insistent.

"Take a big swallow, darling, take two big swallows."

"Yes, do," from me. I would see it through, but it was hard. Why should she be so young and pretty and have all the stimulant too?

To be fair to her she was only coaxed into three swallows which probably "saved her" as he told me gratefully. At any rate everything grew very rosy which came—I hope—from the afterglow of the sunset. The young couple agreed that it was the best part of the day—"everything pink when you think it's all over." And while we did not wish to confuse them with a personal application of this expression, W—— and I smiled at each other understandingly for we decrepit ones know that the "afterglow" is the best part of life as well, and they will have to wait a long, long time, through years of doubtful days and cold grey evenings before they find it out.

There is a love of a toll-gate at the summit, presided over by an old man who ran to take down the coats hanging on the long porch before we made a photograph. He wanted the place to look nice, he said. He had always hoped some one would care to take it, but they had ever been in a hurry to get to the Springs. This story has a bad ending, as it

was too late in the day for a successful picture, and it is up to any of you travelling that way to change the finis by taking a snap shot of the house and sending it to him. His name is William D. Rowe and he goes down the steep mountain every day for chance letters. So you must mail it to Warm Springs, Virginia. Now do this for Mr. Rowe who may still be tramping wearily up and down for a paper view of the thing he sees every day of his life.

" Hot," to adopt the parlance of the Southerners, lies seven miles beyond " Warm," and we might have spent the night there, for the hotel was very comfortably nestling at the foot of the mountain, but it was not yet open. So we went on, taking the right hand of a choice of ways at a fork as the mark read " Both roads to Hot Springs." Nothing could be more stupid than this sign, for the road at the left we learned afterward is macadam, and the one we had chosen was of mud so dire that, just within sight of home, we were almost mired for the first time. We could look down from a height to see the young couple screaming along happily on the parallel macadam instead of sign-posting the only fork vital to the motorist, and though we afterwards managed to reach the easy going, the wallowing had slapped on the last dab of clay needful to encake completely our car. Toby,

as I have said, was already a clay dog, and owing to his gyrations acquired since he became firmly of the circus I was wearing a clay effect on my chest like a misapplied antiphlogistine poultice.

In this manner we approached the famous Homestead Hotel, as wide winged as an aeroplane, and so warm in colour that one felt from afar the welcoming rays of an unaffected hospitality. Despite our dirt we hoped that we might yet be allowed to rest our weary heads there. That we made our entry in the most indirect fashion was due to an idiosyncrasy of the Illustrator.

It has always been his idea, an idea entirely his own, and deepened into a belief without encouragement, that a hotel possesses an automobile entrance. That somewhere built into a modest nook is a *porte cochère* under which we roll and there denude the car of its baggage, avoiding the cold gaze of clean guests rocking in rocking chairs. For years he has gone in circles around great inns looking for this sheltered coach door of his dreams. He had even wished to back up an alley in Staunton and take off our bags at the bar of the hotel which had excluded Mr. Toby. Therefore it was not surprising to find him motoring past the impressive front and bringing up at the rear of the hotel before a collection of doors without any particular character

save that they were the kind servants went in and out of.

"Why are we stopping here?" I demanded.

"Because it is the automobile entrance," he answered firmly.

"My dear"—acidly—"these are the kitchens."

"These are the automobile entrance——" He was very tired.

We waited. I was counting to control myself and he may have been doing this also, for the silence was terrific. It was unfortunate that our instinct would lead us to the kitchen door instead of correctly carrying us in a great sweep before the rocking chairs. After a space of time a darky came out of one of the automobile entrances and upheld me in my contention. It was the chauffeur who had asked, as W—— and I were engaged with numbers.

"Then," said the Illustrator triumphantly, as though it was what he had wanted all along, "we will turn around and go there. Though I can't understand why they don't have——"

He never finished the sentence—which was redundant anyway. Nor did we turn around. The mud had done its work. Whereas Galatea grew from clay to flesh we had turned from flesh to clay. It had entered the soul of us: it had plastered the steering gear. With a great deal of over-humour considering the situation our chauffeur rose to

an unusual height. "Our name," he said, "is mud."

It was Toby and I who walked around to the front entrance and tracked over the pale green carpet to the desk. The guests were coming down to dinner. A clean and combed West Highlander was going elegantly along on a leash. The two dogs met—they clinched. The din was fearful. The erstwhile clean terrier was pulled away. I presented one more good reason for a refusal to admit us as I turned to the clerk. "I am at the kitchen door," I gasped incoherently.

The clerk was wonderfully understanding. "I'll send the porters. It's all right, madam. A boy will take you to your rooms."

I could have put my head down on his shoulder and burst into tears.

CHAPTER IX

All About Fashionable Life, with Some Ordinary Tears, Theories, and a Wreck, if You Please

By the morning of the second day in Hot Springs, so thoroughly was I relaxed, there was no use searching for the date of the month in the calendar (provided I could find the calendar) as I didn't know the day of the week. I was as one who awakes from a heavy sleep forgetting his name or his whereabouts, and terrified at the block of vague light which turns out to be the window. It is as though the spirit has gone wandering and is late getting back into the suddenly waking body.

The best I could do was to ask for today's paper, very insistent upon its being " today's," and, fixing on the top liner, set my mental watch by it. We seemed to be such a vast distance from Washington it was surprising to find how early the morning papers arrived. I suppose all of the guests had come to Hot Springs for complete relaxation, yet they continued avid of news. The long corridors and the wide porches were lined with men and women scanning the columns.

There is not so much quick turning from the first sheet to those pages in lighter vein as there was before the war. Yet I wonder if others reading the daily reports of the carnage do as I do: let the eyes stray from the account of misery for an instant to something alongside of almost no import; an item concerning the killing of a mother-in-law whom we do not know, or an advertisement in which we have no interest. I find that I must do this, although I return to the awful truth after the momentary relief. I suppose it is one of the ways for us to keep our balance.

Try not to be bored with this matter seemingly extraneous to Hot Springs. It is a point in favour of just such great hotels as those in the Valley of healing waters. The mild playing here makes one gasp when one reviews the strife of a large part of the globe at present. But it has its place—it is for balance. It is to get away for a little that one can go back fortified to endure more sorrow. The great hotel is as the advertisement in the next column.

It is unfair to rail at the very rich who patronise these places, for it is among the moneyed class and among people of culture that the activities toward the easing of many nations have gone on unceasingly. There is little knitting of stomach bands, helmets, and socks in public any more. Regular

classes have been organised for that now. The women meet regularly—and they do meet—to continue a sober charity robbed of all emotionalism.

Granted that there are three classes in the United States, I should say that the very rich and the very poor are doing their share—and a little more. It is the comfortably off who, from my observance, are concerning themselves least in a suffering so far removed that their imaginations do not stimulate them to continual sacrifice. The rich know these countries and pay an unceasing tribute to the beauty the Old World has afforded them. The poor know them, too—not the pleasures but the miseries. They come from them, their people are on the other side, and with a generosity which is stupefying they give and give and give.

Ergo—at Hot Springs I did not reach the point to which I generally ascend—or descend—at a fashionable resort. I did not wish to rise in the midst of a plenteous meal and scream to the assembled multitude what Marie Antoinette cried to her tormentors: "You are all scally-wags." No, "*vous-êtes tous des scelerats*" was not uttered even in our rooms, which was a great relief to W——, who watches anxiously for this period of rebellion.

He was perfectly at home and happy. His Aunt Mary Ann and her family had always come from their old place in Norfolk to make the cure in other

days, and it was right that he should be there, if not making the cure at least making pictures. Her visits were of the long ago when the original Homestead was standing, not this huge affair of five hundred guest rooms, seven hundred fifty employees, and thousands of acres of cultivated ground.

One is glad that she came, and that the Southerners still take the waters. It may be their cheery and delightful presence which avoids that mouldy air of reserve characterising some of our Northern country inns. Drinking the waters is, I fancy, a fashion that went out with hoop skirts and has not returned with them. But it is there to be drunk, or to be boiled in, or to have hurled at you by enthusiastic attendants through the medium of a hose. Europeans go to the cures as they keep Lent and, while they can never give up eating, they abandon themselves to baths alarming in their frequency. Bathing is not as foreign to us as complete rest, so I think the Springs serve as well on the golf course as in the thermal establishment.

There is a fine swimming pool in this building, largely patronised when we visited it by darling little girls who were afraid to go down the chute yet wanted to very much. "Is it so terrible?" asked one mite after her sister had roaringly descended. Still she was mad to accomplish the feat and finally did—an instinctive adventuress. Per-

haps we women are all instinctive adventuresses, and fear, moral or physical, is our only leash.

I am talking a great deal about water. It coloured my first day at the Homestead, or I had better say—and bitterly—discoloured it. As the hours passed and I continued to scrub the clay off of Toby, shivering in a beautiful tub, it occurred to me that we had better choose the more modest hotels in the future. Here I was immuned in a bathroom, lathering Toby so that he could look as well as that other dog had looked (before they clinched) and by the time he was dry we would be moving on. It was a very foolish method of passing a most expensive day. From the next room W—— read to me bits of information concerning the advantages of Hot Springs. He thought I ought to enjoy some of them.

"What, for instance," I growled, putting Toby through the fifth rinsing.

"Well," said he, hunting out something at random to quiet the approaching storm, "there are mud baths."

"Oh, goody," said Toby after that. "She ain't goin' to wash me no more."

The Illustrator took up the work where I left off, going through a severe towelling process in preference to the gruelling we read of in the courts. Then we sat down at the wide windows to enjoy the

THE GIANT HOSTELRY AT WHITE SULPHUR, DELICATELY SHADED IN A WOOD

golfers appearing and disappearing like the ships that "go on to their haven under the hill." The band just below us on the lawn began its concert, and brilliant-coloured ladies (I hope the printer will put a hyphen between brilliant and coloured) sat at little white tables placed about the green. There was nothing eaten or drunk at these tables, but the friendly board has a mission in life beyond the burden of comestibles.

A circle of chairs is never provocative of good talk unless there is a table in the middle. In France when conversation was even more of an art than it is now they never rose at the end of a meal fearing to break the flow of thought with the flow of bowl. "Besides," as a young man said to me, a young man singularly devoid of thought, "it makes a place to hide your feet." Our table was on the other side the room yet we were feeling unusually gay, for one of the joys of married life is the doing away of all necessity to entertain. Then the band swung into something, something that I had heard before, away back somewhere—and I was no longer gay. The Illustrator accused me of crying and Toby moved up anxiously. "I've kept perfectly clean, Louise."

It wasn't that. It was the pain of old music. We cannot analyse it at first. We feel the pain even before we hear the strain aright. Then it

comes back to us—the reason for this exquisite grief, and always we are very sad because once we were very happy. Why should not the recollection of a joy be joyous too! Do we wish to hold on forever to a condition that time itself would render miserable? It would be like the fatigue of dancing an endless marathon, though to the finest music in the world.

W—— gave up the question I propounded, along with a lot of others. It is Bjorkman, is it not, who speaks of "Life's refusal to explain itself"? Fortunately as new tears come from old joys, to such of us as know this, quick joy follows the quick tears. The nice coloured boy, Hancock, who had been assigned to valet W—— and give Toby his early morning exercise, came in to talk of ways and means of inducing the dog to leave the room without awaking his master. Hancock had the word for it: "I'll jes' ease him out," he said.

"That's right," agreed W——, "you ease him out." And with some such method he eased me out to drive about, forgetting old scores with new scenes.

With the same sort of contrariness that brought us up before the kitchen door we drove first among the buildings given over to the thousand or so of blacks who form mainly the personnel of the various establishments. They were well cared for, with

stringent rules at each entrance as to the admission of visitors, and the whole village had more the atmosphere of a military barracks than a great hotel scheme.

I should think they would need a little court and jury all to themselves. A most dignified waiter was apportioned our table, who was as unbending as an English footman in his attitude toward us, but who showed a human side upon colliding with another servitor. To the watchful eye of the captain all was serene, but as the two circled about the serving tray behind me there were "rumours of war" if not actual conflict.

"Lemme get at yu'," said one waiter, his face as expressionless as a custard pie. "Lemme get at yu."

"Keep youah shirt on, bo, keep youah shirt on," rumbled the other while catering to an exceedingly fastidious young man who wanted the best and thought that he got it.

From the abode of the humble our motor clung to the macadam which took us—nearly—to Warm Springs. One of our best friends who comes here often told us we must surely stop at "Warm" as all the lovers of the country stayed there in the early Spring. I don't know where, unless it was at the village store for the hotel was not open until the first of June.

There were coloured workmen about, ancient servants who, my friend said, were always delighted to point out Hollyhock Row, the little line of houses, one of which Thomas Jefferson had occupied when he went to take the cure. My eye was pleased with an old chap wearing a lamb's wool beard who was trundling a wheelbarrow aimlessly about, and who was as delighted as she said he would be—not to talk, but to put down the wheelbarrow. Yet he disremembered which was Hollyhock Row, and when I pressed him further for news items concerning Thomas Jefferson he repeated (while he should have scratched but did not scratch his head): "Mistah Jefferson? Mistah Jefferson?" as though trying to recall his lineaments.

"He's dead," I told him.

"Daid?" He started off with his wheelbarrow. "Then he don' come hyar no moh." He was a very commercial old darky having no use for any one who could no longer fill the coffers of "Warm."

I could have told him myself that very little money was ever made out of Thomas Jefferson. One will always notice that a man who writes himself down as simple is shrewd as well. Judging by his manner of travelling to the Springs he was more shrewd than simple. In the old Warm Springs ledger there is an account of one's week's board for T. Jefferson and entourage which amounted to

thirty-five dollars. He disputed this sum and went to law over a bottle of wine costing two shillings and some odd pence. All of this is very simple until we learn that the entourage consisted of a valet, two outriders, a coachman, and eight horses—when it becomes very shrewd.

I suppose the impression you leave behind is of more value to the world than your own performance during the short span of years allotted a mortal. "Jeffersonian simplicity" as we interpret it now is the art of living without the doubtful embellishments of ginger bread elegancies in costume, decoration, manner, and thought. Whatever Jefferson was, a stately edifice of purest Greek architecture rises before me when his time is brought to my mind—but perhaps the reader doesn't think in "pictures," and finds me unusually crazy.

There is Jeffersonian simplicity at Warm Springs, and we revelled in being the only guests. The spring and bath houses are much as they were in his day, I imagine, and the hotel is kept severe by no departure from its old form as the new wings have been added. Lines of little one-room apartments surround the main building, one of them of brick with a few hollyhocks shooting up which we took to be the famous Row. A white fence encloses the grounds in which the grass grew soft and rich beside the little brook, and blue violets bloomed

thickly. We occupied any apartment we wished and it cost us nothing at all, which would have delighted the heart of our third President; nor were there coloured sweaters or gaudy parasols to detract from the scene of other days.

We were forced to stop again, and for the third time within twenty-four hours, to pay a quarter of a dollar toll for the privilege of going over the short strip of macadam between the famous watering places. The Hot Springs Company speak largely in their brochure of this road they have given the guests, but omit any reference to the toll-gate. However, they permit the waters to be drunk by those who have not the means to stay at the Homestead, and grant the privilege of the golf course to all. And that is very decent of them. European cures exact a tax for drinking from the various *sources,* except that one known as the Deux Reines in Aix-les-Bains, which is for the plain people. And, as W—— once remarked, two queens isn't much of a hand but it makes a very good drink.

The last of the riding horses were being led away by neat little grooms as we correctly reached the front of the hotel. All day we had heard the pleasant clopping of their feet upon the asphalted circle of the court. The tennis and golf players were swinging in; even the lovers were quitting Sunset

Rock for the privilege of becoming more enticing in evening dress. The hush that comes with the dusk both in the caravansaries of country and city was over the house. The tea things had gone clattering to rest, the mighty clamour of dinner had not yet begun. The clerks for the evening had already come down in their dinner jackets, but they were as the ticket takers in the front of the theatre before the doors are open.

I felt that I could hear the voice of the stage manager warning the actors with his "half hour, half hour," up and down the corridors off some great dim stage. Like the stage hands the bell boys were laughing together. The whole building was getting ready for the evening's business. But it was not my business. I was impatient with the idle hours which lay ahead of me. Yet, for a space, I could follow out the custom of the theatre: I went to my room—and made up.

Diversions went on at a great rate after dinner in various parts of the hotel, with none of the confusion of a midway plaisance. Guests sat on either side the long corridor for the doubtful enjoyment of looking at each other. A cinema was amusing such as could not deviate from the nightly observance; there was dancing and a cabaret performance in another wing; and a lecture on the subject of Preparedness easily won the greatest numbers

of all the attractions. We thought it significant of the times that so many young people came to the lecture as well as the governors, generals, and ambassadors who lent weight by their presence. We sat with the lecturer for a while afterwards, as the players sit over their supper, and I went to bed feeling more comfortable than I had been at the dinner hour, since I was, at least, on one side a curtain.

The next day was as the one which preceeded it, which no doubt sounds eminently satisfactory to a large part of the world. It was distinguished only by an absence of laundry work on Toby—distinguished by that and a remoulding of the Illustrator's earlier avowal that he could stay there forever to an oft-uttered conviction that we must either stay or go on.

The first few idle days anywhere are, to those addicted to work, extremely full of hours. In a little while we grow accustomed to doing nothing, barely finding time to accomplish even this. It is so on ship board, endless first days, swiftly moving last ones with none of the letters written which we had expected to get off. I don't suppose that saint who spent his life on top of a column ever wanted to shin down and run about a little after a month of elegant leisure. As we had a circular tour to make *pro bono publico* we did not wish to become habituated to a column—even to a colonnade—and long

before the dancers had ceased whirling in the ballroom on the second night I was packing away my evening frock, taking the flowers off my hat to pin them back on my dinner gown, and compressing my thin tailor suit into the size of a homeopathic pill.

These gowns, with my travelling costume, and a black satin coat was my entire outfit. W—— carried a serge suit besides his motoring and evening clothes. We both had extra headgear (one h. g. apiece) and with this limited wardrobe we could have gone around the world—if we didn't stay too long in one place. Even so we might not have been able to have left the following morning had not Sir Walter Scott bestirred himself.

Sir Walter was to me what Hancock was to the Illustrator. He did not offer to valet me, but he presented himself at my door shortly after our arrival with a plea to remove the antiphlogistine plaster which was curing my coat of pneumonia, bring up the papers, or, since I suggested it, write me a novel. I made no tax upon his literary prowess, but he did go staggering off to "an obligin' lady" with the khaki bookcase laundry bag emptied of books and demoted to its original purpose.

(To my bitter envy W—— used this word demote in his book about the war. It doesn't convey

the right meaning here but I can wait no longer to employ it.)

If I have any fault to find with the Homestead it is with the laundry system. During Easter Week, at least, you cannot send out a great mass of belligerent garments early in the morning and have them come back almost before you've brushed your teeth, subdued and orderly in a paper box. But Sir Walter arranged that with the obliging lady. And I must say they made a very good appearance on her line, for we saw them as we drove by on our first day among the barracks.

The matter of linen while travelling is a troublesome one. It takes so long to get your effects washed in the small towns of Europe that we of limited kit generally resort to the village shops, W—— going about looking very feminine and I equally masculine, everything handmade and hideous. It is too bad women cannot be comfortable in paper, with lace, like paper doilies, and ribbon like confetti serpentines, while the men disport themselves in celluloid shirts which can be washed off at night.

Failing in this we have decided that it is easier when motoring in our own country to cut down our travelling bags by sending home the used linen and having fresh relays mailed to us at points designated ahead. I say " mailed " for this is the day

of the parcel post, yet—while I do not wish to bias you—it would be better to express them. I own five shares of an express company and we are not doing any too well.

"Why," demanded my exasperated family, "did you buy express stock just as the parcel post came in?" And, tracing it back, my only reason for this investment was overhearing an old lady say that her company had passed a dividend. So I hurried off with my money under the impression that "passing a dividend" was related to "cutting a melon."

Be that as it may, Sir Walter Scott returned with the laundry, and the Illustrator and I parted from him and Hancock the next morning with real regret. They were such uncommonly nice darkies down there that I am reminded of the performance of The Cavalier, a play of Julie Marlowe's. I was within hearing of Mark Twain at a performance, the delightful man drawling out that he didn't see why Miss Marlowe was taking on so over her loss of the wicked villain in the drama when a nice old darky, quite the finest man in the piece, was as constant as ever.

Just such a magnificent character served our last breakfast in our rooms. He actually brought back a five dollar bill which, with the negligence of the artistic, we had inadvertently put down on the breakfast tray, and refused a quarter tip which the

Illustrator tendered him because I had already given him one. As W—— said: "Let us get away from here before we wake up—or before they do." We did get away before all of the guests were awake, although the horses had begun clopping up the asphalt ere the self-starter had thought of starting. They stretched their necks and sniffed at the car as though to say: "If you can get up earlier or go to bed later than a Hot Springs pleasure horse you are some automobile."

I like to think they like it—this ceaseless cantering over the country. An Englishman who is fond of "huntin'" assures me that the foxes like it. Although as one of our own wise judges said recently as he fined a man with the same argument for pulling hair out of a horse's tail: "I'd rather hear from the horse."

One can greatly doubt this vicarious enjoyment in life. My heart goes out to the women wearily turning the hurdy-gurdy. How entirely unselfish they are! Do they get any glow from the airs they give, the modern dances, the old songs? "Don't you remember we heard it at the Knickerbocker," we say, or "My mother used to sing that," and drop in a penny. I have a feeling that I always write better after wrapping up a cent or two in an envelope to throw it down on "Tipperary" or some other matutinal offering. And there is one

THE NATURAL BRIDGE

shrewd old fellow playing tunes out of tune who must be quite aware of my superstition, for he comes around regularly at ten to force me into offering libations to this strange literary god.

And, while I know we should be getting on to White Sulphur, I do throw them something if they play after dark. It is because they haven't had a good day that they stay out late. Long after they have passed your window and you have finished your dinner they are pulling their *musica* through squalid streets to leave their earnings with the Padrone before they can rest. Also (positively the last interlude) did you ever try to play a hand organ? A great actress once—but, no, I will keep my word.

We are on the road to White Sulphur Springs! It was so good to be going on again, even though we left our quarter's worth of macadam very shortly and plunged into mud moderated by the sun's rays. It seemed that every bird in the valley had come out to greet us, and they do have a wonderful way of piping up when they catch the hum of the engine. It was as incongruous as a canary which always begins to sing during a family quarrel (*one's* family quarrel, not yours or mine). I think it is very generous in them to respond with their best notes to such unlovely ones, for a motor while lovely to us could not be to them, nor, surely, fam-

ily bickering. Possibly birds are more conventional than we think, and wish to cover all unpleasantness with a social air, like nervous hostesses when hosts are grumpy.

There was a great stir among little things along the way. Chipmunks, rabbits, and weavy lizards coming out to tantalise Toby, the mighty hunter. All of this not on account of our advent, but superinduced by the new green which was much further along in this valley of Falling Springs than that of Warm Springs. Falling Springs is the name of the valley through which we ran to Covington, although I don't know how anything can spring and fall at the same time. Cures of milder fame but quite as lovely were at every hand. The Romans would have died happy with all these baths, and, dying, would have left a marvellous housing for the waters and fine roads leading to them.

We descended from the car frequently, attracted by the verdure and glad to note by our boot heels that the soilure was less. (Soilure is as good a word as demote any day. It is employed constantly by some of our newest writers and I have managed to get it in before the Illustrator has even heard of it.) We should not have done this as we wished to lunch at White Sulphur. Forty miles is a mere nothing to the hotel clerk, but the name of the valley coupled with the condition of the roads very

delicately reminded us of the probability of falling springs if our pace were too swift. After having made this good resolution we immediately broke it, as though it were the second of January, to investigate a series of little ponds, like those in a sunken garden, with a sort of green fluff over them.

The chauffeur promptly said the fluff was water cress. He was a man of wide knowledge. We could not blame him for lacking any great familiarity with an automobile as one cannot know everything. And he was always right—about the other things. Although disputed by me it *was* water cress.

This fact made less absurd the actions of a number of men who were wading out in the ponds and slicing off the fluff with long knives. It was the Falling Springs Cress Company as a very agreeable Mr. Reed told us. The cress grows the year round, for the spring waters which feed the little lakes are warm, and thousands of barrels are sent away to the city markets. I can't imagine any pleasanter method of making a living than to go out in rubber boots and slice off a few barrels every morning, cutting your bread and butter as it were.

One (if I am the one) always thinks of water cress as growing in polluted brooks, and given away in a haphazard fashion to the grocer. It never oc-

curred to me that everything which supplies the vast markets of today must be an incorporated industry. And despite the scandals frequently aired concerning corporations, one finds that they are cleanly organisations who wash their hands before going to work—or wear white gloves on them anyway. I have eaten water cress ever since in the hope that I may have a complexion like Mrs. Reed. She came out to talk to us also, and assured me it was her steady diet, never "smattering" her wrinkles at all. I have bought no shares in this enterprise so it is nothing to me, but I beg that you will insist for the sake of your health upon Falling Springs cress.

Before reaching Covington where the turn is made for White Sulphur, one sees the Falling Springs Run, which sounds like a new and wild dance step but is really the little run coming from the springs and, tripping over a rock, falls two hundred feet. A guide book urges you to go down and look up at it, more than inferring that Thomas Jefferson, when he became enraged at Warm Springs prices and went on to "White," did this. But I don't suppose any one ever did "get down and look under" unless he fell over.

I was reading in Jefferson's Notes on Virginia one day, reading as well as I could with my lorgnon at home (I have those beautiful near sighted

brown eyes one reads about in novels) and he himself insinuated that he had been down under the falls, just as the guide book pretends that it has been there also; just as I might say I had gone if I were not more honest than W—— thinks I am. How disconcerting it would be to those who have printed " There is a space between the falling water and the rock wide enough for one to pass," if I said in this book, " There is a pleasant Louis Quinze salon behind the falls replete with gold chairs." Each panicky guide book which has been getting information from earlier and yet earlier guides would cry, " She has been there, she has been there! " and run down to the printer's.

We were quite satisfied with our view from a height. A river wound about below as serpent like as a Spanish dancer. It was a thick mineralish (made up word) stream with poplar trees on either side looking from above like a Holland canal. After we had successfully encountered and escaped Covington we found it to be something of a brawler at times, like a placid woman with gusts of temper. It has not a lady's name. It is Jackson's River, so says Mr. Jefferson, and although it doesn't know it when it springs and runs and falls, the stream becomes the great historic James further on, and, after Seeing Virginia First, empties into the ocean and goes to Europe.

There are many places of interest on the twenty miles between Covington and White Sulphur, and, stimulated by the guide book, I was going to pay close attention to them, but we had not gone far before we overtook a tired looking pedestrian with several awkward parcels in his arms, and a checked gingham cap that had already burst its paper bag and was literally on the man's hands to his great discomfiture. We took the tall mountaineer on the running board, and were glad that we did for he was one of those inept, tragic-eyed creatures who are put down by their neighbours as "not worth a darn." But he had walked ten miles to put flowers on "mah little grave," and was walking ten miles back. It was to be Children's Day soon and all the "folks raound aboot" there fixed up the little graves while the little live children had games and marches and cakes.

W—— held the parcels, which poked him in the eye ungratefully, while the man hung on, making an effort to entertain us in exchange for the ride. There were trout in the brooks, yes, *ma'am,* mountain trout, that's the speckled kind and rainbow trout, like rainbow, eighteen inches or two feet long. He spoke very often of the dimensions of these trout, never varying as to their measurements, and it is the only fish story I ever heard that didn't

grow with repetition. Possibly it had already grown as long as it decently could.

His friends passed, greeting him with the good-humoured contempt that is always apportioned the gentle ones in life.

"See yuh got a new machine, Jeb."

"What'd yuh trade foh it, Jeb, one of them chil'ren?"

Jeb only smiled. "We'all got ten chil'ren and the one in the little grave," he explained to us. "But I wouldn't swap nariest one of 'em foh yer machine—though it's almighty purty," he added hastily.

A large portion of the ten children were waiting at a scraggly lane for him, and he was so eager to show them what he had that there was no exchange of good-byes at all. He had unwrapped his purchases before a bend in the road hid him from us. The uncompromising parcel which had hacked at the Illustrator's features resolved itself into banners for Children's Day. Flags for those so eagerly living—flowers for the little quiet one.

There is a residence on or near the route to "White" which I had determined to see. It was built by Lord Milton and was, very Englishly, named Oak Hall. "Tommy loves a lord," and so does every one else, yet it was not the aristocratic

owner that made the estate precious to me, but a belief that I should find Oak Hall as noble as Elsie's Roselands, or, at least, as impressive as Mr. Travilla's mansion.

You may recall that Mr. Travilla married Elsie —in time—meaning by that when she grew up. It was her father who was obliged to venture a reproof in the course of their honeymoon as Elsie had flippantly addressed her husband by his first name. I don't remember whether or not she ever worked around to it again after that " calling down." But he remained in my mind from the instant I read of her breach of etiquette, as Mr. Travilla. I was always in terror of Horace Dinsmore and I knew that he wished the readers to follow in Elsie's footsteps.

I never got a sniff at Oak Hall. No sooner had we put down the mountaineer than we took on an ancient coloured man clad in a green-black Prince Albert and brown derby. I did not rebel at this, although it passed through my mind that a concentration on Lord Milton's estate would have been a better preparation for the proud and haughty Greenbrier. I was entirely wrong. The darky had come from one of the very best families in Virginia. " We wuz own by one fahm'ly, we wuz nevah sole away from 'em, and we hev wukked fo 'em evah sense," he said. To be the best of your

kind is just about as fine a type of aristocrat as we have in America.

He was in high feather. On Sundays he was a preacher and he had recently bought a church at a bargain. He had demanded of them the very lowest price and they said five hundred dollars cash, and afterward three hundred dollars cash, then two hundred dollars. So the bargain was concluded.

"And you paid him two hundred dollars down?" asked W—— eyeing him respectfully.

"No, suh. Ah done pay 'em twenty-five dollars down, and hev lef' de res' to mah congregation an' mah Gawd."

White Sulphur comes upon the traveller of the road so suddenly that our arrival might have been as great a fiasco as at Hot Springs. One can imagine nothing more stimulating to the guests than bringing up before the very white structure of the Greenbrier Hotel with a very black man enjoying the ride with us. It was the old fellow himself who asked to be put down, for no one is more observant of the proprieties than one who serves, and, unimpeded, we swung past the iron gates, and drove through the lovely wood to the great circular steps.

Toby descended with the bored air a long pedigree granted him. He might have humiliated us in Staunton but he knew that he lent dignity to his

owners at White Sulphur. We passed through the entrance into the fine hall of Italian aspect. It was like a Roman palazzo made entirely habitable. The supreme elegance of country hotel life was ours. As a woman we knew had said of rapidly climbing friends, " They have arrived. They have gone from Warm to Hot to White."

If one should ask why we stayed two nights in Hot Springs and only lunched at White Sulphur, let me remind him of Sir Walter Scott's obliging lady whose spirit, while willing, was hampered by flesh too weak to wash and iron in a day. We regretted this for our plan was to give one night to each place, making a circular tour of eighteen days, or less to the automobile not carrying a " sketch artist." It is difficult to form a definite idea of a location unless a night is spent there. The hours of Eros strangely enough make the solvent which renders into crystals the true value of the experiences of the day. To put it more vulgarly we get a bead on it, which, I believe, has something to do with beer and is in no way a figurative expression dealing with a laboratory.

Still the motorist must form his impression as he makes his flight. Motoring discoveries are not made by taking a house for the Summer and getting acquainted with the natives. His indignation might be allayed if he knew why certain towns were

smoky; his pen stayed if he was assured by the selectmen that the apple crop had precluded mending the road that year; his heart softened toward the urchins who stone his car if told that their mother was ill of a fever. But in failing to record these incidents of travel he would be as dishonest as a worm insisting upon writing up a bird's-eye view of the earth. He must tell what he sees, granting that, as his trip is a flight, his impressions are equally fleeting. While I do not wish to go so far as to suggest that the automobile has a place in the Bible, it is well for those along a motor route to watch and keep clean for no one knows when we are coming along. As you see: "The devil can cite scripture for his purpose."

All this not to preface any attack upon White Sulphur, for I am sure if we had stayed longer we would have found it not less but more lovely. I only regret that I can but scratch on the surface charms of the old springs. Since we admire "Hot" we were relieved that they were too dissimilar for comparison of any sort. The buildings were white, white as the servants who waited upon us. The enclosed wood as intimate if not as beautiful as that of Del Monte. It was a sheltered place, and there were probably many subtle social bars which I had no opportunity to notice.

There was one circle, however, open to all comers.

A room was set aside for the making of bandages, and a certain number of hours was given each day to such as have found ceaseless effort part of their lives as long as bandages are needed. It was closed when we arrived, and I had to concentrate my effort on securing rainbow trout "eighteen inches or two feet long" instead of three metre gauze strips with a little lap-over for the forceps. The trout, as the waiter kindly and elegantly expressed it, was "unavailable," but our luncheon was at once excellent and modest in price.

It was late but there were people about, and so long as there are people—any kind of people—the interest of life is sustained. A newly married pair sat next to us, looking so alarmingly alike that they must have been the vainest couple in the world to stick so closely each to his own type. I shudder to think of their Albino progeny. We knew they were not brother and sister by the restrained but amused interest of the guests as they passed through the hall. "Here comes the bride and groom," went the murmur. If I were a plain girl (plainer girl) or an unattractive man I would keep getting married all the time, for a honeymoon is the one period when the dullest couple never fails to attract. I am sure "here comes the bride and groom" must be an idiomatic phrase in every language of the world.

GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS (PRINCE EDWARD HOTEL), FARMVILLE

Unless we are that wondrous pair we do not come in for as much observation as we think we do. I was a long time finding that out, and I wish every self-conscious creature who dreads walking a long dining room would appreciate that two noses on one face, even, would be as nothing in value to a mouthful of guinea hen.

We asked one of the clerks who was the decorator of the Greenbrier and he looked at us rather hazily. We knew who had done the house so charmingly but we were curious to see if he did. There is no credit given the decorator or the architect of public buildings in the United States as a rule. Although there is no more rightful tribute than that carved in stone over the Forty-second Street entrance to the Grand Central Station: " To all those who with head, heart, and hand toiled in the construction of this monument to the public service, this is inscribed."

One can hardly expect an acknowledgment of a decorator when the sculptor leaves no name upon his marble. In all of the monuments at Gettysburg, or throughout our trip, we could not learn of the men who had moulded the wet clay and put into it a part of his own self. A great many of them ought to be glad to live on unrecognised by their badly conceived designs, but if some one would let me know who did the darling wolf peep-

ing over the spring in Morningside Park I promise to send the sculptor my best typewritten praise.

I walked about the grounds as W—— sat himself down to sketch unhampered by crowds for every one is too well bred to hang about the artist in this pleasant wood. Beyond the Thermal Establishment is the White Hotel. "White of White" I think it would be called, where the Southerners go in Summer; and in a semi-circle about the grounds like little Greek temples to inconsequential gods are many "semi-detached villas." They are generally apportioned to unmarried men, I believe; at least they are known as Bachelors' Row, delicately suggesting that bachelors while detached are not entirely—or eternally—so. There is one villa of greater antiquity—and height—than the others, where the French photographer told me "Leeve the Presidonz." No one could tell me just what Presidents have stayed there, although a great deal of screaming went on between his wife and himself on the subject—an altercation which I ended by suggesting that it would be better not to know as it might be some of them I didn't like.

"You don' like the Presidonz?" he asked in awed fashion. He was of a republic, but he still held his rulers in respect—which is not to be a bad idea for some of us.

As W—— wisely said when we got into the car,

" It was just this time yesterday," which was not to be disputed. But we had a longer way to go on our return to Covington than over the primrose path of macadam from " Warm " to " Hot." For the third time that day I determined to concentrate on points of interest, but I find in my notebook: " We went under the railway a number of times," which seems to be as important as Mark Twain's " got up, washed and went to bed," or the Illustrators' diary when he was a little fellow which reads mainly: " Am well."

We were to spend the night in Covington, far removed from luxury, snatching such sleep as we could in a hotel along the railway track. I had been warned that it would be fearfully stupid, but any transition is agreeable—besides we always managed something. This time it was a wreck of freight trains directly in front of our windows. Now I ask you, could anything more unusual be prepared for a stranger than a wreck without leaving his room to enjoy it? We watched the whole procedure—the lifting of the cars—the beating back of the curious citizens—the flashing of signals and swinging of lanterns. And I am glad to say, I mean that I try to be glad to say, no one was hurt. By the time the night express thundered through the track was cleared, and Covington went to bed without having visited a single movie. We

found ourselves so tremendously tired that I remembered calling in to W——:

"Did I tuck you in or did I kiss you good night?"

I don't know yet which I did as I fell asleep before he answered.

CHAPTER X

And Now a Picnic in the Mountains, Meeting Charming Boys and Upsetting Two Ladies, Which Is Not as Bad as It Sounds

"AND pepper and salt, pepper and sa-a-a-lt!"

It was W—— ordering our lunch for the day who awakened me, the seasoning being an afterthought and called through the open transom as the negro made his way down the hall. Possibly it was to humiliate me that the burden of the commissary was assumed by him. I must admit that he filled the luncheon basket with remarkable ease.

When I see men cooking better than women, and sweeping cleaner, and dusting more thoroughly, as well as ably conducting various business enterprises a terrible fear comes over me that they are really more capable than we are at anything they undertake. Then I go look at my yellow buttons which have decorated me as I have marched resolutely up Fifth Avenue, and I say, "We ought to have it anyway," which means the vote, of course, and I never tell the Illustrator what has been passing through my mind.

For the last few years we have enjoyed the supremacy in one direction, at least. But with all this men's talk of preparation and this demonstrating to fife and drum that they want it, even our biyearly walk up Fifth Avenue may be minimised. "Take my advice," I said to W—— on Preparedness Day as he was about to sally forth, "get near the band. You know I march oftener than you do——"

I shouldn't have told him. He has been marching steadily ever since to catch up. But I wondered as we ate his luncheon at the summit of North Mountain if "out-doing" is not among the attributes that go to make men more generally able than women. One fears that "to do better than others" is more of an incentive to mankind than "to do your best."

This was to be another day among the mountains, and the hard boiled egg industry was heavily taxed before we started. It made a delay, which pleased me greatly as my three sandwiches had been ready far in advance. There was a great deal of running up and down stairs and opening of doors, one young man at the Hotel Collins gladly speeding my departure. I walked into his room three times in twenty minutes, varying my third apology by an attack upon him for not locking his door. The absurdity of my grievance swept

over me, and I made a faint attempt at being humorous which was most ill-timed. "The only thing to do is to bar me out," I said, very embarrassed but trying to be gay. And while he made no reply he was evidently terrified for I heard him barricading the entrance with a table, probably lacking a lock and a key.

I was so afraid of overturning the table that I led Toby into a churchyard feeling that I could do no harm there, and let him run around with a few religious dogs while I sat on the steps musing on churches in general. I had not ceased to envy the old black man of the day before who had a church all his own, and could say anything he pleased from the pulpit. It would be so agreeable to buy an edifice where all would have to come to hear me expound or they wouldn't go to heaven when they died. Now, I cannot make any one read this book—entirely too full of my opinions and too lacking in the history of the Old Dominion—and yet, a new thought strikes me, since there is a reward for all effort perhaps I shall be right in promising a safe crossing of the Jordan to those who make a reader's pilgrimage from cover to cover.

I was not able in the short time I sat on the church steps to decide what I should say to my flock. But I did make a mental resolve that I would not take a mean advantage of them just

because they couldn't get away. How we all love to talk down! I have sat on some Sunday night platforms where lecturers were provided out of the generosity of various philanthropists, and I never knew one of those philanthropists who could refrain from getting up before the real event of the evening, to make a speech of his own. They didn't do it well and speech-making was not their business, but they'd paid for the hall, and they knew the mean bedrooms of the young men and women gathered there were too cold to go back to until it was bedtime.

W—— came along in time to rescue Toby from one of the religious hounds—the purchaser of the church no doubt—who, I regret to say, vanquished our blooded canine without effort. It was deeply humiliating to all of us, Toby repeating as he went along: "He was bigger'n me, Walter," as indeed he was. And neither Toby nor I agreed with the Illustrator who wished that the hound, if he had to bite, had taken off three inches of his tail. You may observe in the pictures that our dog's tail is of the correct length. This is either artistic license or the delineator's vanity over his pet. As a matter of fact the tail is too long, and as one who can preach sermons only out of a book I am obliged to speak of it.

(Toby is sitting by my side very mortified over

the divulgence of the incorrect tail. "You ain't goin' to put that in the book, are you?" he asks.)

Still it was a merry morning. We followed a stream which must have been Jackson's River with all its serenity gone and exercising like a gymnastic class. The cedars and firs were wearing the new green that seems to catch the sun's rays of a day less cloudy and were now generously shedding them again. I spoke of this, which evidently piqued the sun for it said very brightly, "I'll do my own shining," and remained with us all day. I sometimes think if Sun Worshipping had not been abandoned we could make better terms with its majesty on picnic and fête days. Could you imagine the Sun Worshippers' Annual Outing to Coney Island marred by a rainstorm?

It was a floral way. The fallen leaves of last year, having served their purpose as Winter "comfortables" for the new little things, were now pushed aside by the ungrateful blossoms who were striving to peep out. May apples were sitting serenely under their green umbrellas made, quite fashionably, for rain or shine; and overhead a small yellow dogwood varied the colour scheme of the pink and white trees of the Shenandoah.

There was also a tree hung with bleeding hearts, or what I called bleeding hearts, although our ever-right chauffeur did not think they grew that way.

But I don't see why not. One finds them most unexpectedly in life, and as often in the country as in the strife of the city. Besides, why not bleeding hearts on trees? A man who knew much more of nature than even the chauffeur discovered three hundred years ago:

" —tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

We passed through Clifton Forge as a whistle warned us that we had fooled away our time until it was high noon. I don't know how hastily Clifton Forge goes to work but it stops labouring in the most businesslike fashion. Although a small town the streets were as full of people as on circus day at Staunton. The railway tracks were crowded with coal cars, an express train thundered up, a local drew in and the travellers, each preferring the other train, tore back and forth. It was almost impossible for us to keep from flying out and " changing cars " with some one, leaving our nice new automobile and taking a small affair with bent mud guards.

We breathed more freely when we ran into the fields again, the Illustrator promising me quiet, away from a vast city's din, until we reached Longdale Furnace. The landscape would suggest peace

and serenity. We were running along a mild river with wagon wheels branching off the highway and inviting us down to the water's edge as much as to say, " Aw come on in," in the lingo of dear Skinny on the funny page. But we would not go in for fear we'd get wet—like the boy who minds his mother. The mother in this instance was, or were, two men in a buckboard who said the fords were too deep for machines, then flipped over themselves like fat dragon flies.

There was a reward for minding mother: we " got to go " anyway. At the next enticing little set of ruts we were hailed from across the way by an agonised voice crying, " Stop, Look, Listen." We could not believe this to be a railroad crossing come to life, and it was not the place for a comic opera of some such modern name. But we did all three things while the blond young man who had hailed us came to the edge of the bank opposite. " I had to say something quick," he explained. " I've tried making a polite start and they've all gone on."

We looked interested. "It's just this," he continued, " we've come from Lewisburg and are going on to Lexington for the Washington and Lee track."

" Oh, yes," I encouraged, feeling that I had found a writer of travel stories in this solitude,

" ' On the Track of Washington and Lee,' you call the article? "

" Ma'am? " said the blond young man.

The Illustrator turned to me severely. " Washington and Lee is a big college at Lexington. It's their day for track sports. Hush." Then he turned to the boy deferentially. " Go on. She understands now."

She! The " unexpressive she " of Mr. Shakespeare I suppose.

The young man went on quite as foolish in his way as I was in mine, and greatly endearing himself to me. He had forded his car across the stream and he had got stuck for his carburetor was low, so that horses had to pull him out. And now it wouldn't go. In the most charming and apologetic fashion he began to wonder—he took a long breath —if he waded across to us and then stood up alongside our carburetor, in this manner measuring the water's cruel height on his trousers with the height of our carburetor, and if our carburetor was higher than the high-water mark on his trousers would we then ford the stream so as to find out why his car didn't go. " Because," completed the delightful college youth, " we 'all are perfect greenhorns about a c'yar."

We took a chance and motored over, reaching the other side without horses, though with a high-

water mark of our own. There were four boys. The intrepid barker was not the owner at all, but simply a guest rendered desperate in his anxiety to get on the track of Washington and Lee. They had all driven cars of their own, however, and they knew no more about their insides than I do about physiology—another one of my studies in which I achieved almost supreme failure at examinations.

All coats were off including a large part of Toby's as I sat on the roadside and firmly combed him. I suppose I should have been "smattering" my wrinkles. While the beauty expert had said I would find plenty of time on a motor trip, this was the first moment of complete idleness that had been ticked off my watch. But I really could not get out that baby pancake turner and begin beating my face into a pulp before those nice boys. I was distressed that I was too modest to do this. Not that I mind being modest but an anxiety to appear well before young men is a sign of increasing years in a woman.

Putting the car through its simple tests was a forlorn hope speedily abandoned. Like the vehicles of the gypsies the magneto was undoubtedly wet, and there was little to do beyond wheeling the car about where the kindly sun would dry it out in time. Not in time for the meet, I fear, for we did not see them again. Our chauffeur would take no

money from the boys so we all shook hands, the barker urging us to visit him in Lewisburg where we must go right to the bank.

It was the first time we had ever ingratiated ourselves with a bank—at least to the extent of staying over night—and we deeply resent each other's forgetting the pleasant boy's name and the business abode of his father. We might be taken for motor bandits if we suddenly appeared at the wrong bank with our bags in hand as though ready for the specie; and even if we never get there I trust some one of his companions will send me his real name so that I may say in my Johnsonian dictionary: friendly type of Americana found in Appalachian Range, frequently at water's edge, or on (in—at) the bank.

We were nerving ourselves up for the city turmoil of Longdale Furnace. If a mere ford could so teem with activity think of the hectic possibilities of a furnace. The approach was very piano, preluded by melancholy, and we entered a deserted village which had cast its shadow before. There were long rows of workingmen's cottages unoccupied, unusually good houses which the wives must have left with sorrow. I thought of the moving fever which had seized me earlier in the season. I suppose it would not be so attractive if we moved from the necessity of living, hunger, the wolf, following

THE ROAD TO THE EAST THROUGH NOTTOWAY COUNTY, VIRGINIA

our footsteps as we pursued labour, the will-o'-the-wisp. We heard somewhere that these iron works had been closed down because the owner had found the country lonely. I don't believe it, but if it is so I trust the ore workers sealed him up in one of his furnaces before they left their homes.

As soon as we turned to the right after Longdale Furnace we began the six mile ascent of North Mountain. We approached it with a good deal of curiosity for we had been variously advised as to this climb over the highest and the steepest of the Virginia mountains. In garages, where talk is limited to the feats of the motor car, preferably the car of the talker, there was such diverse information that one would have to make the ascent if only to find out for himself. We were told that the road was perfect—there was no road—it was all mud—no, all stone—a child's velocipede could do it—no motor could make it—ad libitum, ad infinitum, and all those other things.

We found on this trip through the South that the most reliable information came from the owners of automobiles who sent out parties in their cars. They have no axe to grind as you do not want to rent a car, they are not hotel men whose motoring is limited to the desk, and their automobiles, coming and going constantly, are familiar with the general condition of the roads. The one in Hot

Springs told us to go ahead, and I shouldn't have missed it for a wilderness of springs and tires.

The valleys in this part of the mountains are much richer in growth than those between Hot Springs and Staunton, and at every twist of the steep way our eyes were turned from the poor road bed to the softly breathing country beneath us. Higher and higher we climbed, winding back and forth like the *lacets* of the Alps, and more and more abundantly the earth spread itself to our vision. No wonder great men are benevolent in their view toward mankind. From their height they see clearly our little mental farms, know the poor ground from the rich soil, recognise those who toil unceasingly and the lazy pompous ones sleeping in a shade which lavish nature has unworthily bestowed upon them.

We were nearly to the timber line when we reached the summit, stopping at a little spring on the descent to eat our luncheon. Here we found late trailing arbutus which I had never seen before except in round hard bunches on the trays of the city vendors, bringing to us promise of a new encasing for our weary spirits. The blossoms were our only table decorations and we did not uproot them, but ate alongside the floral display something after the fashion of Mahomet going to the mountain. The bottle of buttermilk was cooled in the

spring and drunk out of the squashy paper cups which preclude any greediness in drinking by flying their contents all over you. It was a very satisfactory picnic—lacking ants in the cake. Even Toby had a bone which he remarkably refused to eat in such elevated surroundings. A bone in a kitchen, yes, a bone under the bed or on the best rug, yes, but not—though the stomach yearns—a bone on trailing arbutus.

Now and then he barked challenges to unseen foes. The silence may have alarmed him. There is, to me, more an element of remoteness in these mountains than in the greater ones of the Northwest. It is hard to believe that during the French and Indian War in 1755 there was a continual marching of troops over these paths, that the country was settled before that time by the fathers of men who grew to be the heroes dear to all boys: Indian fighters. Near White Sulphur is a tombstone which bears the date of 1662. The grave itself is no more mysterious than the lonely soul who chiselled the year upon the stone, for there is no record of a white man's settlement in this part of the country at so early a time. The chauffeur suggested that it was put up as a joke, I don't know on whom, but if any one makes me out a century older than I am I shall find a method of getting back to earth.

His pleasantry was not advanced in the mountain, but after we had reached the plain again when one is relaxed and folly is normal. I could never live continually on the heights. It would be like sitting at breakfast opposite some profoundly deep thinker, or even some very brilliant person shooting off epigrams as one squirts grape juice. To sit opposite any one at breakfast is hard enough. My only companion is the canary bird who thinks coffee is bad for me and, perching on the edge of the cup, fights every swallow I take.

(" You ain't goin' to put that canary in, are you? " asks a certain jealous dog.)

We were now in the far reaches of the Shenandoah Valley sliding away from the Appalachian Range (which my typist so hates to spell) and slipping toward the Blue Ridge. Between the two lies Lexington, containing not only the track but the University of Washington and Lee, or Washington College as it was called before General Lee was made its president after the war. If I do say it I am something of a connoisseur on Lexingtons. I have passed through (praise be) those of Missouri and Nebraska. Friends have shown me their Minute Men and some very nice ones of more recent date in the Lexington of Massachusetts, and I played in that muddy, horsy town of the same name in Kentucky during my first year " on the boards."

The scene of the play was laid in Kentucky, and the villain was patterned, so far as outward make-up was concerned, after a most exemplary black-haired citizen who took an unhappy pride in the doubtful compliment of the playwright. The character in the drama was the meanest villain I have ever met with. I played adventuresses in my extreme youth, as my hair was black, too, so the bad man of the play was generally my father and I am in a position to know as much about villains as I do about Lexingtons. Every night the good man of the horsy town sat in a box so that all could see the resemblance between his black beard and the black beard of the bad man on the stage, and the more the actor threw bombs and poisoned horses the prouder the original bearded one became. It wouldn't surprise me at all if I were to learn that he finally went on the stage to play the rôle himself, and was featured by the management as appearing every night in real Kentucky whiskers.

While we were too late for the track of Washington and Lee I found the Lexington of Virginia more to my taste than any of the other towns (admitting that I am unfamiliar with Lexington Junction, "Mo."). To be sure there was a contest, not of the day's sports, but between the Illustrator and myself over a choice of composition. He wanted to do the church where Stonewall Jackson taught

his darky Sunday School class, and I wanted the back of Doctor White's house. I thought it should go down to posterity, as the back door is even lovelier than the front, like a fine soul in an ugly body.

I do not know Doctor White; all this was told me by a student, who also said that the nāgroes (he elegantly pronounced it so) were taught by General Jackson. The pronouncer of nāgro said he lived in Greenwich Village of New York City, but when I challenged his accent admitted that he was born in Georgia. He conducted us on a little pilgrimage to the grave of Robert E. Lee, who rests with the Lee family.

The slight détour wasn't much of a compliment to pay the great strategist, but it was all we had to give except an increasing heartache for him and the shabby band he led. The Civil War was closing in on us. Appomattox lay but a day ahead where the Confederate and the Federal Generals met, Lee to offer his sword, Grant to refuse it. As we left the town we passed the cemetery where Jackson is buried, his monument rising above the others.

"You won't have to stop," suggested the student. "You can just peep in and say you've been there."

"What are you going to be when you grow up?" I demanded of him.

"I am going to be a writer." He had one of the requisites.

We achieved Natural Bridge with but one incident which might have been an accident. It was all owing to a buggy ahead trying to make up its mind which side to give us. The Illustrator offered to wager a large sum of money that a woman was driving, which was not entirely true as two women were driving, one rein in the hands of each. They finally brought up in a ditch on the wrong side. Although they were wrong we righted them, the chauffeur very honestly restoring a purse which they did not deserve, while the ladies admitted that they just couldn't quite decide. One meets with very little of this foolish driving in Virginia, although the further South we went the more frightened the horses became, and there was a good deal of hopping out on our part to lead the poor beasts past our terrifying engine of war.

There was no sign of a Natural Bridge when we arrived there, only an unnatural hotel, charmingly situated, which didn't take dogs. One of the women guests pleaded that he be allowed to remain, and upon Toby promising that he would not steal the towels we were all accommodated.

This was real country again, the doors of the rooms opening directly upon a long veranda on the ground floor. I should say it was the safest hotel

in the world for a large sign in the Illustrator's room read, "Fire escape on back porch." One hopes no nervous women like those of the buggy will ever read this and be found clinging to it when they could comfortably walk down the steps.

"Lilacks am right nice," said the waiter as he placed the blossoms on our supper table, and it was all very nice indeed until we thought we would take one look at the Natural Bridge before going to bed. I bounced in on W—— as he and Toby were getting ready to view the marvel of nature by moonlight.

"It costs a dollar a head to see the bridge be natural," I shouted. They sat down again, W—— to begin a series of thinking which resulted in:

"The French Government open to the public the greatest natural bridge in the world, that of Constantine in North Africa. The Spaniards offer the Alhambra without fees; the Forum in Rome is for the people. But in America we had to pay for a ridiculous length of length to view Niagara Falls, and the enjoyment of an arch of rock still costs us a dollar. Five francs—five lire—five pesetas—four marks or four shillings. Think what we could get for the equivalent of a dollar in France, Italy, Spain, Germany, or England."

"Fire escape on back porch," I read aloud, not that it was a very funny speech but I didn't want the Illustrator to begin and end this chapter.

CHAPTER XI

Something Better than My Father's Cousin Laura's Stereopticons, After That a Bad Road Sprinkled with Kindness—but Read Along

We are like all Americans: we grumble at impositions—and accept them. After we had made ready the baggage the next morning we swelled the coffers of the gentleman who farms Natural Bridge and went to see it.

There was some difficulty in getting a porter to our rooms as the electric button couldn't be found, and was discovered only by working from the floor up, and pushing everything from the wall paper design to early moths impressed upon the freshly painted woodwork. It reminded me of a dinner guest of ours who was discovered ten minutes after he had taken leave still waiting for the elevator with his thumb pressed on the ornamental iron flower, mistaking it for the bell. What? No, he was a temperate man.

We paid a dollar each to a ticket taker who charged nothing for Toby or for his own (the ticket taker's) good manners. W—— said green goods men were always polite, yet after we passed

through the glen and came to the arch we decided that dealers in green goods of this sort were in a very decent business.

I never saw such radiance as that May morning! The rock must have got wind of our diatribe against it, the Illustrator's voice borne on the wind perhaps, and had spent the night festooning itself with pink blossoms and filling every crevice with the newest thing in green. I don't know why women of advanced age look so ridiculous in the clothes of a débutante when such array is so becoming to an old rock. I had a very definite picture in my mind of Natural Bridge, due to my father's Cousin Laura's stereopticon views with which I was always entertained in my youth when our family took Sunday night tea with her. These views formed my taste for scenery, setting a sort of standard. Since then I have visited many of the marvels of nature, but so excellent were her pictures to my child's mind that I have frequently been obliged to say to the mystified guide: "Not so good as my father's Cousin Laura's."

However Natural Bridge with its glory of young colour was admitted without question as "better than my father's Cousin Laura's," and I suppose if anything is better at thirty-seven than it was at seven it is worth a dollar. (Note: I'm older than thirty-seven but I did want to work in a seven for

the value of the repeated word, and I couldn't say forty-seven which would be too far from the truth.) W—— made a sketch while I stretched my neck to the snapping point to see who went over the bridge at the top. There must be a road over it, but I could get no definite information, probably for the reason that a number of dollars could be saved if one were to hang over and take a real bird's-eye view. Birds never pay anything for the finest scenery in the world. W—— said I was hoping some one would jump over, which was not true, although the one time I visited Niagara Falls a man had attempted to commit suicide which rendered the sight-seeing expedition memorable.

I was not annoyed that no one jumped over; the only thing that made me peevish was the horrible Don'ts defacing the landscape. Don't pick the wild flowers, vines, moss——! This remote spot is hardly the place for vandalism. Central Park is made hideous by policemen's whistles warning Toby and me that whatever we are doing we are doing wrong. I think we will have to move to Chicago to secure peace. There the green grass is to be walked upon. "It is for the people," as a city father once told me, "and when it wears out we put down more." A most intelligent city!

I had hoped to go over the bridge as we left for Lynchburg but we never got a snip of it, reach-

ing Glasgow only to get lost in the smallest of all hamlets. It was hard to believe that the main road over the last of our mountains could run along a towpath of a disused canal. There were log cabins along the canal with negroes emerging from the shacks correctly dressed for church in frock coats and the admired brown derbies. One wonders where the good clothes could be kept on week days in these single-roomed domiciles so generously shared with the chickens and pigs.

White folk live in these cabins, too, which are quite as charming as the Elsie type of mansion, but there is an inclination now to clap-board over them, keeping out the beauty with the cold. Possibly "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has impressed the countrymen with the idea that quality mustn't live in a house of logs, and there would be no use in telling them of the trouble and expense New Yorkers incur to build just such artistic lodges in the Adirondacks.

The main road to Lynchburg becomes more remarkable as it starts over the mountains. The towpath is abandoned and, entering a farm yard, the rocky way begins directly behind a pig sty. We could not believe this, and had no one to ask as all of the family had gone to church with only the live stock in the front yard eating up the peonies. But a weary looking automobile issued from the pass

and told us to go on but to look out. We did "look out," which was the only way to forget a narrow, tortuous road harrowed by gullies that made Toby seasick. The view was so lovely that W—— made a sketch of the conjunction of rivers which now firmly became the historic James. The James is majestic at the start, like a royal child, and as I watched the picture grow my thoughts swerved from the battlefields of the Civil War, from fashionable cures and simple mountaineers to the days of Queen Elizabeth and King James, when adventuresome spirits sailed their little boats up the wide mouth of the river—more like a greedy maw than they did know—"to seek the pearl and gold." Between Tide-water Virginia and our present lofty perch lay the flat lands of the South, unbeautiful, as we had been warned, but to be visited as part of the country which found its "pearl and gold" mainly in the furrowed field.

Somehow or other we got over those fearful mountains. We even crossed a car coming our way which we had said couldn't be done. There must be a special providence for good automobiles—one will notice that the dreaded meeting of a narrow way is generally made at a turn where the width is sufficient. The cars stopped to exchange sympathies, we loaning the stranger our small tin "growler" which the chauffeur had wisely stolen

from a garage to pour cold water into the engine.

One is pleased to grant him this forethought but regrets that it did not extend sufficiently forward to have filled his tank that morning. Never, never, never leave for a day's run without a full tank. If the shops are closed demand a key, break in, or don't go on. Unlike a mortal, an engine runs better on a full stomach. Our car, which travels on the flat nineteen miles to a gallon, drank up its canteen as would any thirsty soldier on a forced march.

We " looked out," staring about for oil wells like manna in the wilderness. There were promises of rhododendrons, crocuses were as purple as the eyes of heroines, but no habitations sprang up to help us out. With a view to distracting, the chauffeur discovered a pink honeysuckle which was not welcomed as it should have been. " Look in, not out," rumbled the Illustrator as though he were a mental scientist. At one point it would seem that we could go no further anyway for a huge pine had fallen across the road. Yet we managed it, as some forerunner with a hatchet, possibly Touring Information of the eighth chapter, had hacked off enough branches to permit a car to go under the Natural Bridge—without charge. I suppose it will stay there forever and become a beauty spot.

In time we achieved the clearings where little

THE EDGE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP

stores were irregularly placed, although one can't imagine who buys of them. They were shut on the Lord's day, but at every back door the family were eating. At Noala Mr. Cheatham asked us to sit down with them and I would have done so but the Illustrator felt that the engine should be fed before us. We compromised on a photograph as a slight return for their kindness, which I must put into an envelope and send off this moment. Such pretty, well-dressed girls; such a good looking Mrs. Cheatham! all artistically living in a log cabin emporium. These stores sold everything but gasoline. If our car could drink Lemon-nola it could have been nourished, if it could use Vick's Croup and Pneumonia Salve we might have struggled on to Lynchburg, or even a setting of eggs from "improved hens." It was a pleasure to read of this kind of a hen; considering the service they render us it is a worthy reform to be taken up by every social worker, yet it made no appeal to the motor.

We went on begging our way like a charity bazaar until a kind Mr. Rea at Pedlar's Mills for whom we made a slight détour, accommodated us from his own private stock. Feeling that he should be repaid in some other way than money and thanks I struck up a relationship with him before W—— could get around to it. I am almost related to the Reas as I have an uncle by marriage whose

brother is in a business firm with a Mr. Rea—and a very stingy man he is too.

Lynchburg lay twenty miles ahead, the road finely macadamised and heavily tolled by armless men who said my branch of rhododendron was ivy. The engine was inclined to whiz but the chassis was inclined to sag, although this was disputed with cheery optimism by our driver. Optimism is like a certain religious belief: it cannot mend a bone. Nor can it mend a spring whose leaves are undoubtedly snapped. "Broken, I thought it," said the Illustrator coldly as we reached the Carroll Hotel in Lynchburg. It is curious in what contempt a professional chauffeur will hold an amateur one. And for a man to make pictures and make a car go too—oh, not at all, not at all!

I had the best of it. The clerk at the Carroll, hearing we would be delayed until a spring, found at a garage, was put on, offered me a comfortable room and bath, and refused compensation beyond the modest price of a Sunday dinner. How warming to the heart are such courtesies! How far reaching the results! It is my belief that every gracious deed prompts two, and on the good work goes like an endless chain, but, as they say in their begging letters, "do not break the link." The old waiter at dinner carried me far down the room that I might see the view from the window. There was

a lovely hill to look at with an old white house high up on it, and, higher still, a huge painted advertisement urging one to " Get it at Almond's."

I don't know as Lynchburg felt as I did about the disfigurement, for the city has become, in proportion to its size, one of the richest in America. If one sees a green hill from the rear of the Carroll House, one finds at the front window a sky scraper quite as successfully soaring. The streets were full of well dressed citizens, and the lobby was teeming with young men. I never saw so many fine boys. It may have been my frank admiration of them that occasioned the loan of a room and bath.

I tried to stay in the lobby long enough to buy some illustrated postal cards of the old houses in the vicinity, but the news dealer said that they had no stock any more and his customers of late had developed " just a natural distaste for them." Possibly the distaste is good taste, for there is nothing more crude than the average illustrated card. And some day when the Illustrator and I have time for it, we are going into the business ourselves making beautiful pictures for little money. It may be that a postal card even with an old church on it no longer placates wives left at home. One of the very young men in the lobby who I didn't think could have a girl, much less be married, went out with W—— to send a night letter to his wife.

W—— was sending a night letter also, not to his wife or, I hope, to the wife of any one else but—much more melancholy business—to a motor agency for another spring. The botanical chauffeur had put on the new one without measuring it, and since it didn't fit the process of putting on reverted into pulling off. "The King of France with forty thousand men marched up the hill and then marched down again." The old spring was replaced and a rubber buffer applied that we might at least limp on over the red roads among the green pines to sleep—Somewhere in Virginia.

With luck Farmville would be our resting-place for the night. The chauffeur, whose spirits were as elastic as the rubber buffer, felt that we did not even need luck since we had this new appliance. He had gone miles—months with them. "Why," he continued, breezily giving himself away, "I went around New York with three springs broken on the last car I drove, and nobody found it out for a long while." Unfortunately for us the rubber effect was of even less endurance than his own resiliency. Before we reached Appomattox we were sagging again, and as night was coming on Farmville was but a dream and any hotel in any town a mere mirage.

While I did not tell those of a mechanical turn of mind I was glad that we began sagging before

Appomattox as I wanted to spend the night there. I wished to see the McLean house where Grant met Lee. But the town itself was discouraging. The Whites stood on one side of the street and the Blacks on another as though the old feud might break out at any moment. It was the only place in the South where I felt, without any historical justification for the feeling, a resentment of wrongs not yet adjusted. I could see in my mind's eye the fathers of these idle black men running through the little town with blazing torches and the white folk hiding in the cellars. I could see the long pale garments of the Ku Klux, the draped horses; and something more dreadful in a mob of white men about a blazing post.

Perhaps it was the red sunset tingeing the street with a thirsty glow that occasioned these hallucinations, but that is what I saw as we stopped for a moment, saw it that once—and never again in the South. It was well that we stopped to ask more definitely of the McLean house. Since I had found a postal card of it at Lynchburg I might have written very touchingly of a visit to the old place, and of carrying away some jasmine or a magnolia blossom. A very respectable coloured man told me that the house had burned down some time ago and there was very little to see.

The negroes of the present day are of two kinds.

If both reply in the affirmative should you ask a question, one says "yessah," and the other "sure." I don't know why a negro hasn't as much right as a white man to answer "sure," but one finds that those replying "yessah" are more useful and intelligent citizens, more willing to work and more capable.

Regretfully we left Appomattox, not that beauty held us, but that we had not enjoyed the sensation for which we had long been preparing. There was no sensation at all except to find a hotel before the axle became permanently bent. We were now in a country without sign-posts and with more forks in the road than were ever laid on a table. The moon came up, a soft sweet wind blew in our faces, and a bed of pine needles was not a discouraging reflection. Still we searched for a town to find a blacksmith for our car. There might be bleeding hearts upon trees but there are no smithies in a pine cone. In time we came to Pamplin, a village of two hundred inhabitants possibly, most of them coloured people going to church. We could see the oil lamps hanging in the vestibules and the gay dresses of the girls as they hung about with the boys just as young people do of any race.

A very promising darky—promising to weigh about three hundred when she was of age—told us the hotel was the "grea' big house on yondah,"

which was so encouraging that the throttle was opened with an idea of sweeping up very stylishly to the automobile entrance. In two minutes we were firmly in the open country again, all three of us with our hearts cleansed of broken springs and full of the humour of the situation. A perfectly strange gentleman then appeared from nowhere, and stepping on the running board offered to take us back to the grea' big house which we had missed. He said he would do his best to see that we were accommodated for he owned the place and the one next to it and the one next to that. But if ever three travellers, to say nothing of the dog, had arrived importunely we were that party.

The furnishings of the hotel had been auctioned off on Saturday and the trophies carried away. The new proprietor had taken possession fifteen minutes before our arrival, and our appearance had unfortunately been made a day before that of the new proprietor's furniture. I shudder to think what would have happened to us in a Northern town under such circumstances. But the lady who was going out and the lady who was going in put their heads together and the result was two beds in an empty room with staring unshaded windows for W—— and me, and half a bed for the chauffeur in Mr. Fells's room. That is all I can tell you of Mr. Fells. We never had a chance to thank him, for

he came home from church late and went to work early, and we never saw again the mysterious gentleman who owned the town. So a little bunch of appreciation is waiting to be sent him post prepaid when I can secure his name.

We sat on the long dark porch watching the white blotch of Toby gambolling about the yard, while the old châtelaine and her daughter went rustling off to service and the new lady of the house, still wearing her hat, prepared supper. They had brought something from the farm with them when they came in on the "eight o'clock." There was a delay in both instances as the beau of the young lady was late in calling to take them to church and was greeted as "slow poke." But we were too grateful to address any one as "slow poke" who was getting our supper. In time we all drew around the board, father, mother, and daughter of the new régime, drinking bowls of black coffee with enthusiasm.

Since the most important event in the world to them was the running of their first hotel we talked of nothing else. The host had but one regret: he had installed an acetylene plant on his farm and he must leave it. "You just turn on the gas and there you are," he told us softly and often. "I shall certainly miss my acetylene." While we didn't say so, we wondered how this moving into a

town of such minute proportions could be a gain in any way, and we fear there is a tragedy behind the abandoning of the farm with the gas. But as there was only a gentle complacency in the eyes of the man so there was only resolution in those of his pretty wife, and in the eyes of the daughter a lively interest in whatever lay before her. How wonderful to be seventeen with all life bottled up and waiting for us on a far high shelf! How terrible if we knew at seventeen the contents of the bottle!

Having purloined two chairs from the dining room, made a carpet of the Lynchburg newspaper, and a short window curtain of maps we retired by the light of our electric lantern and stayed awake from the light of the moon. I never thought before that one could get too much moon, and I believe if boys and girls who walk out in it and stay too long were obliged to stay out in it some time longer they might develop "just a natural distaste" for it. The French call a sleepless night *une nuit blanche,* meaning that they must turn on the light, but this white night transcended even the glow of our host's farm. It enraged me that I could lend myself so poorly to the discomforts of life, and I think every one of us should go into camp each year from a reason no more patriotic than a gratitude for whatever home is ours when the camp is broken.

I thought I didn't sleep at all but I must have for I was awakened by W—— asking if it was the sun or the moon shining in on us. "It is the lark and not the nightingale," I made answer, and as he knew his birds and poets he set out shortly for the blacksmith. But the man who was proficient in springs was recovering from pneumonia, crawling over to the hotel to show us all how pale he was, and advising Farmville where there was an obliging smith who would do anything to keep travellers from delaying in the town, a more kindly intention than the phrasing would suggest.

We ate at the second breakfast, after the day boarders from the railway had gone. There was cold pork, fried eggs, hot biscuit, jam and conversation at the next table. The daughters of the past and present menage were comparing notes on life. They were crisply dressed girls with no country airs about them but almost pathetically naïve.

In confiding their ambitions to each other, the departing one admitted that hers was to play golf. She didn't know why, as she had never seen a golf game or a golf ball. "Though of course I would know a golfer by his golf bag." It was a poor way of recognising a golf player, but this thought only dipped into my mind. Occupying all my cerebral faculties was the deep admiration for this girl bred so far from the dalliance of life that she has never

heard the click nor whirr of the soaring ball, yet her manner possessed the unostentatious assurance of an old civilisation.

The other girl's ambition was to keep on as well as they had begun with the hotel, which was so unselfish of her that I did not regret my moonlit couch since it was plain that we were the beginning. The soft-voiced landlord walked down to the gate with us as we made our way to the car, looking back continually at the shabby old house. "But it will be right nice some day. I'll put in acetylene—just turn it on and there you are." I wondered what superhuman power had assisted him in establishing the innovation on the farm.

We lost ourselves going among the pines to Farmville. The only landmarks given us were churches, and as there were more of these than Brooklyn ever could hope for, we found them as confusing as the forks on the road. It was not difficult to recognise the coloured churches for they were as gaily decorated as coloured churches should be, the little steeples resembling the flags of all nations. It was hard to be concerned over the leaves in a spring when they were only steel strips under an automobile and not pleasant new ones making a much needed shade for this warm day.

If we had not lost ourselves we would never have found Hampden-Sidney. It is a college of unusual

colonial beauty with an old church across the way proud of its hundred and twenty-five years of pillared strength. Boys in white flannels were going in and out of the building just as boys do in the larger universities, whistling, singing, and watching us out of the tails of their eyes. I don't know whether it is the white flannelling or youth that makes boys so much alike. There was youth in the woods too, avenues of brilliant white dogwood among the old pines, shedding an unconscious beauty. And this to me is the charm of the young—not that inexperience is lovely, but we older ones know that with experience this iridescence must fade and no powder or patches can take its place.

I don't know whether the warm friend I made at Farmville was a chauffeur or the rich young man of the town. It is hard to tell in the South where they are all so well mannered. Besides it is almost as fashionable for a Southern gentleman to work at a trade in these days as it is in England. This one went with me up the street after we had left the car with the accommodating smithy to see if a certain kind of a map could be found. The Virginian speaks entirely of localities by counties, yet no road maps designate county lines.

We went into a clothing store to get the map and the proprietor said he would run home and bring his for me to look at, but he doubted if I could buy

one this side of Richmond. As I didn't wish to see a Southern gentleman run but liked very much to hear him talk, I persuaded him to remain by the ribbon counter. Here, of all places in the world I learned that Farmville was as historic, Civilly War speaking, as any place we would visit, and that right over the present show window was still the small cannon ball which had been fired at General Grant.

General Grant had not been in buying ribbon but was next door at the Hotel Prince Edward (named after the county) viewing through his glasses the remnant of Lee's scarred troops encamped outside the city. Though they were starving they had a cannon ball left, and Grant missed it by ten feet.

This hurried me into the hotel to be introduced by my strange new friend to the proprietor, Mr. Chick. And in that way I found myself soon afterwards in a large upper room writing at a table where Grant had written, where he planned his last strategical move before he rode on to face Lee at Appomattox. So, after all, the sensation was mine of which I had been robbed by the burning of the McLean house. Both armies were making for Lynchburg, but the Union men were encircling the enfeebled Southern troops and at Appomattox they could go no further.

Mr. Chick was sorry that he wasn't older, which was most gallant even for a Virginian, but he did not remember Grant at all, although his old clerk who came on at night could tell the whole story. I moved to the window restlessly. The Illustrator was obligingly drawing this side of the fine old inn that he might include the four windows of Grant's room which ran along the second story of the main building. There was no use importuning him to stay if his sketch was finished, but if the sun would go under a cloud—he was a stubborn man and would wait all day for shadows. The sun blazed on and I returned to the depths of the quiet room.

"Yes, ma'am, just as it was," said Mr. Chick, "except, of course, the bathtub."

"What did Grant do when the cannon shot was fired at him?"

"He went downstairs most as quick as the shot and smoked his cigar on the lower porch. He knew it was the end, though, for them—not for him. He reflected an almighty lot, my old clerk says, and was right sad."

The old waiter at dinner could have told us more I am sure but he was so deaf that I feared to rouse the peaceable citizens at the little tables by stirring up old wounds. I did ask once if he remembered Grant, but he replied that it was hard to get the chicken livers as they were used for the gravy, and

SEA RAIDERS INTERNED—THE "PRINZ EITEL FRIEDRICH" AND "KRONPRINZ WILHELM" AT PORTSMOUTH

as some of the citizens snickered I wasn't going to gather any more data if nobody buys the book.

We had corn pone for dinner, a fearfully heavy bread of curious shape. I received a religious picture once—for knowing my Bible verses—which consisted of a grove of trees with manna hanging on them. I thought they were sheep's tails then, but I know now they were corn pone, possibly two of the original ones being apportioned to us at the Prince Edward. The dinner was of the best, however, chicken in large quantities appearing for the first time. We had not met with it before except under the motor's wheels, and we wonder if all the genuine old-fashioned fried chicken cooks are in the taverns along the New England roads; also—why is Northern cooking never advertised in the South?

Mr. Chick accompanied me to the automobile and we both looked up at the shot meant for Grant. "Yes, ma'am. Then they went on to Appomattox, but a lot of the boys had dropped off already, going to their homes, too heartsick to see the end, I reckon. General Lee had on a fine uniform they said, but Grant wore an old business suit with epaulets sewed on it. Nobody knows just what passed between them—so many stories have been told. But the Southern boys were fed right off, and Grant made a great hit with us all when he told the officers to keep their side arms and horses. Then Lee hesi-

tated, for he was proud and didn't want to ask too much, or to give away their extremity but at length he up and said a lot of the privates had brought their own horses to use for the cavalry and artillery. And Grant answered direct and abrupt as he always did: 'Let the boys keep 'em for the Spring ploughing.' Then they went home—to begin all over again."

Farmville was quite a blur until we had entirely left it. Then I was jolted into conscious resentment, for nothing dries up the eyes like indignation. I sat tight or as tight as I could and looked about me. We were now firmly among the Southern farms and I could not write my mother encouragingly of the crops. Wheat was once a great product of Virginia but the vast agricultural companies of the West have robbed that of lucrativeness; tobacco they have decided grows best on the lee side of the hills in the Northern part: it is not the climate for cotton, and I didn't know where the mysterious plants covered with white sheets were doing well or not.

Those white sheets bade fair to tease me as much as the two doors of the Pennsylvania Dutch. When there were sheets about there was no one to ask of them, and when people were about there were no sheets, those interrogated replying that it was wash day. The lovely woods also drove me frantic, for

they now carried a sign of " Posted " on the trees as though the forest were a bad club member, its remissness exposed to the world.

We finally asked " Henry Hobson " about Posted. He was a very old darky driving an ox to a cart, and as W—— wished to sketch him I was so hurried into asking him a question that I could plunge upon nothing but " Posted," although he would have been the very man for " Sheets " of which I did not think. But Henry Hobson possessed a fund of general information telling us that the sign meant " cain't do no huntin'." His real lack in knowledge was his home address. He didn't know where he lived, at least he couldn't decide when we asked for his post office address that we might send him what he admitted to be his first picture.

He finally hit upon some place where a letter would be likely to reach him, but for once the dialect baffled us. We had to call upon a white woman who knew immediately that Henry was saying Jenning's Ordinary. This remote spot is going to cost us a great deal of money as we shall now have to buy a county map so much needed in Virginia and of so little use in New York City, to find out where Jenning's Ordinary is. It had never occurred to me before that darky dialect was difficult to understand. I remember in London looking at

an Englishwoman with veiled contempt who remarked after hearing a young American girl in plantation songs: " I don't get a word she says and I presume she is singing in the negro language." And now I am as a Briton!

It was late afternoon when we came to Petersburg. Petersburg that Grant failed to surprise. Petersburg of the bloody Crater, where action followed by inaction occasioned the useless sacrifice of thousands of lives. Inversely it surprised us. We had but a few moments ago left the ox carts of the road, the strings of mules and the horses three abreast to a cart guided by a postilion. We came to a town of paved streets with a something at the crossings under a canopy of khaki, a something in a uniform on a little throne, like a king on a dais, who turned a lever and behold the traffic was told to " Go! Go! " while those at right angles were urged to " Stop! Stop! " It was a Southern traffic cop secure from sunstroke, controlling the little army of North and South as opposed to those of East and West.

We went the length of the town, for the hotels cluster lovingly about the Union Railway Station. It afforded us the chance to look up cool sprinkled streets, the residents of which were already seating themselves on the stoops of the fine old houses, full of exclamations over the heat of the day. But

there was still a little country for us in the trees of the hotel backyard, the green branches more welcome than the odours of the kitchen which came to greet us also. Why are several cooked dishes nauseating when the smell of one is tickling to the nostrils? There might be an awful warning in this too-much-of-a-good-thing idea if I had time to clothe it in figurative dress.

I had barely time to dress myself after so much splashing in the two bath rooms allotted us that the chambermaid was declaring to goodness that the tank am ran over. She was a knowing one in other directions. When I asked for some plain white soap, ostensibly waving a soiled chiffon scarf, she was not at all deceived, but returned with a lump of indigo, as well, which she said was mighty good for bluing them wite dawgs. We left Toby all but starched and stiff to go to the grill below.

A grill has a gay sound. This was evidently the gathering place of the gilded youth, one being gathered up and put out of the establishment as we were entering. I did my best to add to the spirit of the scene, ordering a Tango salad and while I am no rounder, I think I was better than a phonograph which stood in a balcony all by itself crying to go back to Tennessee. I kept looking up at it all through dinner, until the creature, full of so many voices, became an animate thing in a little

golden-oak jail, and I wondered where all those voices would fly to if they were let out.

How those who sing into these machines would hate the surroundings where they send their lovely notes! It must be that they think first (first after the money) of the happiness their music has brought to the shut-ins and to the far waste spaces. And one is told that a taste has been cultivated for the best by this opportunity of listening to a class of music which would have been denied them two decades ago. So much for the phonograph, *but* what has become of the girls who used to play the piano for dancing class before the phonograph came in? I asked W—— that, wishing to arouse his sympathies. It didn't. He said they were doing one of two things: either accompanying those who were singing in the phonographs, or playing for the movies with a chance to look at the pictures for nothing.

We went out with our blue dog to wire my maid for more shirts. The maid was from Virginia and I didn't want to tell her we had broken a spring on account of the uneven disposition of her roads, yet it was a night letter and I had ten words unused even with " Love from Toby." The Illustrator had sent a second pleading telegram to have his spring waiting for him in Norfolk and had gone on up the street to a drug store which had bespoken

itself in advance advertising as we neared Petersburg.

Its most important sign was that of a life-sized young lady with a gentleman on either side of her, all three of them looking very angry and resolute with the caption underneath: "Going to Chillingford's Drug Store." One could not tell from their faces what they were going there for, but I thought the gentleman on her right (her right, not yours) had just caught up with them as the other two had started off for soda water, and as it would be impossible to shake him the whole evening was spoiled.

At all events I lingered at the telegraph office and the courteous Southern clerk let me have the message back twice while I added: "Better clean if not cleaned," and, later, "Tie box with strong string." So I used all the words, and as the Illustrator bounced back from the drug store with: "It wasn't for soda water, there isn't any," I was so startled I nearly put that in too, forgetting about the advertisement.

The hotel was still alive before we were gladly abed. I doubt if it is ever quiet for Petersburg is more like a mining town than one of southernmost Virginia. It is not under siege, yet the stir of the street is still from men to whom powder is no stranger. But they do not ram it down old flint locks or pack it into muskets of heavy bore and

long barrel. They make it, thirty thousand strong, in a town not far away. In two years' time this town grew from fields of buttercups to thirty thousand souls. All the shops of Petersburg express a willingness in the windows to cash Dupont checks, and from beyond the doors of every gin mill brawlers were availing themselves of the offer. There is no sweetness in the main street at all, only prosperity.

And the name of this new strange town where gun cotton is made for gasping nations is Hopewell.

CHAPTER XII

Containing a Church, a Dismal Swamp, and the Smell of the Low Tide, Which Rolled in Relations. Also Germans!

We had a fifty-dollar bill to change before we could discharge our indebtedness at the Petersburg hotel, and while one boy was out collecting very old and filthy money, and another was whisking dustless dust off of W—— for an extra dime, the proprietor was "registering" surprise at our going over the Jerusalem Plank Road to Norfolk when we could so easily run up to Richmond, and from there take the James River boat down.

If he had been in England he would probably have said our choice was quaint, and I would have returned that he was quaint to think we would take a boat when we could take a motor. However this route can be adopted, and Toby hearing that the road was only passable was distinctly for Richmond. Even Suffolk, the home of the peanut of which he is extremely fond, left him cold, and I did not dare mention the great battlefield on the edge of Petersburg that is known as the Crater, for

he is a peaceable dog (in time of war) and had thought it was all over at Appomattox.

Before we reached the Crater we found the most interesting church in all Virginia—Old Blandford. It is worth reading the history of a religious house if only to make one feel how much less heavily the parishioner is now taxed by strawberry festivals and fairs, and how much of that is of his own volition. When it was decided by the General Assembly of Virginia in 1734 that a church in this vicinity was needed, 25,000 pounds of tobacco was levied upon the nearby parish for the cost of building. From what I can make out there was a good deal of fuss about it, but the Governor finally sustained the vestry and the edict went forth, the specifications ending with the time allowed them for completing the edifice. Also at the very tail end: "Stone Steps to each door Suitable."

The vestrymen continued severe. If town halls are built out of motor fines today anti-Revolutionary churches were sustained by just such levies. I noted that profane swearing was valued at five shillings, the same amount "for not going to church," five pounds for gaming, and only one pound for selling "Oats by false measure at ye Bridge." This makes having a church all your own the more delectable; but apart from that I wonder

what the churches would have done if every one had behaved himself, and how the town halls would be built if there were no scorching!

Old Blandford, gleamingly restored, is now serving as a Confederate Memorial Chapel. Every state of the Confederacy is represented by a window in glass. As I stole about reading the inscriptions it occurred to me that nothing could be more fitting for the emblem of a soldier than these deep reds, glorious purples and soft, pallid shades of death defying a substance that can shatter, can splinter, can be crushed into atoms but cannot be utterly destroyed.

The trend of the dedications catches the fire of the ruby glass. All speak of their men " who fought for the right." One can find nothing to resent in that; it makes little difference for what you are contending if you honestly believe your Cause is just. But it was strange to find in that quiet little church, its burial ground sheltering so many Revolutionary patriots who fought for one nation, the flame of a resentment that we do not recognise in the streets, in the shops, in the speech of the people.

There is a little tablet to those men who fell in the Revolution when the church was young and there was no North and South. It must have felt very old fashioned and out of place when all those burning windows were put in telling the story of

strife, brother against brother. But now, I believe, it is at home again. On the other side of the pulpit is a verse lettered on stone written by Tyrone Power. a great Irish comedian, the great-grandfather (I think) of the present actor of that name. He went down on the steamship *President* about 1844, one of that great fleet which left no story beyond the fragments of their wreckage. The apostrophe is not in very good verse, and I am a little uneasy over what might be the punishment for those who try to write and are strolling players also.

The old custodian, who did not bother us at all, said there were still bullets found in the churchyard, relics of the severe fighting in the effort to seize Petersburg. Lee finally evacuated the town but it was never taken by assault, although Grant lost 10,000 lives in this effort. A few yards beyond rise the earth works of the two opposing armies. To quote exactly from the volume which is now my closest friend, the S. H. of the U. S.: " July 30th a great mine was sprung under the Confederate works, and for a moment an open road existed into the rear of their positions; but here also was mismanagement. The troops which ought to have poured through hesitated, probably through fault of their division commander, and the Confederates, rallying, were able to drive back with great slaughter the assaulting column. This bloody affair of

'the Crater' cost Grant 4,000 lives without any compensating advantage."

The Crater is now softly covered with green, Time's healing hand for the torn earth. We can only grow philosophy for the wounds of the heart. I wonder if generals ever think of the men they have sacrificed by a strategy which they admit to be an error afterwards. Possibly they do grieve and go on because they must. Lincoln suffered intensely through the war, yet when the nation pleaded for an exchange of prisoners that they might get their sick, ill-nourished boys home again, he refused to send back the well-fed Southerners, imprisoned North, to fill the depleted ranks of the Secessionists. "I will not exchange good men for scarecrows," he said. What it must have cost him to say it! For Lincoln, it is my belief, was of the "army of heaven."

I have allowed myself to talk a great deal about Old Blandford church and the Crater because I am going to say very little about the road as I wish you all to have a good chapter. The garage keeper in Petersburg said we could travel over it as fast as we pleased, which was a safe statement as it couldn't possibly please any one to go very fast. Yet the small automobiles of this environment went bouncing in and out of the holes full of dust with the same abandonment that their fathers dashed

along on horseback—true dare devils of the road. The planks had long been extracted from the road to Jerusalem, like an old dog rendered less dangerous with the pulling of his teeth. The landscape had many of the elements which one must see before leaving Virginia: fine farms worked by negroes, real swamps, and patches of magnificent pine. The cultivated fields would be entirely surrounding these forests, and they stood like soldiers of a lost legion making their last stand against the encroachment of an insidious little enemy which worked toward them like relentless headsmen, axe in hand.

Firmly in the middle of the road at one point we came to a gate which we opened and closed without any sign importuning us to do so. The mystery piqued us, and W—— walked up a long path leading to a farmhouse to ask why it was there. He addressed several coloured ladies at the right of the house who didn't pay the smallest attention to him, but went on with their work as though recompensed by the piece. Another woman on the other side the house responded to him, however, although—to my far off embarrassment—he did not look at her, finally thanking those so extraordinarily labouring, and returning still under the impression that he had carried on a conversation with them. Our driver said it seemed sort of uncanny, and the coloured

OLD ST. PAUL'S, NORFOLK

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lady who had replied must have thought him stiff-necked if not unregenerate, but it was really the effect of quinine which had made him deaf in one ear so that he could not locate sounds.

The quinine was probably superinduced by notices which the Virginia Health Department has tacked upon the trees like Orlando's love letters. They give some grim statistics about tuberculosis with so easy a preventive that one would think the natives could keep their windows open. Yet (I can argue on both sides with perfect ease) it's all very nice to have your windows open if you are well covered, but consumption of the future seems much less uncomfortable than the immediate possession of a shivering body. I have two ideas of eternal punishment both of which keep me as good as I can possibly manage. One is eating at a restaurant in a basement full of smoke, noise and a big band above which you have to be entertaining to pay for your supper; and the other is to " sleep cold."

The Health Department also tells the habitant how to avoid malaria and how to fight mosquitoes, and there are some suggestions as to the care of cattle which the Illustrator didn't read, although the quinine showed the effect of the chills and fever warning. The advice is couched in simple language so that the people may understand, and there is no excuse for these remedies not getting about even

though the elders, like Henry Hobson, do not read, for I never saw more country schools, and most of them built for lively little darkies. We found the pupils tractable about keeping out of the road, as are all coloured children. And I wish to ask, in passing, if any one ever saw a coloured baby cry?

All through Virginia, both by the many Agricultural Stations and by the many placards there shows a fine disposition on the part of the state to take care of its children, old and young, and if the children themselves didn't have such a "natural distaste" for keeping up the roads this atmosphere of good-will which continually surrounded us would make it a motoring paradise. But here Toby suggests, "Ain't told about the gate." He seldom leaves me now for fear I am not going to get him in often enough, and I will put in here that he behaved abominably this day, inventing a new scheme of leaning out as far as possible while I held on to his tail. He knew he was taking the basest advantage of me for I would hold on rather than lose him no matter how exhausted I was, and it afforded me but slight comfort to think that at last some good use was made of an appendage too long to mark him as a perfectly bred West Highlander.

I am getting back to the gate with what might be called a languorous ease befitting the locality.

It was put up by a county that had fences so that the cattle could not stray from the next one which did not possess them. I wish all the counties had gates, then we could talk as learnedly as the natives of going from Frederick to Amherst, on to Appomattox, Prince Edward and " All points East." But that was the only one we ran across, and we continued in the " fence county " until we reached Courtland. Here we found a new sign forbidding us to turn corners any faster than eight miles an hour. How few of us have given thought to the rapidity of our turning corners both in motoring and in life!

Fearful of whizzing around too rapidly we held to a straight line until we reached a hotel. It was past the lunch hour, but I walked through to the dining room and found two ladies, vague sort of hostesses, still talking it over. The Southerners have the magnificent hospitality of the peasant and the grandee: if you will take what is there you are welcome to it. They sat with us through luncheon which a coloured boy, scenting a quarter from afar, appeared in time to serve, and the fattest of the fat ladies said that her kin had gone to Richmond by automobile in two hours. They always say this, and no doubt they always do it. Our motor alone seems to limp through life.

I walked across to the jail yard which lay across

the street. They were having a very pleasant time in the jail where we could hear loud black laughter, meaning the laughter of blacks, but a man who was making a house next door said they were only just pretending, as nobody was ever really happy in jail. He ought to know for he had spent the night there, and was set to work upon his return to the world through the philanthropy of a builder who was short handed. This I learned from our driver of whom he had tried to borrow the price of a drink for the reason that both of them were from the North. He knew little of Courtland as he had fallen off a freight train, and, presumably, the water wagon at the same time.

He should have looked from his jail window to enjoy the cannon that was installed there alongside a monument to the Confederacy. It, too, was a Northerner and had also fallen off a train while going further South with Union troops during the Civil War. But I can imagine it receiving a warmer welcome than had the hobo-carpenter. The little shaft of marble bears the list of companies who had gone from that neighbourhood—a gallant number of soldiers to be mustered from such a slightly peopled community. And it is hard to tell why the inscription, set below what seems to be a bas relief of fighting gladiators, should run " Sic semper tyrannis." Although the motto of Vir-

ginia, it is hardly a fitting memorial to their dead.

My arms burned through my coat sleeves that afternoon and at Holland where we all stopped for grape juice, Toby declined to re-enter the car. "Holland for me," he said ably upheld by the citizens who had taken a shine to him. "What's the fare to New York?" he kept asking impersonally, like many a disgruntled actor who has no thought of leaving. Although peanuts in Suffolk finally teased him on, he forgot them as we waited there for a freight train to make up its mind. It is unkind to a coquette to liken her to a freight train, but I don't suppose the freight objects to being likened to a woman. If it does object there is simply no pleasing it. But the way they both giggle and cough, run one way then the other, and always so the whole town can see it—back and forth across Main Street—is enough to start a scandal. The freight train, I believe, has time called on it and must clear the way by order of the selectmen, but no men, select or otherwise, would tell a coquette she is getting a bit tiresome. One may rightly infer by this that I was not a flirt in my youth, although I probably longed to be one instead of that unfortunate type of girl called "bright."

The Illustrator would not encourage the ogling cars by even looking at them (an attitude which I

trust he maintains when coquettes are blocking his way), but went down in a cellar after Toby who had gone off with a select circle of Suffolk dogs. I hurried away to send surreptitiously a telegram concerning his slippers (the master's slippers, not Toby's, which I had left behind in Petersburg), and the chauffeur solemnly exchanged cards with a likely looking coloured boy who wished to come to New York to be a chauffeur. He had no training for the job beyond the mastery of shoe blacking, but he thought it would be mighty nice to ride around.

One often ponders over the taxi-cab drivers, especially as they whiz about corners somewhat faster than eight miles an hour. Do they receive a "call" to be chauffeurs, is it a mechanical talent striving for expression, or is it from a desire just to ride around? The negroes are not good drivers, and I wish more of them would stay in the South to work the farms, for they seem to have a real talent for making the ground smile and the cattle thrive, but the lure of the city takes no cognizance of race, creed, or colour.

The young men I would most warmly welcome to the chauffeur's seat are those whose weak lungs threaten complete giving out if they remain behind counters or desks. I became very friendly with a taxi-cab driver one night as he put on a tire in the heart of Central Park; his intelligence while driv-

ing and his excellence of speech while talking set me to questioning him. I found that he had been a newspaper editor with a family to support, and no means to carry him to Arizona when he became tubercular. So he slept on the roof of his apartment house and kept in the open air by driving a cab, and his physician had already pronounced him well out of danger.

Somewhere along this way W—— made a sketch of the upper end of the Great Dismal Swamp while I fought off small embryo chills and fever which were trying to bite him. The mosquitoes come early in Virginia, although the hotels were so well screened that the guest is not troubled with them. They were eerie swamps through which one could paddle for forty miles or more, the trees having a sort of elephantiasis of the trunks, which isn't so remarkable for trunks, considering the animal most addicted to them. The water was clear, and it could not be stagnant for a planing mill was always somewhere on the edge reducing the great pine trees into timber for the ugly new habitations of this neighbourhood.

It must cause a fine tree much suffering to be turned into an ungraceful house. While I know it would terrify a carpenter, the most conventional of men, to ask him to build you a dwelling something on the lines of a tree he might strive to make

it as beautiful in one form as it was in the other. After all, Gothic architecture was suggested by the arching of tree tops, and the top of the Corinthian column created from the growing up of acanthus leaves about a jar set upon the ground, and I don't know why, with a little perseverance, we shouldn't have houses of arborial shape.

I am hurrying on to something very interesting now so that you will stop wondering if there is any such word as arborial. W—— had been expecting the novelty which greeted us, but I felt no reason for the sudden appearance of some slight advice—which was probably not taken. It was not the advice which was important, but the name of the advisor who had put up the sign. It read: Tidewater Automobile Association, and received three honks of our horn. It blew like a cool breeze from the ocean upon far prairies, for the character of the plantation was still most evident. It filled us with delight, and once more we thanked the ingenuity of man which made the self-propelled vehicle a practical machine for the swift embracing of many climes.

Last Summer we took a drive behind that prehistoric animal, the horse, and I found myself so impatient with the pace that I fear we ourselves have developed into machines—of less endurance, perhaps, than the previous generation, but tuned

to go as long as we hold together at something faster than a trot. This troubled me, and out of compliment to the horse I went to the races this year. We all called *"Come on!"* as the lovely creatures neared the finish, but most of us may not have been exhorting our favourites to a successful finish, rather were annoyed by the old fashioned leisure with which they were swinging around the track.

We came upon Tidewater shortly afterwards, represented by a spur of the James River which had made a short cut through Virginia to greet us expansively at the sea level. Between this point and Norfolk is an interesting section of the country to those who like early vegetables. Most of those we get in the New York markets come from here; early peas on the night of the second of May were being shipped from the vines to reach your table May fourth. We found something very personal in this and wished to pin a note on one of the pods to see if it reached any of our friends.

There are miles of these truck gardens worked both by negroes and white men. They cannot spare an inch for beauty beyond the lovely orderliness of nurtured green things. The little houses stand squarely in the middle of the fields without flowers or trees—only the luxuries of other people to look out upon. We were bidden by one gardener to

ask of the turn when we reached the Masonic Lodge for coloured people whose emblems we would recognise. We found this easily enough, although the building possessed a more striking guiding mark. The basement was a place of worship which some laboured chalking on a blackboard admitted to be: "Church of God and Saints of Christ."

Several very ebony saints were sitting on the steps, chanting melodiously. It was a shame to stop them to ask for anything so trivial as Portsmouth, but they stopped of their own volition, not so much to tell us of the way but for the reason that a piercing and more lovely note than even their sweet voices cleft the air. We were all very still in this lonesome little settlement, the darkies with their heads uplifted while they whispered, "Sho' enuff—huccome that bird hyah so soon!"

And "sho' enuff" it was the first nightingale of the season which had also managed to give us a welcome to Tidewater Virginia. I suppose it is really the mocking bird, this Southern songster, with some very fine foreign notes which it must have acquired by hearing that popular phonograph record of the Italian nightingale. But it brought me back to a Winter spent in an orange grove in Florida when I was eighteen and the world was before me. I can see now the black blotches that the little round trees made when the moon was full.

The tall pines rose like a frowning wall around the homestead; a little lake glimmered at the foot of the grove. The scent of the orange blossoms rendered my simple room as exotic as a perfumed bedchamber of the Alhambra. The mocking birds sang the livelong night, the alligators snored, and the pines mourned in the wind because they were out of the garden. I planned my life in the moonlight. I would not do this—and I would do that. Such a thing was out of the question—no, certainly not. I'd be the greatest in the world—nothing else. A king at the door?—— Oh, well, let him come in. It was all wonderful. I was too old to go to sleep—too young to stay awake.

When we reached Portsmouth where we must ferry across a smaller river known as Elizabeth to Norfolk, a man ran after us to say we would find an asphalted street if we took a turn to the right. Of course we wanted to burst into tears at his kindness, feeling very sympathetically with our chauffeur who repeated all through the South: "Never saw anything like them—never saw anything like them."

W—— was especially enthusiastic over Norfolk as his Aunt Mary Ann had lived her kind and useful life there, and a number of kin were still about with whom he was remarkably friendly. He said it was no trouble at all to like Southern relations,

but I have found out something more remarkable than that: it is no trouble at all to like your husband's relations both North and South. A woman may feel a little lonely by this strange affection. She will have nothing to talk about with her other married friends, but the dazed appreciation of the relatives themselves will make up for any loss of social prestige.

W—— was liking everybody. On the ferry boat he felt that he had nothing but friends in the crowd about him—if not second cousins. He stirred up a conversation with two soft spoken passengers over the calamity that was to settle on Virginia when it went "dry" in November. He assumed that his new acquaintances, since they were Norfolkites, or at least Portsmouthians, would feel as he did, and it was not until he had finished his prediction of the doom of the fair state that both of the men admitted they had voted "dry" themselves.

It never occurred to him that any one he would ever talk to could be on the other side. We all feel that a measure is so impossible if we do not approve of it, and the thought doesn't come to us that the vote would not have gone that way if more had not wanted the measure than had voted against it. I remember when the party that was not my father's came into power, and his waking up the family to tell us of the election at some terrible

late hour—eleven o'clock or even midnight. My older sister, a seer of twelve, was very positive as to our finish. She said the country would go to the dogs immediately, and I watched furtively for the dogs, losing a little faith in her but enjoying an immense relief when we continued on without so much as the baying of hounds.

It was not the Illustrator's only disappointment of the evening. It was prefaced by triumph for he drove to the Monticello Hotel without asking a question, and a question to a man is a confession of weakness. He was sure of his streets although new car lines going to new suburbs might have confused him, and tall sky scrapers had replaced many of the buildings of his aunt's day. He steered by the harbour lights like a true mariner, and, reaching port, was greeted by the bell boys as "Cap" as though they recognised his early ambition to sail up Aunt Mary Ann's creek and take Norfolk by storm.

We did not dine in the hotel for he wished to take me out to a magnificent restaurant which he had visited when a lad, where the fish were the finest in the world and the people assembled there the cream of the city. I got into my dinner dress fearful that it wasn't good enough, and we walked past the old Court House where I found a nice yard evidently built for hotel dogs. The café of his

youth was not as far off from here as he had expected it to be, nor was it as large nor in as wide a street. And the patrons assembled there I should not call the flower of Virginia.

They were not eating the fish of Chesapeake Bay for there was none on the menu, but they had some lobsters from Maine, clams from Little Neck, and a boiled New England dinner. I ordered cold salmon which was tinned, and the Illustrator had Delaware River shad more full of bones than usual.

"It's changed," he kept repeating, "it's changed." I doubt if it was ever any better—it was just youngness, although I cannot think that the blindness of youth is preferable to the keen eye of experienced years.

Toby and I left him after dinner looking from the windows of his room upon the harbour. The sea has moods, but it keeps up its standard amazingly well even to weary spirits. But Toby and I were for the white lights of the thoroughfare. Up a side street jolly Jack Tars were drifting, and we drifted along with them. They turned into the fine building of the Naval Y. M. C. A. and as they allow smoking nowadays they probably allow dogs, but I was not eligible. Soon we girls may get in, for a band was playing dance music and it was very agreeable even standing on the pavement.

The sailors moved respectfully out of my path

as we sauntered up and down, and I thought with a lump of gratification in my throat that of all the men of Uncle Sam whom I have encountered in all parts of the country at every hour of the night, I have never met one with an inclination to make a gentlewoman uncomfortable. "Underneath the Stars" played the band, and underneath the stars of our country's flag those nice boys worked, and underneath the stars Toby and I walked, feeling that everything was all right. A few years ago a young man of our touring company was not granted permission to enter the Y. M. C. A. of a great city because he was an actor. Now the strollers come and go with the other young men, and the association fulfils more and more completely the beautiful significance of the word which modifies it.

I did not sleep at first, kept awake not so much by the clamour of trolleys as by a high, thin, constant note which I recognised as familiar but could not define. Just as I was growing nervous about it the Illustrator flung open my door to exclaim: "You forgot to look for Suffolk's greatest export!"

"Of course," I answered oracularly, "it's the whistle of a peanut stand," and went to sleep.

Norfolk is such a fine old city, newly decorated, that I should give its history instead of taking space

to admit that our first morning there began with a dog fight. Yet it throws a side light on the character of the citizens to say that they enjoyed the fight, and had to scrape up their gallantry with an effort to save the lady's dog.

It was an Airedale who licked him this time. No doubt my dog was to blame, he had become more and more aggressive as his stay in Virginia had lengthened, growing particularly quarrelsome when on a leash and being pulled safely into the car. As he was still a puppy he had not met every breed of dog, and knew nothing of the celerity with which an Airedale accepts an invitation. I can't say that I came out very well myself for I stood screaming at the top of my lungs, "Are there no men of honour?" or something like that, culled from "The Two Orphans."

As I said, the men became honourable with a struggle, and Toby and W—— went off to have his wounds dressed, he very astonished at the quickness on the trigger of his opponent, saying every now and then to himself "Mercy! Can't a feller *growl!*" He had given up his Southern accent after the heat of the day before and was now strongly neutral. But it was commendable that in all his excitement he used only the sweetest of little swears, which ought to have been, but was not, an example for his master to follow.

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS—THE WYTHE HOUSE
ON PALACE GREEN, WILLIAMSBURG

We walked in the little park before the old Court House after two pleasant young men who had a dog shop nearby fixed him up. Our vanity was restored by an exceptionally intelligent fireman who stopped to admire him. In return I admired the fireman's city, which, I learned, has many oysters but few conflagrations, to the fireman's regret, as he was fond of them—and didn't like oysters. I hoped he would turn out to be a relative, but he did not seize the opportunity which was offered, although he knew the old Hall where Aunt Mary Ann had lived, and poorly suppressed a wish that it would burn up rather than fall into disuse. I replied politely that if it did catch on fire I was sure he would put it out, and I left him struggling between æstheticism and duty.

The Illustrator had gone off with one of his family when I returned, and I was relieved to learn that the cousin had no Airedale with him when he called. A canine Capulet and Montagu situation would have been too hard to treat diplomatically no matter how much one may like a husband's relatives. There was a note left for me—not beginning with darling or anything, just: "Send out wash, Spring hasn't come." This was a phrase which I at first took as referring to a season fully arrived in Norfolk; then I recalled our fallen leaves, which more resembled an Autumnal condition. He looked

rather Autumnal upon his return, although a large part of the city's business has been suspended while the inhabitants went Spring hunting among the express offices.

Luncheon restored him to his rightful heritage of years. We ate in the hotel restaurant which looks out over the water from the windows of the eighth floor. I am always happy when eating up in the air. I know the kitchens are equally sunlit, and for the life of me I don't see why all hotel kitchens are not on the roof instead of in a coal hole. The top floor is seldom used except for storage, and if there must be a main floor café, food would not cool any more going down on elevators than going up.

It was not only sun-cooked food that cheered us, but the behaviour of the personnel after a very inebriated patron had gathered up all of his change, piece by piece, while his waiter's face kept lengthening like a day in June. As usual we were near a serving table. It is not a valued position to many women, but at the risk of soup and gravy I sit as close to it as possible, gathering conversation with grease spots. Abetted by the Illustrator the waiters worked themselves into a state of hysteria over their comrade's loss of his tip, ending in the sudden shower of a dish of small oyster crackers on the floor about me. In a snickering panic they

attempted to scoop them up as the burly figure of the captain darkened the horizon, and to my surprise (a surprise instantly controlled) the dish was placed at my elbow with a patient smile as though I had knocked them off myself.

There is only one incident of quickwittedness more magnificent than this, the wits being exercised by a very bacchanalian gentleman whom the Illustrator was visiting. It was the Illustrator's aim to get him past his wife's door without exciting suspicion, but the man fell full length in front of the severe hostess's portal. Yet though the legs faltered the mind continued active. Even as he lay sprawling he exclaimed sternly: "Walter, I am surprised at you, get up."

They were not dancing on the cleared space in the restaurant, but there were many pretty girls having luncheon and ready to flit over the floor with that detached air which makes one feel dancing is to them not an occasion for waltzing with men but a natural rhythmic expression. A placard on the wall positively forbade: "Breaking," and we importuned the bar waiter as he was the gayest person about, to give us the meaning of the word. It must be that there are more young men in Norfolk than girls for the Lochinvars have developed a custom of breaking in on a couple, stealing the lady and dancing off with her. The bar waiter said the

management didn't like it. I asked him if the young ladies liked it, and he was of the opinion most young ladies like to be " wrastled foh."

The Illustrator made a great to do over the reluctant spring, but I don't know how we could have stayed a shorter time in Norfolk and not offended cousin this or cousin that. It was just by chance we met one of the dearest of them, by chance and my boasting of his connections. The boasting was not to a fireman this time but to a very competent lady who came out of the parish house of old St. Paul's as we entered the churchyard. There was a placard in the graveyard also forbidding " breaking," but so old that it must have had to do with flowers and vines and not the new dance obsession.

She walked with me into the old church while W—— ran away as far as possible fearful of learning something historical. She did not oppress me with legends, and was not shocked when I asked her if old pew doors like these banged during service. She said if the children had their way it would be like the slamming doors of railway carriages when a European train drew out of the station. That carried us on to talk of modern travel as we stood in the empty church, and, later, walked among the graves of the seventeenth century. Now that European motoring is at an end for many years to come she agreed with me that this

was America's opportunity—Virginia's opportunity.

With some of the vigour that her predecessors had applied to the levying of church tithes on delinquents, she arraigned her state while she yet loved it for its poorly-built roads, expressing what I have longed to say, but have kept silent out of deference to the gentle hosts along the way. "Good roads," said this practical church woman, "open up a country. They bring prosperity to the farmer for his produce is in demand. They re-establish the inns fallen into decay, and offer an income to many a poor woman from the sale of cakes and tea and milk. A lady I know in New England has paid off her mortgage with braided rugs, but we can't get our people to recognise their chance and I wish you would put what I'm saying in your book." So here it is "in," and I hope the legislators will read it.

If this were fiction she would have turned out to be a cousin, but the next best thing to such a dénouement was her finding the dearly loved relation for us in the parish house, working among her mother's poor as Aunt Mary Ann had worked for so many years. We both thought their alertness significant of the times, and as good an asset for the continuance of the church spirit as any possessed by vestry or clergy.

When we reached the hotel that night the Illus-

trator charged me with having neglected to look among the glazed bricks for the cannon ball which Lord Dunmore had fired from the Frigate Liverpool when he destroyed all of the town save the old church walls. I didn't see the ball, although it is somewhere in the Illustrator's sketch like a picture puzzle, but I should like to know if the last Colonial Governor did not feel as though he were shelling his own baby when he turned against the state he had fathered.

It was war again that day, not any reliving of the Civil War, but an actual living of the present struggle. We drove over to Portsmouth to pay our compliments to a friend at the Navy Yard, and, accompanied by an officer, went over to the bare point beyond the great shops and the shining officers' quarters, where the two interned German raiders were anchored. I had formed no picture whatever in my mind of the appearance of this cloistered community of a thousand souls. But my wildest imagining could have conjured up nothing as fanciful as what was presented to us. The two former passenger ships stood high out of the water, the grey of their war paint worn down to a sort of red rust; between the water's edge and the circle of American marines, armed with short muskets, who mounted guard over these aliens on a strip of waste land.

Perhaps I should say it had been waste land—the scrap heap of the yards. But the United States Commandant had given the men permission to go ashore upon this dreary strip, to do what they pleased with it, to use—since they singularly begged for the privilege—the bits of wreckage, old sail cloth, old barrel hoops, old timbers which added to the mournfulness of the scene.

And now a Spotless Town stands on the reclaimed land, a little town for children to play in—which children never see—built by those able hands which cannot keep unemployed. There were streets and streets of little houses, not much higher than a man's head, made of frame, covered with canvas and painted on the exterior after the fashion of their fatherland. Red canvas chimneys rise from each house, wooden storks stand upon the roof trees or sit upon painted wooden nests. Each house has a little yard, and the wooden storks look down upon live ducks swimming in miniature lakes, upon strutting cocks, upon goats carefully tethered from the flowering plants. *Und die Gänse! Ach Gott, die Gänse!* standing in front of the motor and hissing at us as they had hissed on German roads.

The barrel hoops were used to make formal gardens, the flowers bloomed out of the desert, and a tiny public park with a fountain was under construction when we were there. The officers' wives

who come over from Norfolk daily were planting little trees in the park, assisted by the sailors during their recreation hours. A windmill was but just completed, making its first revolution as we were watching it. The sailors laughed and cheered as shipwrecked men on a desert island must laugh and cheer when a sail is sighted. Some of them stopped to talk with us in our tongue, for they had been stewards when the huge ships of the North German Lloyd carried Americans from one friendly shore to another.

It was all like the dream of a little Gretchen—then we looked at the massive inert vessels again. These simple men of the *Kronprinz Wilhelm,* who with their companions of the *Prinz Eitel Friedrich,* were making the gardens, had slipped out of New York harbour on a foggy night, furiously laid on the grey paint of war, brought guns from their hiding places, and swept the seas of their enemy before they returned to the dull incarceration that awaited them. Eight of them broke their parole and swam across to Norfolk. Since then our government boats guard them from the water side, and since the *Kronprinz* stole out of New York harbour the United States has spent thousands of dollars in the maintenance of patrol boats near Sandy Hook. They are costing us a great deal of money —these makers of doll houses.

As we repassed through the navy yards our flags slid down at half mast. We stopped to inquire and learned that one of the strangers in a strange land had just died in our naval hospital. Something more than an appreciation of expenditure possessed us as we turned our backs upon the Germans. They were costing us an unexpected sympathy.

CHAPTER XIII

The Female Number! We Leave "Sweetie" but Acquire Williamsburg and a Number of Dates. Also the Story of Timorous Mary Cary

We left Norfolk the next afternoon after a full evening the night before—relatively, not alcoholically speaking. A very lovely distant kith and kin called "Sweetie" came to see us off. "I don't know her married name," I said to W—— in a panic, but he answered that "Sweetie" was sufficient. He said it so enthusiastically that I imagine she was no relative at all, and I could not blame him if he had urged her to become one before I crossed his path.

We were going on to Williamsburg still springless, as the Farmville smith's clamp held. A bank president had taken up the matter of reforwarding the spring to Richmond where I was also hoping to find the Illustrator's slippers. Owing to his activities he had not as yet missed them. While a bank president got us started a girl driving a big car kept us going. She found us mooning about the beautiful new part of Norfolk, which might

have been Detroit or Cleveland for all the Elsie Dinsmore houses it possessed.

This was my only disappointment in Norfolk. I had abandoned the search for estates like Roselands among the southernmost regions, feeling that a greater triumph awaited me if I could discover the Illustrator's blood in something better than hers. But the Hall where they had lived, whose front door was never locked for fear of barring out a friend in need, was now surrounded by mean cabins. The inlet of the river at the back of the garden where the children once fished for crabs, was filled in, and the family at present fumed in what I thought to be over-large apartments, but where they felt " smothered."

The young girl driving the big car said we must make a détour to reach Sewell's Point where we took the ferry for Newport News, and while this was in flat contradiction to what a motoring expert told us at the hotel, she was gloriously right. We made a détour but missed the ferry, and I took off my hat, as we waited for another boat, to trim it with new flowers purchased at a five- and ten-cent store for twenty-five cents a bunch.

An old lady in the ferry house admired the posies and talked of the poor prices that must be paid the flower makers of such inexpensive goods. But she said it was the way unskilled workers had to learn,

and she always found that good labour could command good prices. It made me feel much more comfortable over my modestly-priced decorations, and when they faded from rose to grey in an afternoon I lost all compunction over the investment.

When the ferry came she went into the negro cabin. I had thought her a tanned farmer's wife, which I trust will give no offence to the Southerner of quality for she was very, very white. I grew quite cold on the boat thinking of the unintentional resentment that I might arouse by some of the things I was going to write, and I get so cold now conjuring up the contempt with which my laboured dialect will be received that I want to go shopping and never try to be a scribe again. I have always said that every one of my literary efforts should be prefaced with " Please remember she is an actress." And on every program of the plays in which I appear should run the pleading: " Be merciful, she is a writer."

" Stick in the negro dialect, if you must, but leave the Southern accent alone," comments the Illustrator, after a horrid silence as he finishes each chapter. Just as if poor coloured folks couldn't have their feelings hurt too!

There was sufficient distraction on the boat, above it rather, for aeroplanes and hydroplanes were dipping all around us, and I felt suddenly

guilty as though the ferry were an enemy to them. The Curtiss Flying School is near the ferry slip in Newport News. I had not seen one since we visited the Farman and Voisin schools at Mourmelon eight years ago—the Mourmelon that has been shattered by the German guns. It was so gay there then. Flying was a sport, as fashionable as a new dance step and as dangerously enticing as a fair, wicked woman. At Newport News that day every staccato stab of the engines above us was as the beat of a martial drum.

The turn at the right for Fortress Monroe and Old Point Comfort carried us through Hampton where there is a church which every one should see and to which we paid no attention. "There are some churches ahead you know," remarked the Illustrator when I weakly suggested stopping. It reminded me of a miserable American husband I overheard in a Paris agency who was asking his wife why they were going on some complex excursion. "A church is there," she answered severely. "Great Scott, Daisy," groaned the tired business man, "this is all wrong. I'm a Baptist."

In Tidewater Virginia revolutionary churches were nothing to us. In rapid historical retrogression (as far as years were concerned) we had passed from ante bellum days through the revolutionary period to that early time dating from 1600

when Virginia was but a cradle for struggling, embryo Americans.

The peninsula over which we were travelling is the same pleasant green land that met the straining eyes of the London Company when Captain Newport of England made his way up the broad river, and founded the first settlement that endured. He called it James-Towne, after his King; the great river, known by the Indians as the Powhatan, was changed to his sovereign's name. Capes Henry and Charles, flanking Chesapeake Bay received their titles from the two Princes, while James's daughter, Elizabeth, drew the subsidiary river at Norfolk. It remained for John Smith—who, I have read, entered this new country in shackles—to dub the strip of land adjacent to our present Fortress Monroe, Old Point Comfort. But this last christening was in 1608 after he got out of irons and began making things hum in the Colony.

The point of land couldn't have brought him much comfort at the time, but a discoverer must be gifted with a vision far beyond his century. He must have foreseen what a comfort it was going to be to those running down by boat from New York, or up by boat from the Southern points, and what a delight as well, to the young girls with all the officers coming over from the fort to attend the dances.

The Chamberlin is the only hotel standing now, a highly satisfactory building one should judge by the contented expression of the fat ladies on the verandas. I refused to stay in it long enough for a cup of tea, but was drawn out on the wharf to examine hundreds of barrels of crab meat going up to New York. I didn't know there could be so much in the world, but the dealers can do away with one order less for I heard a young woman not long ago talking to another on the top of a bus. She said she wasn't going to be bored by him any longer—that a supper wasn't worth it. "No," she reiterated, "his crab meat isn't good enough for *me,*" which I thought was a very fine title for a popular song, and admired her as a surprising young lady. We must arrive at full years as a rule before we prefer the contented dinner of herbs to the stalled ox.

This far end of the peninsula is under military rule, a condition which did not fill me with horror as it always does in Germany. A sway under brass buttons assures the visitor in America a pure glass of water, proper sanitation and a certain brilliant order which has nothing to do with Don'ts. We drove about the interior of the fort, the Illustrator pointing out little rooms in the old fortifications where he had dined at the officers' mess. (An awful name—mess, in common parlance, but ren-

dered neat when applied to the military, as though their discipline could "red" up even a table d'hôte.) Some of the quarters were also in these snake-like mounds, the people living under the sod as though buried alive. The little windows looking out on the water side may have once served for the Garagantuan mouth of cannon. On high stone masonry were the great new guns deadly enough for any enemy, it would seem, although the enemy by this time is probably trying to develop weapons even more defying, so steady is the progression of artillery.

Not until we again reached Newport News were we out of military atmosphere and the salt of the sea stayed deliciously with us. Troops of horse were clattering along the fine road, not cavalry but artillery men, I imagine. At one time the choice regiments were the horsemen, but the present world's war which has dealt so largely in great field pieces, may develop a preference to motoring on gun carriages instead of sweeping along on horseback.

It was a piscatorial afternoon for our companions of the road. We were constantly passing men and women with shining bunches of fish at their side like silver chatelaines. It seemed most unfashionable to be without fish, and we determined to have some at Williamsburg, although we would not

THE RUINED TOWER AT JAMESTOWN

be carrying them about so noticeably. Supper at Williamsburg was not as predominant in our minds as was Yorktown. This may have been for the reason that we were not as yet hungry, but we put it down to patriotism—something like Toby's courage in time of peace. At all events we were determined to run down from Hallstead's Point to see where Cornwallis sent his sword to General Washington. Unlike Lee he did not feel well enough to offer it personally; unlike Grant, Washington accepted the sword through General Lincoln, but, later, sent it back by the officer who had borne it to Patriot Headquarters.

At Hallstead's Point where we made the turn, a shopkeeper became related to W—— by addressing him as "brother" and warning him of a storm. But it occurred to us if 11,200 Americans and 7,800 French Regulars had courageously advanced on Yorktown, there was no reason why we should not do it—especially as we were shut up in an isinglass show case. The old town could have made little resistance even if our mild machine had advanced upon it. McClellan at the time of the Civil War, largely destroyed what was left of the revolutionary houses. Only the Custom House remains, one of a gentle line of old buildings, to show that prior to the Revolution it was the largest port of Virginia.

The storming done that day was by the elements which prevented a sketch, although we received the attack with soldierly fortitude. I like to " put up " with discomforts nowadays. I like to " grin and bear it " when pain creeps over me. I like to " sit tight " when melancholy shows a desire to render my philosophy mere sophistry. So many other people in the world are having a much drearier time of it.

When we find that our funds and our patience are a little exhausted with well doing, let us read the history of Yorktown where more French were killed than Americans; read of Beaumarchais in Paris who ran so joyfully to tell King Louis of the defeat of Burgoyne that he dislocated his arm; read—if we are swollen with pride of birth—of the rich farmers in Pennsylvania who let the soldiers of Valley Forge starve since the army possessed only American notes, and sold their produce to the British in Philadelphia for English currency. It was at the lowest tide of this bitter Winter that the public mind was raised by the news that French money and French ships and French men were coming over to help. We have raised few shafts of marble to France but we are tardily building our appreciative columns now—not in stone, but in little cars for wounded men, little kits for the soldiers of France, and by those Americans—men

and women—who cross the water, steel instruments in their hands, red crosses upon their arms, and a mighty purpose in their hearts.

It grew darker as we returned to Hallstead's Point, the Illustrator's "brother" congratulating us that we had evidently missed a well-known hole in the road. We must have escaped it, he said, since we got out of it. W—— replied that if we missed a hole in Virginia this was the only one, but "Keep on, brother," called our cheery acquaintance, "you'll never be lonesome in Virginia for lack of ruts—or friends." And that is the conclusion of the whole matter.

Williamsburg was so dimly lighted that we might have taken it for a firefly and gone past, but a mysterious voice as welcome as Elijah's ravens, called out to go to the left, which we did, passing down a broad street with meadows flowering up to the wheel tracks. The old Colonial Hotel was at supper and it was difficult to get it on its feet to show us our rooms. I sat in a long drawing room, full of magnificent English Sheraton, while a boy in white socks talked it all over with the proprietor.

To our horror we learned that there was a "boom" in Williamsburg, that powder works were going up somewhere near and the builders and engineers had all the best rooms, so that we could be

apportioned only the poorest ones. It was not the poor rooms which depressed us but the fact that a settlement of the first London Company, the Capitol during the reign of the first Colonial governors, and the home of a college established by William and Mary was about to burst out into ugly pine houses.

I flounced about a good deal over it until our host, advancing to our table to apologise for the rooms, assured me that the old town would not be affected by the powder works—beyond what effect the engineers' board had upon the hotel. Our host was as pleased as I over Williamsburg remaining intact which was most unselfish of him for we learned afterwards that his father, "in slave days," farmed 1,300 acres of land about here, and one would think selling it off in town lots would make some appeal to him.

I cannot say too often that you must not miss Williamsburg no matter what rooms you get. I believe it was the merriest, wisest stay of our merry, wise trip, and I hope that every effort will be made to provide you with the octogenarian darky who served us at table. "Only Kemble could draw him, only Kemble," murmured W—— each time the old man approached. His approach was part of his charm. It was stealthy, it was personal. He was not content to come close—he came closer. There

was a tremendous potent pause before he delivered in the smallest of voices the array of viands. He never rattled off the list, the choice was offered to us in strict order. He had a way of looking all about him and then, very close, in his reedy voice: "Would you lak a little Smiffield ham?"

The Smithfield ham was from the table of our host who was giving a party, but as they had departed we gratefully ate the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table. "Would you lak a little pineapple ice?" confided he questioningly. We were torn between satisfaction and despair that for three meals we would have this strange creature to enjoy yet must suffer from internal laughter. I suppose if one could say "You're awfully funny, let me laugh," one wouldn't care to laugh at all. "He's not funny, he's not funny," I kept repeating to myself. Then he would creep up to me, look around the room and whisper "Would you lak a little cup of coffee?" and I would choke on the fish bone of the fish we didn't have.

I went to sleep with the bell of Bruton church chiming a decently early hour, a lovely bell into whose casting must have gone the hatful of silver which Queen Anne is said to have contributed toward its making. Some time in the night the engineers came clumping up to their rooms. Once before, in a wild mountain town of Sicily, I had

slept with my door unlocked, failing on that night as on this one at Williamsburg to have a key, and on both occasions bewildered gentlemen have "made to enter." Each time I bitterly reproached them and each time the gentlemen have run hurriedly away, but in Tidewater Virginia there was no cry of "Scusa, Signora, scusa," as they hastily "beat it." Through all this, Toby the watchdog slept peacefully, although both he and the Illustrator complained of a bad night, fighting battles of Yorktown for beautiful ladies.

I awoke with the sun in my eyes and the fair view of the Court Green spread out before me. In the middle of it was the Court House of 1769, said to have been designed by Sir Christopher Wren. Buttercups daringly offered their gold to the honest jurors within; the blossoms beckoned us out and rose in yellow waves about Toby who leaped through the alluring bath like a flying fish. W—— made sketches with our host obligingly standing in the picture for "scale." It makes little difference what you draw in Williamsburg for every house is historic and every one is a composition. If an artist is doing the old Powder Horn from which Lord Dunmore purloined the powder that blew the cannon ball into St. Paul's of Norfolk, he is fearing he had better hasten to the old Wythe house where Washington once lived. If he begins on the Wythe

house he is itching to get at Bruton church next door, and while he works upon Bruton he prays the creator of good architecture to keep the Poor Debtors' Prison from falling into dust before he gets around to it. Williamsburg is so full of old things that one may neglect to look at the monument to the Confederate dead, the first I have ever seen to bear an inscription of modern poetry. It is for all time, this prayer:

"Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

Old Bruton church faces this Green, restored to its form of 1715. The great churches of Europe were frequently built on the site of a Greek temple which gave place, as the centuries rolled on, to a mosque, and with the growth and power of Christianity to a place of worship for our present simple religion. In America the buildings have gone through many metamorphoses, but from logs to frame, from bricks to stone they have been from the first the church of the belief of our fathers. These churches of four centuries bring to me a feeling of permanency in the religion itself, a religion which may change its form, its dogma, and its method of expression but remains as much a part of the earth as the site of the old and still older Houses of God.

It is interesting to note the difference between the rich character of those Virginia churches established by the London Company—and their successors—and the severe ones of the Puritans and those corporations whose departure from England was coincident with the boats sailing to Virginia. To the South they brought the customs of England, indeed are clinging to them now. In New England they abandoned all hint of court life as quickly as possible. It may have been the influence of climate for the settlements of both localities endured through incredible hardships. But I should like to have seen how the Puritans would have disported themselves had they gone to the lotus eating country instead of a land with a diet of rocks.

England must have kept a soft spot in her heart for the Southern Virginia apportioned by James I —that bounteous dispenser of land which was not his—to the London Company. This included all the territory between the Carolinas and the mouth of the Potomac, while the Plymouth Company were granted the other part of Virginia extending north as far as Nova Scotia. Gifts of value were made the church at Williamsburg. Yet it may be the lofty Governor's pew, raised a little above the plain people, with its fine canopy of crimson velvet which enriches Bruton church. The word Governor is very high sounding in itself. On the can-

opy is now emblazoned the name of Spottswoode, as the present church was built under his administration.

The old slave gallery has been torn down, but the one at the rear is still, according to mandate, "assigned for the use of the College Youth," to which there is to be "put a door with a lock and key, the sexton to keep the key." I don't know whether it was to lock the students in or out, but they carved their initials on the wood of the pews in front of them with the vandalism of youth, and, doubtless, watched the minister shift the pages of his sermon from one side to another, until, oh fearful joy! there were more on the finished side than on the stack yet to be thundered aloud.

Lord Dunmore also sat in that gallery as the revolutionary storm gathered and the Governor's big square pew became an uncomfortable resting-place for a man who was undoubtedly plotting against the parishioners as he listened to the Good Word. As a family who served its country well, our hotel landlord's name is on a bronze tablet of the pew next to the Governor's, and while I should appreciate the honour of occupying one of these conspicuous boxes, I should prefer Lord Dunmore's latter place among the gallery gods for comfort. These seats of the mighty face the congregation, and it would be impossible to take forty winks

without rendering myself liable to a fine of five shillings for "sleeping in ye Church."

The old churchyard encourages slumber, and when I go on my last little excursion, to return no more, I trust it will be to some such quiet country place. These great graveyards about New York with all one's friends passing them for week-ends in Westchester County would not be conducive to the serene spirit. There are all kinds of men and women in Bruton churchyard: lords and ladies, beloved wives and lamented husbands, some of George Washington's people, and on the monument of the Semple family an inscription to "Mammy Sarah. Devoted Servant of the Family." So with this catholicism perhaps I would be let in.

At the far end of Duke of Gloucester Street stands William and Mary College, the second oldest institution of learning in America, from which such able men have been graduated that it is hard to believe they were ever boys like those of today, going about the grounds with or without white flannel trousers (you understand me, of course). I viewed them respectfully. "Presidents?" I asked myself. If they had understood and returned "No, good mechanics," it would have been quite as impressive an answer. We stared at William and Mary College most thoroughly for we were feeling

guilty over not seeing Charlottesville where is situated the University of Virginia. The roads were not promising for this trip, and when one writes a book for motorists I suppose their interests should be considered.

If I fail in disclosing a motor tour I had better close the shop for it is impossible to please the reader when I burst into history. Either I am never right or the other histories are always wrong. I am often taxed very sharply for it, but I should think the fault finders would be glad to discover how much more they know than I do. The most cherished history of my recollection is a serious volume that has a Confederate General fighting three years after it has killed him. I always breathe a sigh of relief—and I am sure the reader must also —when I have hurdled over the dates and am loping easily along the road of personal incident.

Even though I was happy on Williamsburg Greens (there are a number of them) I was anxious to get back to luncheon to have another peep at the cautious and confidential servitor whose years were too many to remember even if one were told them. Possibly I would have had more control at luncheon if our host had not mixed us what was known as a "sideboard toddy." I can say nothing of it, like the charm of a woman it cannot be analysed, but I know that you get it at the sideboard, al-

though you do not leave it there. It goes into the dining room with you and makes you laugh at the waiter while you pretend you are laughing because your husband eats so much. "Have you a green vegetable?" asked the Illustrator. The ebony antique crept close, looked about, tucked down his head and confided that he had—it was spaghetti. I left before he asked if I would "lak a little piece of pie," although the cooking was so excellent that I wanted it.

I hunted up the landlord to make sure that George Washington had wooed the Widow Custis in Williamsburg. The hospital now stands on the place known as the Six Chimney Lot where he is supposed to have been formally accepted. One cannot blame him for proposing with all those chimneys about and few of us women are able to hold out against the sympathy of a brick fireplace —not the kind with a Japanese fan in the grate, but one with glowing logs and a clean swept hearth to assure the gentleman that you are tidy.

I did not find the proprietor making up our account, as the hotel very amiably took care of itself. He was standing at an old desk in a room where the young people had been dancing the night before. A litterateur should call on the old desk at this point and ask what it thought of the new going about in a circle, heart to heart, but I reach a stage

BRUTON CHURCH, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER STREET,
WILLIAMSBURG

in writing when a figure of speech becomes nauseating. Why say "she was like a soft bird," when the heroine in no way resembles a bird; why insist that the sea "was like a hungry monster," when this large body of water is like no rapacious beast of our acquaintance or imagination? Why should I apostrophise this piece of furniture, shouting out "Old desk, what do you think of the turkey trot?" when it has never thought anything and never will. Here is something for the reader to think of instead: granted that the old desk ever had eyes and had witnessed only a minuet in its best days, who was the dancing man who first put his arm about a woman and galloped off with her? Where did he live? What did they do with him? Did all the respectable old desks hurl themselves upon him and crush out his life for this indelicacy? How did round dancing become the fashion? This is really something to answer.

To get back to my story as fast as the memory of the sideboard toddy will permit, my host not only verified the story of the Six Chimney Lot, but claimed that Williamsburg witnessed George Washington's other hotly plied suit. I stopped him. One can never believe that his or her father has ever asked any woman but his or her mother to be his wife, and short on history as I am, I had not heard that the father of our country had loved

or thought of loving any one but Mistress Custis. I was shocked. One-half of me urged that I go away but the sideboard toddy half insisted upon my remaining.

"Yes," continued our landlord, rubbing up the mahogany a bit, "he may have made love at this very desk."

With great control I held my sideboard toddy breath. "Was it his desk?" I asked.

"No, it was Mary Cary's."

Now I didn't know who Mary Cary was, but it was the dearest of names and I wished to hear more of her. I took up a little piece of chamois and rubbed away at my side of the desk too, and a glow came to the surface which, if I had not been so sick of metaphor, I would have said was "like a blush." For Mary Cary was a lovely girl when Washington came visiting to Williamsburg, and she had other articles beside the desk, for they were a proud family of name and wealth. They were so proud that Mary Cary didn't think much of a Washington named George offering his hand in marriage. He was a young man, a surveyor, very nicely connected, still—not a Cary.

So George went away leaving Mary alone with her desk. But one day he came back, only this time he was not surveying anything, not even his chances at Mistress Cary's hand. He wore a three cornered

hat, and a brave uniform, and he was riding at the head of his men—his country's men and his. Mary Cary was standing in the crowd. She had not expected him. She had not thought of the surveyor and the brilliant young officer as the same man. Possibly she did not ever wear her best gown. And then I asked our host what she did when she saw him.

There was only one thing for her to do under the circumstances. You may not agree with me. You may think that her manner of showing her emotion would have been more fitted to women of the Middle Ages or more graceful in the period, and costume, of young Queen Victoria, but I feel that there was just one thing for Mary Cary to have done. I feared it would happen to me myself if he didn't answer as I expected. But the most excellent Southern gentleman did not fail me. He told me when she saw her lost lover going by in all his splendour, all his promise—

"Mary Cary swooned away."

CHAPTER XIV

Jamestown—Then Northward Ho! A Little Quarrel with the Illustrator and Our Best Homage to a French Soldier

THE luggage was put on immediately after the noon meal with the idea of running over to Jamestown, retracing our steps and going on to Richmond—a simpler process for reaching the settlement than was employed in 1607. I had said something casual about remaining in Jamestown if we liked it to the young man in white socks (another pair, I am sure), but he was too polite to show how much he despised me.

Through lack of any advance preparation from a guide book I had thought Jamestown was still a village, dull in Winter, perhaps, but where people might go in the Summer. The Illustrator said (after he had seen it) he knew all the time that there were only several monuments, a custodian, and a church tower to represent the planting of the F. F. Vs. He said I ought to have "sensed" it. But the only thing I sensed in advance was the possible disadvantage of spending the Summer

in any vicinity that the first white man would choose for a settlement. Since the early settlers had no compunction about doing away with the Indians I should think they would have located in the villages they devastated. The Indian lodges were ever the healthiest points of a countryside, and the victor could always bury the Indians murdered in their tepees, if they were found objectionable.

But, no, it is hard to tell white men anything. They did not fear mosquitoes, and they drank the salty water of the James for two years before they dug a well, but they dreaded the Spaniards, and they moved further and further up the river to this marshy spot. Here they settled because, among other reasons, a natural moat was found where a castle could be built. I think that was very British. But there were no castles erected, and after years of sickness, and replenishing of human stock, some of the emigrants moved inland to what was known as the Middle Plantation, and is now healthy Williamsburg with the enchanting old negro to wait on the newcomer.

The run of seven miles has a sort of end of the road air which should have suggested the discontinuance of life in Jamestown. Produce wagons were all going in one direction—to Williamsburg—as though the chief care of the country was to keep the students of William and Mary fed, and there

was in this trafficless region a feeling of antiquity which I was putting down to my own weight of years. But Jamestown is a very good place to go if you care to feel young by contrast. That is, if you do not count the chapel which has been joined recently to the old church tower.

The A. P. V. A. put it up, which would sound like a Fenian society if the V. were out, but transpired to be mostly ladies who had formed themselves into an Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities. Still the chapel with its new bricks glazed after an old fashion is not disturbing, and W—— sat himself down to make a sketch under the impression—I think—that John Smith had carried the bricks from England. A mocking bird sang for him, and a lady walking through the buttercups from one country house to another said that when she gets to heaven she hopes the streets will be paved with just such gold. It made me envy her a little, so many people are just as sure of heaven as I am uneasy over acquiring another place where I will eat in a noisy cellar and sleep cold.

There are two fine monuments in Jamestown. One is a statue of John Smith. It may not resemble him but it is looking as he ought to have looked anyway. It is a glowing thought that this sturdy captain of the plain people forged ahead of

his aristocratic mates by sheer merit. He is our most consistent American as we measure a man in this day. Across the field rises the obelisk the United States has erected in commemoration of this settlement. With the exception of the Washington monument and that of Bennington, Vermont, it is more satisfactory—to me at least—than any in this country. The shield of the United States is the only form of decoration. We are spared allegorical sculpturing around the base; wounded soldiers, loyal Indians, weeping mothers, and comforting babies are withheld. We do not need heroic figures in stone to exemplify the history of our country. They live in our hearts, and they are living now in the flesh. John Smiths are still among us, homely men of humble birth, unappreciated during their lifetime, perhaps, as was the John Smith at Jamestown, but giving strength to a nation that is most fittingly represented by a tall shaft of undecorated stone.

After a half hour of Jamestown as it is, one cannot countenance the thought of a present existence in any other form. A moving picture house opposite John Smith's statue would have been too dreadful to entertain. This deserted fragment of land on the edge of the wide river served its time and its purpose. The settlement dug its toes into the soil of America and held on. The tide of the

James rolled in with more and more boats as the century grew, and the first Virginians, having secured foothold, found the land to be firm beneath them, and marched onward and inward.

We ourselves were about to march upward—not heavenward, I lay no claim to that, but, after Jamestown, the nose of our engine was to sniff the breath of Boreas until it drew up before our apartment correctly facing west—or the policeman would get it. If I had not seen Jamestown I would have felt that our tour of inspection (dealing with the beginning and the struggle, but, thank the powers, not the end of American life) would not have been complete. Richmond and the larger cities, which are the crystallised worth of a country, lay ahead.

I reseated myself in the automobile and spoke to the Illustrator nearby. He was sketching busily, too much of an artist to lend but half an ear, too much of a mechanic to interpret correctly what the ear received. "It's a lovely tower, isn't it?" I said, paying a last tribute to the Jamestown relic. To which he answered, "It uses mighty little gasolene," for the Illustrator meant his car.

"Skoal to the Northward Skoal!" Yet the Southern sands on the way to Richmond paid us the graceful compliment of attempting to retard our departure. We were slewing around in the midst

of it when we met another car which we were passing without any great exchange of confidence until each party discovered simultaneously the other's New York number. Then we burst into speech as though we had never seen a New York number before, telling things that I am sure we would never have given away had we not been reduced to complete friendliness by the Southern examples all about us. They said the road grew from better to best, as though bent on reform, and as we could assure them of something finer than a good road the exchange of news items was a fair one.

They passed and we continued northward. Little tingles of longing for I knew not what were engendered by that cream background and blue lettering. Yet it saddened me to realise that we were seeing the last of the ox teams, the last of the postilions—of the mule strings. The smoke houses for the pigs had disappeared. There were no more sheets tacked down over what I learned at Williamsburg had been little private stocks of tobacco plants. The dogwood was still blooming among the old pine trees like children at a grown up party. Blue forget-me-nots—a very pretty " pour prendre congé "—made their appeal unnecessarily, and young holly with its prickles all soft green reminded us that the South would again be with us at the snowy holiday time.

Promptly at Sistersville the road, under their gentle influence, mended its way—as they would say in vaudeville it was a very good Sister Act. We moved on so quickly to Seven Pines that we might not have recognised the great battleground had not the tiny hamlet of that name actually possessed seven pines which were too magnificent to pass unnoticed. How seldom do places of the present day live up to their original nomenclature. There are no Indians in Indianapolis, no Minnies in Minneapolis and no sisters in Sistersville possibly. But here the seven pines are as sentinels before the great National Cemetery. The battlegrounds are at the left of the road as we go toward Richmond, but one need not dig for relics as there is a small exhibit by the town pump, presided over by no one, containing everything that the souvenir hunter may desire.

Only the honest man may enter this shop. A small sign above the coin box is displayed on which the visitor is told that he *must* put in five or ten cents or he can't look at the relics. I don't know how he is to be prevented since there is no caretaker about, unless he is stricken by blindness for his disobedience. I was fishing for five cents, thinking I would look a nickel's worth, and if I liked it put in another five cents and look some more, when my eyes fell upon a set of false teeth. So I dropped in

a penny as they were not very good false teeth and beat a retreat.

It is characteristic of life that we had our first puncture while sailing along on a perfect road at the edge of Richmond. We went into a small grocery store to telephone about the spring—which was awaiting us by the way. This arrival of the spring was not "by the way to" W—— or the chauffeur, but very much so to me at the time, for there was a condition of affairs in the grocery store that I had met with more than once among the poor whites in the Old Dominion. The condition has greatly puzzled me. The proprietress divided her attention between customers and her baby whom she "minded" with an industry and a sweetness that is the invariable attribute of the Southern mother.

Her fine skin shone with soap, her lovely hair, too white for one so young, was neatly dressed, her children were equally decent. Yet the chaos of her surroundings was unbelievable. Now a New England woman would not be able to endure the dust of her surroundings, or if she endured it she herself would be a slattern. She is more apt to err in the other direction and sacrifice her own appearance to keep her house clean.

I know that the women from the upper strata of the Southern States are magnificent house-

keepers, but I write this down because I have honest days. And I have felt so nervous since I have written it that I have looked in the ice chest twice and am none too satisfied with my own housekeeping.

The entrance to the city of Richmond is like the entree to its fashionable life—heights to climb, then a wide extending welcome. Unfortunately the Jefferson Hotel remains conservative no matter what letters of introduction you may carry. You may have a crest on every piece of silver and a First Family on your right and on your left, but if you have a dog on a leash you will have to move on. The Illustrator advised my trying to "breeze through," but I could breeze no further than our names on the register. It was uncomfortable as his shirts had been sent there. Even as they were vigorously erasing our infamous appellations I was asking timidly for a parcel.

It was handed to me! The strong string which I had advised by night letter had been employed, but the box, owing to the brutality of the Parcel Post, had almost entirely disappeared. Sleeves and shirt tails floated in the wind that my rapid exit created, and the patterns seemed gaudier and noisier than fancy could conceive. I felt as though I were carrying a brass band in my arms while it played the "Washington Post."

"Here is your laundry," I said to W—— throwing it at him. "If these shirts had come by my express company I wouldn't have been so humiliated. And here is your dog." I always called Toby his dog when things went wrong.

The Illustrator was perfectly undisturbed as he found all the shirts there, liking their designs, and asked where were the letters. I had forgotten to ask for the letters. I was inclined to reply that there weren't any, but bethought me to advise him to "breeze through" himself and see how he liked it. He did this, the lofty air with which he must have approached the desk still sticking to him upon his reappearance like a coat of shellac. He said they were very courteous to *him,* and at this I roared back if they were so courteous he could return to the desk once more to ask for the slippers which I had wired to have forwarded from Petersburg. Then all the courage went out of his eyes. He said it was an imposition to the hotel. He said he never liked the slippers anyway.

The chauffeur finally went after them. I haven't said very much about the chauffeur of late as he was a young man and I have been dealing chiefly with antiquities. But we had found as time went on that there was an advantage in possessing a driver who was more emotional than mechanical. If he had not recognised the wild flowers, the birds,

the people, and the weather signs he would have been unconscious of the emotional storm which threatened to dampen the spirits of his employers. With maddening sweetness he went for the slippers, remaining away so long that we both had time to regret our bad manners. As often before, I deplored the free airing we give our grievances in the presence of those who are serving us, while they keep their affairs from us like a sealed book.

He returned with the slippers and a great deal of information about the Jefferson Hotel gleaned in his cheery way from the clerk who was erasing our names. The hostelry can afford to be independent for it is endowed, a sum settled no doubt by a dog hater or at least by one who felt that dogs and women should be " in the home." But this unusual inn had rather a wise objection to canines. It was not that they greased the carpet with their food, but that they frightened the servants, and prevented the strict order of their duties. I know if I were a chambermaid entering a room with my pass key and hearing ever so small a dog growling under the bed, I should cease to be a chambermaid instanter.

The maids at " Murphy's " are brave, however, and as the rooms were good, the embarrassing shirts still clean; as there were three checks in two letters,

LEE'S HEADQUARTERS—SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE

and the spring had come we found Richmond as absorbing as it had always been. We were to put it to a new test. We were to see it this time without a circle of soft-voiced friends surrounding us. We could not see them and the monuments. Like all citizens they believe in but do not visit their show places—leaving that to the trippers. Some day I am going to take a sight-seeing wagon in New York and find out Who Is Who on Fifth Avenue, also the history of the statue I heard a barker call "Jane dark" who rides so beautiful a horse on Riverside Drive.

Possibly it was the arrival of both of the springs, vernal and steel, that rendered the city as friendly without acquaintances as with them, but we found ourselves well employed and unlonesome. I am not so sure that a Northern city can so extend intangible rays of hospitality to a stranger. With a control that was mighty the Illustrator kept away from a certain famous club in a wide Colonial mansion, and it was very comfortable for me to know when he went out that he would undoubtedly return. I limited myself to walking past a fine old house where my friends were sitting on the front steps after the manner of the South and the West. A mellow voice reached me, the owner of it talking away airily as I had first heard him from a steamer chair next to mine a long time ago. I remember

he was telling some one of his mother taking the entire family of children to London, and of the attention they commanded in Hyde Park as they walked with their old coloured mammy. He was a big enough boy to recall but not to understand the severe expression of the Londoners when the old black nurse, upon interrogation as to her charges, would admit proudly: "Dey am Miss Ellen's chil'ren."

W—— came back before midnight having spent his time with the owner of the garage, who was a member of the aristocratic club and who had, like many of the English, gone into trade and lost nothing by it. A late moon hung over the city, outlining its soft hills which rise from the James River. The many tall buildings now render these heights less consequential, but Rome on her seven hills never held out a sturdier defence than did this besieged city during the Civil War. It was evacuated finally, but, as we all know, never taken by assault.

The history of the earliest effort to reach Richmond, which resulted in the first encounter at Bull Run, is worth the reading in this hour of our present parlous times. Here Northern volunteers fought bravely, but they were not sufficiently seasoned to hold out against rumours of the augmented army of their foe. The encounter served, for to quote directly from my S. H. of the U. S.: "Both

sides realised the need of long and patient drill in order to make soldiers out of the volunteers."

It served also to make a romantic figure out of Thomas J. Jackson. At a moment of the Southern troops' uncertainty General Bee—another Confederate—pointed to Jackson's brigade and exclaimed: "Look at Jackson! There he stands like a stone wall." The sobriquet remained, although Jackson did not remain a stone wall many minutes after the compliment, as McDowell drove him, for a time at least, from his position. I was glad to find out who coined the metaphor, and I think it was very heroic of General Bee when he could probably have started the same rumour about himself, becoming an idolised Stonewall Bee. I suppose he was called the Busy Bee—and hated it.

We did not bound away on our new spring until early afternoon of the next day, and then to take only preliminary spins to do some sight-seeing that was near our hearts. The delay was a good deal like the old days in Europe, for the baggage was "descended," the bill paid, the servants tipped, and Toby and I wandered about keeking in (as he says, being a Scotch dog) at the garage every now and then to see how they were getting on. In the old days we would hand over the unruly car to a mechanic, then run freely about, for there is a pe-

riod of complete detachment between the paying of a bill and the quitting of a town.

In Richmond we walked in the State House grounds, not asking to enter the Capitol, as we feared another rebuff from this second endowed institution. The outside is good enough for any one. The buildings were after the style of the Maison Carrée at Nîmes. I write this out because Baedeker says it is so. From my recollection of the Roman temple, the Capitol at Richmond, sitting on its little hill of Indian name, is much more lovely. Richmond is on the site of Chief Powhatan's home. And while I don't wish to "repeat," you may remember what I said in the last chapter about the advisability of killing off the Indians and settling on their wisely chosen ground.

When we were in the car we drove first to St. John's church, where Patrick Henry asked to be given liberty or death. It should have been a serious mission but it was not. It was very relieving to run up and down the wrong hills without fear of "sagging." It was very jolly to stop bystanders —granted you can stop anything that is standing —to ask of the church, for the bystanders themselves were in a holiday mood. Once as a street car whizzed by I thought I saw a costume stranger than anything we are wearing in this day, which is saying a great deal; a something in brilliant green

brocade with a pointed bodice and a hat of pearl. But the chauffeur said he had noticed nothing remarkable, and if the chauffeur while motoring through traffic, over cobble stones, and among nets of trolleys did not notice the green dress it evidently wasn't there.

I dismissed the matter when we arrived at the old white frame church and passed through the graveyard to hunt up the custodian. " To hunt up the custodian " is the most astounding phrase in this book. If I had written, " to run from him," it need not call for comment, but for us to seek one out deliberately, to compliment him into activity, to beg him to accompany us into the church was a crazy eventuality of this crazy day.

He had just eaten his dinner. This was unfortunate. It seems when you just eat your dinner it is very hard to go into the church and deliver Patrick Henry's speech. He said he always prepared for the speech when he orated before conventions—he had an egg in the morning. I sympathised with him. I said I was a very famous actress and I never dined before playing—I spent the day in prayer and fasting. He did not ask me who I was, and I was glad of that as I should have had to become Miss Julia Marlowe or Miss Maude Adams, which would have been hard on them. He went on about himself—like a true artist.

He said the speech was four feet long, ten inches wide—in pencil but small writing. We asked him if he had committed it and he withered us. It seems an oration necessitating both hands free for gestures (he was of Italian extraction) was always learned by heart. I said I learned all my speeches too—but he did not pay any attention to me. The Illustrator, wishing to get into it also, now said something about the lecture he gave at Huntington, Long Island, last Winter, on France in war time. He was trying to urge the guide to recite, not through the employment of my sympathetic tactics, but by opposition. He said he had been obliged on that rare occasion in Huntington to eat a large dinner beforehand or offend the hostess. They all ate so much in fact that they were very late for the lecture, yet he got through all right—not to say *very well indeed.*

His entering the arena drew the custodian's attention. At least he looked at him and then remarked to me that it was too long a recitation, dinner or no dinner, to be expended on just one person. I have never referred to this before, and I presume the Illustrator still thinks he was the one. Indissolubly, however, we went into the church, the endinnered one going with us, telling of the men who had shed tears over his speech—and women, too, when they were allowed to come.

"I shed tears when I hear good speeches," I hurried in, conscious of our opportunity. W—— admitted that he cried like a baby. It was too much for the dear old orator. "Get into Patrick Henry's pew," he said briefly. We got. "Sit down." We sat. "I'll give you the end of it."

There was no lack of tears as he generously plunged in. I believe he was gratified. We did the best we could under the circumstances, and I am sure the intelligent readers of books from such redoubtable houses as our publishers' will appreciate that the situation was a delicate one. You see, if by any chance this should fall into his hands, I want him to know how kind I thought him to give us of his best. In a great peroration of elocutionary art he licked into the end of it:

"I know not what course others may take, but as for me give me liberty or give me death. I shouldn't a'et my dinner."

The three of us went out to sit upon the steps of the church, all a little exhausted, and after he got his breath he talked of Italy's present war. He was disinterested in it for he had come over when a little boy, and the Civil War was his, and will always be the only one to him. His mind harked back to the siege of Richmond. He told us some incidents of the battle of Seven Pines which we had passed the day before—some horrors that

I would rather not have known, only it is more thrilling to hear these stories from the lips of an old man than to read the most graphic war literature. And it is my admired Galsworthy who says we must keep with us always the consciousness of the misery of others.

It reads to me as though it had been a wasted battle, for the Confederates were forced back to their original positions in the course of the day, and it is hard for a woman to believe that there is progress in the grim depletion of troops. On the first day of June the little Italian had gone out with two older boys to seek such relics as were to be seen nowadays by honest men for "five or ten cents" at the curio shop.

The soldiers were piled up thick, he said, but he didn't appreciate they were dead, just sleeping, and in no need of the buttons which he cut from off the uniforms. Wounded men were everywhere, too, and there didn't seem to be any Red Cross—everything was a mixup. They were leaning against trees crying "Water, water," for a wounded man gets mighty thirsty. Only nobody gave them any water. Sometimes they would fall down "kerplunk" and not get up again. Union soldiers were raiding around for food, and the women in the houses outside the Confederate lines would throw them out the keys from the upper windows, too

scared to go down. And then the Yanks would get their fill.

"Did the men of the North or South ever hurt women?" I asked.

"Never," said the old custodian. "That ain't war. That ain't real war. They don't need to do that to fight."

The boy ran across some Rebs finally who told him to "git," and he ran away but he never saw his two older companions again. "Nabbed 'em, I guess," said our old friend. "In those days if they caught a fellow it was 'hold up this gun,' and if the boy's arm didn't waver holding out the heavy musket he went into the army. He was old enough to fight."

Pleased with our rapt attention to his story, he started to declaim an epitaph from one of the old grave stones, but we checked him. He did not know why. He did not know that in the oration of his own making, told us as we sat upon the steps, he had reached his climax.

While recrossing the city on our second mission, my strange discovery on a street car was admitted by my two companions to have been something more than a vision. They worked this out by finding a phenomenon even more remarkable coming out of a saloon and wiping its mouth. It had pushed up a tin face mask to do this which I have

no doubt stood for a visor. It was a knight in armour getting a beer. At the corner was an open air soda fountain, and here two Greek girls with Caius Brutus and Cassius were having a chocolate sundae. I am sure one of them was Cassius for he had a lean and hungry look and was eating a sandwich. The citizens dressed like ourselves were not paying the smallest attention to them, perhaps for the reason that all those soberly clad were escorting one or more creatures fantastically equipped, with eyes only for their charges.

The madness of Richmond continued in the residence portion. Along quiet Grace Street cavaliers in Elizabethan capes were fuming with ladies from Verona for keeping them waiting. The ghost of Hamlet's father driving an automobile scorched ahead of King Lear in a low racer. On Monument Street, instead of closely inspecting the magnificent pieces of sculptured art, we tried to assuage the grief of an almost nude fairy who had lost her way. A householder came down her steps and offered to take the fairy along with her just as soon as she could catch "that Falstaff"—and spank him for going off on his velocipede. The miniature Falstaff pedalled around the corner at this moment, his cushioned stomach firmly wedged in between the handle bars. It necessitated a nurse maid to pry him out, which delay gave us the opportunity

THE DESERTED MILL ON OCCOQUAN CREEK, VIRGINIA

of asking the lady what in time it was all about.

"Time?" she repeated briskly, "Shakespeare's time. We are having our pageant today. Everybody is in it—high and low. The whole town is looney—just perfectly looney." She turned to her young hopeful—"Brother, get into that machine and don't keep twitching at your stomach—it will fall off."

We followed them up the street as far as the new boulevard, passing the monuments to Lee, J. E. B. Stuart, and Jefferson Davis, whose time, like that of Shakespeare's is not forgotten in Richmond. I think that the prayer of Rudyard Kipling needs no engraving on stone in Virginia to keep its great men in mind. The answer to our quest, which was sending us to the boulevard, would prove the sentiment that present-day Virginia entertained toward present-day heroes.

There stands on this boulevard a great grey building of stone, known by the people as Battle Abbey, which is to serve as a museum and a memorial to the Confederacy. It has been nobly conceived and ably executed. It rises among cultivated gardens inviting to the public. It is finished. Yet the great bronze doors are closed, and an old Confederate soldier bars the entrance with more of dignity than of strength.

We told our story and made our plea for entrance. We said that we knew the young French painter, Charles Hoffbauer, who was working upon the mural decorations when the war broke out. I had been one of the guests at his dinner the night before he sailed on the *Sant' Anna*—almost two years ago. He was very jubilant then. He had dropped his work in Richmond at the first call, "but he would soon return." By a strange chance W—— met him at the Front a year after that—one year ago. He no longer said that he would soon return. "If I live to return," was then his preface to all his future plans.

The veteran told us that the Lieutenant Governor had ordered the doors closed to the public fearing they might not understand the rough cartoons upon the wall, or recognise the value of the little sketches of the Virginia countryside which the young Frenchman had made to help him in his background. So the doors were closed until——

"Until" is not a momentous word in ordinary usage, but it caused a singing in our hearts. It was a painter in Paris who had wondered if the completion of a great building would really await the return of the mural decorator—if the builders would not be forced to secure another artist. This had aroused the Illustrator's one half of Southern blood. "It wouldn't be Virginia," he repeated to

me as we were seeking the memorial on the day of pageantry in Richmond. " The Virginians have sentiment, and if they do not applaud the abnegation of a man who left his work for his country then—then I'm a German."

The old grey-coated soldier did not complete his phrase. He swung open the door that we might pass through. The rooms stand as on the day Hoffbauer left them. Daubs of colour schemes, rough drafts held by thumb tacks to the wall, and a huge military decoration almost completed, which ought to have satisfied the multitude that the soldier—now reserved by his government as an official war painter—knew his job whether fighting battles or recording them. When the veteran learned that we hoped to see him over there this year and that we would tell him of our pilgrimage he took fumblingly from the wall a piece of cardboard to carry to him. It is large and unwieldy but it is going to France just the same. The emotions of a Southern state go with it, for on the cardboard is this legend:

The interior of this building will be completed when the French Artist, who was called to his colours, returns from Europe to finish his work of painting the military panels.

CHAPTER XV

Listen to This: a Day's Perfect Motoring, but the Day After That—Oh, My Word, What a Road! Washington for the Journey's End and the Great Discovery

We drove from Richmond to Fredericksburg in the late afternoon over a road so perfect that I can remember nothing about it. That is the penalty of unflawed going: the mind gets smoothed out like the way and as blank as a piece of paper. Toby leaned out on his elbow as does an engineer from his cab. The wind blew through his young white hairs. "This is the life," he said.

By continuing straight on to Fredericksburg we were missing Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, Bull Run and many of the great battlefields of the Civil War. And I was glad to do this. I was feeling the weight of the dead. We are all conscious of this burden today, but I was losing my balance over these chronicled losses in our books of reference. I was too far on the other side. As we left Richmond we passed the spot where that splendid cavalry man, "Jeb" Stuart, was killed. I had fol-

lowed him all through our trip. He had beaten his horse on from Carlisle, you will remember, when we were at Gettysburg, and I personally felt his loss. By holding to the main road at Spottsylvania Court House we would miss the woods where Stonewall Jackson was accidentally shot by his own sentinels as he rode along the rear of his enemy's lines in the evening. " We have shot General Jackson," ran an awed whisper as he was carried back to the hospital where he died. I did not want to see that place.

When we arrived at Spottsylvania it was suggested by the old inn keeper that he accompany us to the " Bloody Angle " to tell us of the dreadful slaughter, but I was so distressed that the Illustrator rescued me. We had come upon the old gentleman very agreeably. I was going around to the side door of his beautiful old hotel for I knew it had a history, and there is more history at the side door than the front—like the inside of people's lives. The old gentleman was inviting a solitary chick into the Summer kitchen for its evening meal. Now I come to think of it he was the third or fourth nice person I met who was looking after poultry—if poultry can be a single chick.

He admitted that it had been headquarters, " his " headquarters while he had planned the battles of this vicinity; he had slept in one of the great

rooms above. I knew that he meant Lee, of course. The old gentleman wasn't running the hotel then. He was only sixteen and he was carrying a musket at the Bloody Angle. He had stayed with his mother for a while but he couldn't endure it. They lived in the country that Sheridan raided, and after he swept past them the boy went into the army.

"When we heard the Yanks were across country," he told me as he gently mixed meal for the little chick, "I took the mules and my mare to the swamp. The raiders come along mighty close to us and I thought we were lost. Mules are inquisitive creatures and I was scared they'd crackle the underbrush trying to see who was going by, but they never moved a muscle till the troop was out of ear shot—they was Southern mules. I tethered 'em and went back to the house. My poor mother—they had been there. Hurt her? Lord, no, ma'am, just broke up housekeeping. Nobody attacked women in those days.

"I'd had a feeling the night before that we were in for it, so I had taken the bacon and the ham and the flour upstairs to the garret. There was a big space between the floor and the ceiling of the room below so I got every mite of it hid away. The Yanks walked all over that food and never smelled it. My mother said if she hadn't been so upset over her broken dishes she'd 'a' laughed right out."

I felt it was time to say something and I muttered feebly about the demands of war. We had passed through the wide hall to sit on the old front porch with the bullet holes in the brick all around us. The old man let himself down heavily on a bench, and shook his head. "That ain't war, breakin' a woman's crockery. They caught the butter dish on the end of a bayonet and sent it crashing. They swept off the pair of vases on the chimbley piece. Grant fought our men hard—fought 'em night and day. At old Harbour the wounded lay between the lines four days and nights, Yanks and Rebs, and he wouldn't stop long enough to get 'em a canteen of water. But he fought. Lincoln knew. 'I can't spare this man—he fights,' he said. Grant didn't go round breakin' a woman's china."

He paused. I was silent. Some negroes laughed in the little "calaboose" opposite. An order was painted over the jail door: "No talking with prisoners allowed under penalty of law." Children passed in a farm wagon with jingling bells at the mules' heads. "He's gassing about the war," one of the girls said. They knew his weakness—or mine.

"No, when a man died in battle the enemy who killed him took an equal chance. There ain't no bitterness afterwards. But when your mother's house is sacked or your wife's little keepsakes

pitched out as though they was dirt a fire burns in you that is a long time dying down—— Grant was the South's best friend—him and Lincoln."

A half hour later we descended Marye's Heights into Fredericksburg, the Princess Anne's Inn offering us comfortable rooms with as lovely a view of rooftrees as one can ask for. When the dinner proved excellent I suggested that we remain over Sunday. But W——, although liking the hotel pickles to the verge of tears (pickles which were made by a "private coloured man," so the waiter told us), wanted to get it over with. By "it" I knew he meant the strip of bog through which we must toil to reach the ambition of every American: Washington, D. C. It loomed ahead of him like Christian's Slough of Despond, yet, like Christian, he knew that he must go through it. As a pilgrim of meaner metal I should have remained in Fredericksburg hoping that fair weather would dry up the slough—a cheery theory which never occurred to Christian.

My aunt had told me of many things to do at Fredericksburg, and I rejoiced that everything historical was shut up this Saturday evening not to be opened again until Monday morning. I had visited a number of places which she had warned me were important, and in view of the pleasant Saturday night do-nothingness which was creeping

over me, I felt that my duty to my husband should come first. He had no ambitions beyond taking Toby out for a walk and discovering the house of Washington's mother. This he did four times, never picking a winner, like an unlucky horseman at a race. In despair I sank down upon an ordinary stone which was not ordinary at all, as a small boy said, with great solemnity, " You are sitting on the slave block."

I leaped hastily home although no one seemed to make a bid for me, and gained what I thought would be the deep seclusion of my room. But a voice came through the fourth story window as close to me as though Peter Pan were in the branches of the great tree outside. It was so near that I thought I must be under observance as well and regretted the loosening of my hair. The voice bade me " Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! The second act will soon begin. Pretty girls, latest songs, high kicking, and funny comedians."

The possibility of a comedian who was funny carried me to the window. Over the treetops, beyond the respectable church towers, I could see the old theatre on Main Street with the little balcony on which the manager was haranguing through a megaphone. " Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!" went on the mandate; " pretty girls, lots of pretty girls." No one seemed to be heeding him and I wondered if

the girls were looking through the curtain (although it is bad luck to peep) to see if enough money was coming into the house to pay their board that week.

"Don't miss it, gentlemen. Pretty girls, high kicking," the man babbled on. How the auctioneer would have enjoyed a megaphone while a black woman stood on the slave block! How easily he could have dwelt upon her points. Was it very different, after all, this man on the theatre balcony and the auctioneer who stood beside the slave block calling his wares? I have always thought how disagreeable it must be to depend largely upon good looks for whatever occupation is yours. It must be acute suffering for a plain girl to be pushed to the back row of a chorus, no matter how well she sings, while a fluffier one is brought forward. Did the slaves, I wonder, take pride in fetching a good price? If so what despair they must have entertained in their hearts as their strength and fitness left them and their value slipped away.

I heard the next morning that the troop had so successfully managed to "Hurry, Hurry, Hurry," that they got off without paying their board, and I couldn't help being relieved. It speaks well for the citizens of Fredericksburg who were not lured by the megaphone recital. Now if the manager had only barked the marriage of a Miss Pearl to a Mr.

Arturo the town would probably have lent them the light of its countenance. All this from the coloured bell boy who clung to our running board while he showed us Fredericksburg.

I refused to pass through the National Cemetery where lie 15,000 Union soldiers or to visit those many graves of the Confederates. One need not go to Marye's Heights to stand upon a battlefield. The fierce engagement between Burnside's and Lee's troops was fought across this lovely town. The Confederates upon the heights held the superior position, yet in spite of this Burnside ordered Sumner's brigade across the plain six times, with enormous loss. It is said that Hooker urged Burnside to withdraw our Northern troops, but the Commander (who you may recall had but recently succeeded McClellan after Antietam) held steadfastly to his plan of attack until 12,653 Federals gave their lives to the day's unsuccessful battling as opposed to 5,377 slain Confederates. What was in the mind of Burnside it would be hard to say, but history shows that he was stunned with grief afterward, offering his resignation which was accepted, and Hooker, his chief critic, placed in command.

Fredericksburg shows no shadow of its old tragedies. Modestly appreciative of the fame which circumstances have bestowed upon it, the old town keeps itself for the visitor. Privet hedges divide

the lawns, many of the houses are painted pale yellow with roofs and shutters of a lovely green, and, lacking a coloured boy upon the running board, the citizens gladly point out the way. The house where Washington's mother died was finally achieved. He had urged her to come in from her country place during the French and Indian Wars, here he visited her and the building still stands where he was made a Mason.

Our coloured guide felt our ignorance and enjoyed it—which was a great relief. He brought us to the shaft of stone erected in her honour. "Mary's," he said respectfully, "the mother of George." He told us that this monument may not be the onliest one put up for a lady, but it am the highest, and that it was placed fairly remotely from the town because she often visited this spot. "She did not meditate on this hyah spot becase it am call Meditation Rock, but it am call Meditation Rock becase she done meditate hyar." We were all quite confused after this, but I carried away a clear regret that we do not have a rock in every New York apartment where we can go to think. I suppose I would not be alone even there, W—— coming to the rock room to ask suspiciously what I was thinking about in the fear that I was planning a divorce, or wanting to come in and lean on the rock and think, too.

In the complexities of getting away—I may say the anxieties, for W—— was deep in conference with automobilists over the road—he forgot to take his pickles ordered from the private coloured man, although a lunch was put up and delivered to us with chilling ceremony as though it was the last meal of condemned men. It had been the concensus that we pass over the strip of bad road without an attempt at the détour, as the détour was now worse than the road for which the détour is made.

We listened to the autoists rather indulgently as they told us of farmhouses where we would find chains if we lacked the essentials for pulling ourselves out of the clay. We had seen some bad roads before and had managed them very nicely, and it was difficult to believe that a highway leading to Washington, and one in constant use for two centuries by the grandees of Virginia would hold anything of terror for seasoned motorists. We had been vaccinated by the Blue Ridge passes, the virus was excellent, and we felt as immune as an inoculated soldier. We had forgotten that there are no bacilli to protect one from the dangers of a devastating bomb. I did not recall until later that it was Sunday, and that such mishaps as have befallen us have generally occurred on the Sabbath day. I believe now that motor cars are deeply religious. One may observe in the Monday morning papers the

harvest of accidents of the day before. It must be very painful to a highly moral motor car to carry around a lot of joy riders who ought to be in church growing better. I suppose when the occupants become too joyful for the day, the car bucks and throws them out. "Steering gear goes wrong," reads the newspapers—but the other motors know!

It would have been difficult to have gone wrong any quicker than we did, although the steering gear remained ethically correct. The only thing I can make out that we did rightly after crossing the Rappahannock was to pay toll for a good road which the motor would not let us long enjoy. At Garrisonville it wilfully carried us away from the fine highway, although we vigorously protested that our path couldn't be the right one. One would think an engine, even a fanatic on religion, would not care to do this, and I suppose the chassis puts such tricks up to the poor creature and then lets it pant and puff to pull him along—a chassis is masculine, I am sure.

We brought up at a farm called Pleasant View. It was a very pleasant view, indeed, the gentleman farmer pointing out to us a nice but distant prospect of the fine highway from which we had strayed. He said it was no trouble to get back to it, just take a tiny (almost unborn) road back of his barn. We thanked him, not having seen the se-

THE WHITE HOUSE FROM THE LAWN, WASHINGTON

lected itinerary until we got behind the barn. We did not meet with his household again, and I suppose they thought we were skimming along on the highway while we were still two hundred feet away from them behind the large house for their kine, shovelling the mud off the running board. It never entered the head of the cordial proprietor of Pleasant View that this road was bad enough for even a mild cautioning, and as we made our way out W—— delivered what I suppose is a problem: "If a Virginian does not consider this cowpath something awful, how awful will be the way ahead of us which all Virginians admit is well-nigh impassable?"

But that was while we were still behind the barn. As soon as we had reached the thoroughfare again dangers ahead lessened in their import. I found this significant in my general resumé of the run. The whole day was significant, for it was our last one in the Old Dominion—if the reader insists, as the Virginian does, that this state and no other is really the territory which we went forth to discover. And Washington was the end of the run, the goal for all Americans, whose achievement is possible for such as take the bad going with the good.

I like to think that the bog, which presently confronted us, stands for the despair through which

we must all struggle before we reach the winning post of our high desires. I believe that the roads over which we travelled represent more perfectly the progress of life than my first metaphorical illusions in this book predicted. Socially, politically, man takes to the road. He finds it easy, he finds it rough. He finds it rough where he would have thought it easy, he strikes good going when he was preparing to be ditched. Although railing against figures of speech in a preceding chapter, I find myself now deep in them again. It seems impossible to avoid them. And perhaps that is another thing we discoverd: all progress in life—mental, spiritual, or just going along a road—is analogous each to the other.

Certainly I was a poor pilgrim when we reached the swamp. The way suddenly revealed itself to us. It was not a way, it was not a swamp. It was like the extinct crater of a volcano or a deserted trench after the curtain of fire. Broad, solitary, it seemingly stretched illimitably ahead of us, although there is but six miles of it. The ruts were axle deep and the mud holes bottomless. W—— got out to walk ahead and direct the driver, keeping him out of the wheel tracks, and as much as possible on the ridges between the gullies. I got out to walk ahead, too cowardly to look back upon the tugging engine but straining with my spine as

meagre assistance. There may have been wild flowers to brighten our path but I didn't notice them, and I think if the chauffeur had cried out "briar rose" or "humming bird"! W—— would have buried him deep in a mud hole.

The murdered man would not have been without articles as foreign to the bog as himself. Tin gasoline cans were in these holes, rocks dragged from a distance, madly uprooted pine trees, and bits of chain which had undoubtedly groaned, then, snapping, unfulfilled their mission. Frayed ropes were tied to the trees which told of the resorting to "Dutch windmills," and an empty flask now and then spoke eloquently of the last resort of the distracted motorist. Thanks to the carefully picked route of the Illustrator's and to a light car with a good engine we did not sink so deep but that our own power carried us out, and just as I felt that there was no end at all we saw the end ahead.

The greatest trial was yet to come for another strip of ground, admitted by the Virginians as quite impassable, was before us, and we had been told that this time a détour was necessary. We must not miss this deviation—the whole Princess Anne Hotel had been very certain about that. But the Princess Anne went further, she said we couldn't miss it. I don't know why she said that, it aroused all that was antagonistic both in motor

and man. We could miss anything—especially a good turn on a Sunday. Not being Indians—not recognised Indians—I think, myself, that the marks in the woods by which we were to be guided were a little vague. I suppose an Indian could smell the right turn. Even I thought that we had reached it too soon, but I said so in a small voice as it would be rather awful to advise a wrong turn during such anxious moments. W—— said it must be the turn as there was an A. A. A. sign nailed to a tree and that was one of our guiding marks. And while I had a number of intelligent replies regarding the number of trees and the number of A. A. A. signs in this world I told them only to Toby.

This new perambulation held only the gloomiest prospects. After twenty yards it grew worse than our first boggy wading. It grew unbelievably worse. It was so wide and yawning. A fallen wire nearly cut off our heads. I marvelled that a white man could ever have been in that locality to string it up in the first place. Yet we saw the beautiful faces of two white men before we had quite gone around the globe—time and space were immeasurable, you understand. And yet, again, I would rather not have seen those faces. They were not murderous or sodden with vice. They were ordinary faces with moustaches, their eyes sticking out rather queerly from the gloom of a canopied auto-

mobile, looking no doubt as ours did. My distaste for their countenances was their familiarity. I had seen them somewhere before. I had seen them—the two cars continued rocking, plunging, skidding toward each other, but ere we were abreast I asked them from whence they came.

And they were coming from Fredericksburg! I had seen them in the hotel. They had chosen the détour which we had avoided. We were going back over the greater of two evils to the place from which we had started—they told us we had almost covered the détour. At this point one can employ all the similes at one's command. To find ourselves in life going backward after we have struggled so bravely to go forward! To have to turn about, be it ever so difficult to turn, and do it over again. To travel, in this painful retracing, without the spirit of adventure, for we know the road to hold no pleasant deviation. To hate it and hate it but to go through with it—the far city of ambitions for our striving point rather than any mean slumping to the small town of our beginnings which lies so near. To know that this wrong turn is of our own choosing, for we cannot pick our way as yet through the paths of life with any sureness of instinct. And, blackest terror! the consciousness that we must keep on bungling until the vague sign-postings read themselves clear.

In this fashion—unlamenting—we lurched again toward Washington. The second détour was so amiable in its construction—by comparison—that we found a disguised blessing in earlier trials. And that, too, can be twisted into metaphorical fancyings. For the last time we ate our luncheon under the shade of trees with a brook to cool the motor's wheels, frightening the trout from out their rocky castles and leaving them apologetic bread crumbs for their return.

At Occoquan we were politely received by a road so excellent that we felt our troubles to be over, and with something of the assurance of the man who has made his fortune we took time for the enjoyment of the town. The mills along the water's edge had gone to ruin picturesquely. What is in the Illustrator's sketch as attractive desolation from the water side was, at the top of the high bank along which ran the main street, a neat little garage for small cars. The town was very busy as time, tide, and fish wait for no man. A great school of godless herring had gone with the tide on a Sunday excursion up Occoquan Creek, and with doubtful hospitality the citizens had prevented their departure with alluring nets. They were now employed sitting along the stream skinning the visitors. On the whole our punishment had been less

severe and I am certain ancient Occoquan would "skin" no journeying motorist.

We made vigorous efforts to clean each other up as we became part of a long line of automobiles running safely and surely over the pike. Many of them bore the number of the District of Columbia. Washington was theirs, with attendant struggles like our own, perhaps, or by accident of birth like babies who first see the world with silver spoons in their mouths. Drunk with pride of conquest we now felt that, æsthetically, it would be incomplete to enter Washington without first paying our respects to Mount Vernon. It would be a swift run of two miles off the highway and a swift return. Poor, trusting children of the road that we were, encouraged by a few miles of macadam into believing that the paved streets of heaven were ours forever.

Since Virginia had not seen fit in two centuries of travel over the main road to adopt some measure of filling up that swamp we might have expected a highway no more impressive leading to the house of the Father of our Country. Yet we found ourselves surprised when we sank into a mud hole just before Mount Vernon and for the first time on our trip could not muster the power to get out of it. The way to the posts of honour is not easily gained! I committed my only indiscretion of the run as I

sat in the smoking car with wheels whirring helplessly. "It's Sunday," I said, "what should we expect? 'Had I but served my God with half the zeal I serve my king, he would——'" I got no further.

"Great Scott!" shouted the Illustrator excitedly. "Sitting there chanting Shakespeare, and what we need is a chain and a team. Even the Bible justifies pulling a dumb animal out of a ditch on the Sabbath day."

But neither of us was taking the situation with any degree of tortured anxiety for the inexplicable reason that we were enjoying it! As I started briskly up a side path to seek a farmhouse I reflected on this sensation of exhilaration which—if we only admit it—frequently attends a catastrophe. I believe if all of us were to analyse our emotions over the little accidents in life we would find that we were getting out of the event as much amusement as annoyance. "Am I not enjoying this, am I not?" ask yourself, and then it may not seem so bad.

I was certainly amused when I reached the farmer's. He saw me from a distance swinging my motor hat and goggles at him for there was a surrey in front of the house and I feared he might go off in it before my arrival. He did go off upon discovering my advent, disappearing behind the

house to return before I had explained my mission to his wife. He was dragging several feet of chain. "Which one?" was all he asked as we climbed into the surrey. It developed that it was the second one. The cars generally stuck in the first mud hole which we had manipulated without any great effort. The farmers had thought of making up a purse themselves and filling in the holes, and it would surely be done by the Washington Automobile Club shortly if Virginia continued to neglect her duty. I thought him a very honest gentleman when he must make a considerable sum of money pulling out cars, and I wondered if any baser soul in other days had created this lucrative demand for horses and chains by digging deep late o' nights. We have since learned that these bottomless pits are on a part of the estate once comprising Mount Vernon, very aptly designated on the map Washington made himself as Muddy Hole Farm. Possibly, the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities has kept the land as it was, preventing any restoration so that the holes may remain in their quaint old colonial form. We were very friendly by the time we had surreyed to the second mud hole, and I was feeling sorry for the Illustrator who was not enjoying the drive with Mr. Campbell and his nice family as was I. Yet we found him agreeably engaged with Mr. Mann and family who had also

ventured "like little wanton boys that swim on bladders," and were halting their huge car until we could get out of the Virginia antiquity so that they could get into it. Small cars had also joined the fray, companions in distress, for we stood between them and Mount Vernon like dogs in the manger. It was Mr. Campbell who dealt us our last blow for Sabbath breaking. Mount Vernon, he told us, was never opened on the Lord's day. So it was all for nothing save the making of new friends.

Mr. Campbell furnished the chains and Mr. Mann's big car pulled us out backward, pulled us away from Mount Vernon and its quagmires for the unregenerate. It was easily done as we knew it would be. We all shook hands. The surrey departed in the direction of the highway, the big motor backed up the road also, the little cars flopped in and out of the mud and went home. With care we retraced our steps as well, and in two minutes we came upon the big car again (surrounded by the little cars, attended by the surrey), itself deep in the mire! Again the chains, again the fluttering of the little cars, again the applause as our car pulled Mr. Mann's car from out mud hole number one.

The situation was Virginian to the end. Mr. Campbell refused any gift beyond the gift of

thanks. Even though we broke his chain he accepted it as gracefully as though he had courted this loosening of his shackles. " Ships that pass in the night," murmured the Illustrator when we were alone. " A real friend-ship," I suggested in a thin voice fearing it wouldn't go very well. It didn't. But our final encounter with the mud of Virginia and this quick gathering of her people to offset the mud is the last needed bit of material for the modelling of my figure of speech. The imagery is complete. Whether it is Sunday or washday, prayer-meeting night or fish night, it is my sincere belief that he who sinks in the mire will find those to lift him out if he cares to make the struggle.

I shall promise no more metaphor, none of my own poor building at least. Realities began crowding upon us. A brand new car with a brand new driver pinched us off the road as we were about to pass; we were intent upon the warnings of the traffic cops; we grew nervous over the possibility of carrying a number of the District of Columbia —the responsibilities of an involved living were settling down upon us. City influences were felt. Even before we reached the bridge across the Potomac the Washington monument beckoned us on. We steered by it and found its permanence satisfying to the mariner. We bumped upon the bridge

which took us out of the Old Dominion with the same vigour that we bumped into the state.

"Good-bye, Virginia," sang the Illustrator, "with all thy ruts I love thee still!"

We approached the Shoreham Hotel through Elysian fields, pierced by the high walls of America's real bulwarks—the sky-scraping business blocks. For the second time Toby and I approached the desk of a great hotel as members in good standing of "Sons and Daughters of the Soil." We were permitted to stay on two conditions: one that we would depart the following day, the other that Toby would allow himself to be carried up and down in the elevators. I was feeling very untidy, and as though my money was not real. The band was playing, scented ladies sat about on throne chairs, men of might chatted around me, a glittering servant approached the desk bearing the huge cream envelope of a foreign embassy. It was for W——.

We were still obliged to leave on the morrow but Toby was granted the run of the lift. Porters began carrying our clay-encrusted luggage to our rooms. A motor hat box lends an air of importance to any woman no matter how travel-stained. The valet who recognised W—— from previous visits straightened him out while he retailed the small talk

of the town. He knew the great talk as well, I imagine, from his round of visits, but he was discreet. We scrubbed Toby; we dressed; we dined. A little table had been reserved for us in the midst of the gay company. Great names were paged. Plain women, badly gowned, sipped water nervously. A Congressman demanded a high chair for his baby. From all the roads that lead to Washington they had come. I began to "shake down" into place. The lobby, a second time traversed, was no longer strange to me. The atmosphere had ceased to be exotic. This was the pot-pourri of the country. Field flowers were blended with gardenias. Put me down as one of the wall-flowers in the jar, for I was "at home" again.

The three of us went for a walk with the aimless strolling of those whose tasks are done. The Illustrator was more than satisfied, but I was still uneasy for I had not found my heart's quest. I had found no mansion as satisfactory as Elsie Dinsmore's. And yet I had not lost my faith that somewhere was a great house gleaming white, with gardens and an avenue, and darkies singing happily, which would fill the vision of my youth. "You will find it," said W—— placidly, "if I have to draw it for you on white cardboard." He halted as he spoke, pricking up the ear that the chills and fever warning had left in working order.

"Listen," he consoled, "it's the darkies singing happily."

It was not the magic of moonlight which lent enchantment to the little circle standing under an electric light to sing because they could walk no further without singing. They wore high collars and pointed shoes, "nobby" checked suits and carried canes. Their hats were on the back of their heads—Panamas, not the brown derbies of their Southern kin. They sang "Good-bye, Girls, Good-bye," but their voices were of the plantation.

We lined up at the curb for they were opposite, and as I placed myself in a position to see them plainly I saw past them. I saw their back drop. It was a great house in a great park, with an avenue, and gardens profusely distributed about. The house was of the desired colonial architecture. The roof was flat, and there were pillars, and it was big enough. Under the brilliant lights carriages were drawing up before the wide door. Servitors assisted the visitors to descend. They mounted the steps of the porte cochère—the enormous porte cochère—and passed within the mansion. It was better than Elsie's, more purely Greek than Elsie's, more richly encircled than Elsie's. I had found it at last. I had found it at the end of the road. The end of all material desires, visions of the soul, ambitions of the mind. Yet in the confusion of new

buildings since my last visit to Washington the mansion was strange to me. It was humiliating but I turned to him to learn whose house this was—before I took it for my own.

"It's just the house it should be," said W——. "It's the White House."

CHAPTER XVI

This Is the End, I Promise You. If You Are Sorry I Am Glad, if You Are Glad I Am Sorry—but I Can't Blame You

"PSYCHOLOGICALLY," I said, choking slightly, "I am through. There shouldn't be another chapter."

"What!" exclaimed the Illustrator. "Leave them flat?"

And I was delighted with this encouragement to go on, for I wish to tell you not only how to get home, but of his new purple tie purchased for the French Embassy. I don't know why this man buys a purple tie whenever he is in touch with the Gaul. In Paris he ever returns from a shopping expedition with stockings all the wrong size, as feet over there seem to be without numbers, and one purple tie.

I suppose such effervescent equipment is our effort to capture and assume the spirit of France—as though it went on like a shirt. We thought it was clothes for a long time which made the man over there; now we know their braided vestments, pointed shoes, and waxed moustachios to be as the Sunday holiday in the Bois or the stroll up

the boulevards every afternoon: merely "trimmings," in no way an essential to French life.

W—— and the chauffeur came back very foreign and gallant in their manner toward me. I think a little interview now and then with a French Ambassador would do a great deal of good to a great many American husbands. I suppose you could even hit a lady charmingly and diplomatically after a study of the system. His gloves were already in his pocket as we started on toward Baltimore, and I didn't ask him if he wore them in the drawing room or ripped them off hastily at the last moment for I too was feeling the reflected lustre of diplomacy.

One could travel very well over the road to Baltimore dressed in tulle, for there was no dust and the smoothness of the way invited us to a forbidden speed. We were to have this sort of a dancing floor from Washington on. Many will enjoy just such motoring, asking for no other thrilling dénouement than that of reaching a given point with as much ease as possible. I like it myself. But you will notice that things do not "happen" when the road is very good, and in the peopled, well-paved country you will be something of a cipher no matter how luxurious your car. You will no longer be an event. You will not add to your experiences or to those of others—but you will be comfortable.

That is, you will be comfortable until you strike the cobble stones of Baltimore. They appear to rise up and hit you with the same violence exercised when they were thrown by the Baltimore mob at the Federal troops. If Maryland was on the side of the North its greatest city was largely Southern in its sympathies, and it has remained so even to the paving. We saw its towers from a distance in a late sun, and, as always before when approaching the city, I thought of Rome. There is no reason for this, and the association of the two must be an intangible religious influence, for Rome is to Europe what Baltimore is to our States.

The great closed mansions of Monument Street are as the palaces of Rome, especially those noble houses which were so passionately for the Pope that the courtyards were barred to all society from the day that the Holy Father became a prisoner at the Vatican. The mansions of Monument Street have not the tolerance of the real nobles. In Italy the grand palazzi arises from squalourous districts; pretty children, olive skinned by nature and circumstance, play at the feet of the Major Domo who guards the gates, and the tired citizen finds a resting-place on the sills of the lower windows.

There are no benches placed along the strip of green which divides Monument Street. The fountains play and one must stand to enjoy them. The

MONUMENT STREET, BALTIMORE

flowers bloom but you must not kneel upon the grass to sniff their fragrance. "Dogs are not allowed except in leash." Charles Street, however, which intersects Monument, the two becoming Mount Vernon Place for a square either way, is more generous to that portion of the public who would most appreciate the beauty of a green open space. The splendid shaft to Washington is surmounted by his graven image. I don't remember which way he is looking, but I hope that it is not up snobby Monument Street but down bonnie Charles where the people sit under the shade of the trees, with lovers always going up and down the stone steps which break the slope. And the fountain is so inviting that straightway one thinks of soda water and pleasant modern things.

We did not need a bench after dinner for we sat upon a graded scaffolding in the wide circle about the statue which was being built for a flower mart shortly to be held. We enjoyed our perch, although not looking as well as hydrangeas probably, and I cannot speak too highly of the honesty of Baltimoreans for W—— left his war book on the improvised bench while we went prowling off for soda water and did not return for an hour. It was still there, which troubled the author, as he was glad he found it, but regretted that no one would steal it.

I beg to add, so that he may continue modest in your eyes, that carrying it around was not his habit. Some one in the hotel had sent the copy to him for his signature, and while this may never get in (this wot's coming now) as we have different publishers, I promise you that he will autograph any book free of charge, or if he won't I will do it myself in his own best handwriting. I am very good at this. A United States President lived across the street from us when I was a little girl, and, possessing one of his signatures, I manufactured dozens just as good and sent them around to all my far-off relatives. I am less steeped in crime than I was in my youth (leading the simple life of an actress) and whenever I enter their homes to see framed and autographed pictures of our illustrious neighbour, I wonder if my greater punishment will be for the sins of my childhood or those of maturer years.

There was some difficulty in finding the ice cream soda, although the more we heard the chalice-like fountain splash the more frantic we became for the desired chocolate flavour. The search grew so vital to us that we felt suddenly as young as when an ice cream soda meant a good deal in one's life. The most remarkable part of this hunt for the nectar of the gods was its taste when we at last hunted it to its fizzly source. It was as good as we had expected, and this had nothing to do with the flavour, rather

could it be traced to the chief reason for including Baltimore as part of our itinerary.

Some years ago we had gone to Baltimore on our wedding journey, and stopped at the Stafford Hotel where we were staying now. We had walked in Mount Vernon Place just as we were doing in this year of our Lord, and we had found the ice cream soda second to no other. Think of all that distinguishes Baltimore: the Holy Church, the monuments, the beauties, and the whiskey, and yet I remember it most affectionately for the softest of drinks. I asked an old porter who had been at the hotel forever if he remembered a large envelope arriving at this caravansary, covered with red hearts and addressed to me, and of its being pushed under the door by sniggering bell boys. Of course he didn't remember it. I knew he wouldn't, but I thought then that all the city must know of the missive from over-humorous cousins. It surprised me on this previous visit to see the modest length of the hotel lobby. After the red hearts arrived I found the front doors evilly withdrawing from me as I walked and walked and walked to reach them. All eyes were upon me I was sure. They were smiling behind their hands I feared. And now the porter has forgotten the cataclysm, and I—I am boasting of it!

"Did you see the cathedral this time?" asked the

Illustrator when we were well under way the next day. Then we both laughed for we know now that we will never visit the cathedral in Baltimore, and yet I could go on writing of the city's beauty for a reason no more tangible to you than the excellence of its soda water. Possibly it is drawn from the eternal fountain of youth, and that possession should distinguish any habitation of man.

But hats off to Maryland. It bowed us in and bowed us out without a jar. Some day we will go over all of its highways to do a "Maryland, My Maryland" story. The state exercises a beautiful intelligence in working on its highways continually. Gangs of men such as we see in Europe are ever patching up the poor places, and, after the European fashion, they do but one side of the road at a time so that no détour is made. At least that was our experience, but we were disposed to take life kindly on that splendid run to New York, and we may have confounded our own condition of mind with the predisposition of the world. It doesn't make much difference how shabbily we are treated if we don't know it—"Don't have sense enough to know it," as the Illustrator once estimated himself after an unexpected blow at his scheme of life. But I still think he was ahead of the one who delivered the blow.

He sat up so happily on this brilliant May morn-

ing that Toby found me dull by contrast and insinuated himself by every wile known to dog into the front seat. Then the two, with the chauffeur, beamed over the wind shield, dismissing questions which confused them like three very simple children —or three wise men. It was the driver who found German lettering on the surface of the houses as we left Baltimore. Men of Teutonic features were coming in from the country byways and I would very much have enjoyed a run off the highway to call upon our janitor's father. He is one of a body of Bohemian farmers who were invited over to reclaim a tract of worn-out land which they have made to blossom like the rose, or at least like the tobacco plant. A living derived from this leaf is as precarious as gambling at Monte Carlo, but as profitable to the farmer when the yield is good as the long-sought system for breaking the bank.

I showed the janitor some photographs when we got back and he was so good as to recognise gratefully every hilltop and every cow grazing on it. Considering the languid interest which the average friend shows for any snapshot not taken by himself, or without himself in it, I recommend travellers to confine their photographic display to those " below stairs." Unless you have a picture of yourself covered with mud while your car lies in the

ditch they would rather not know anything about your trip.

But to go back to the janitor (which is not matter foreign to motoring as I am trying to "ease" you toward your domicile and the cares which await you) he told me of his first dreadful week over here when he started as a waiter in an obscure restaurant. He described how he strained and strained to understand our language so that the patrons would not complain and the proprietor replace him with another boy of greater linguistic attainments. He cried for seven nights after he went to bed, cried with discouragement and fatigue and heimweh. But at the end of the week he began to grasp little phrases of speech: "Coffeenrolls," and "eggsntoastquick," and at the end of a year he spoke our language. I looked at him admiringly. One year! And we Americans putter every season about a foreign country without a past or a future tense at our command. And for the subjunctive! Oh, well! who of us would know an English subjunctive even if we met it in broad daylight walking up the avenue?

Before the janitor had finished putting up the awnings (I am getting you as far as preparations for the Summer now so that you will soon be accustomed to the prospects of the same bed every night) I asked him why his people came over

here if they were all so homesick. He was about to hang out perilously again as he manipulated the Summer shelter, and I thought I had better get what I could from him before it was too late. "Why does anybody go anywhere?" he returned, leaning out over the window sill so that I couldn't talk back.

But why do we go anywhere? What peculiar quality is it that sends gallants and beaux far from court life to discover strange and hostile and unhealthy lands? Why did more go after them when the toll of death was so great among the first adventurers? Since the North and South Poles have been discovered with such a tragic penalty what is the incentive that sends other men in to freeze their fingers and their toes and sit upon ice floes until rescued? And why do I put the question marks into this paragraph when they might as well be periods? For I know that the very same driving qualities which send you and me out upon our little motoring expeditions actuated those greater explorations. Vastly different one would say—the early Puritans with their English spinning wheels, the modern emigrant with his pack upon his back, the motorist with his bristling maps, and the housewife moving from one flat to another. Yet the spirit is identical.

With no obligation to "hunt up" we hunted

vigorously for the birthplace of Edwin Booth, taking photographs of Bel Air only to find that he had lived some distance on at Fountain Green. The proprietor of the Kenmore Inn assured us that the school children along the way would know, and as it had more to do with tradition than education they did even stop their ball game by the roadside to swing wide a farm gate. We drove in and out with no one to molest us save several conventional calves who bawled to their mothers that some one had come to take a picture of them—such is the vanity of the very young. The birthplace is very good and the estate most impressive, for the average actor boasts no such pretentious beginning. But this makes little difference. It is fitting that Fountain Green is the name of the locality which sheltered the youth who gave to our country an ever verdant art.

We rushed on through a country wisely marked at the dangerous turns by a skull and cross bones painted on high white fences, and our speed, controlled at times by these visions of a future state, brought us to Havre de Grace for early luncheon. We stopped there, for we were loath to quit Maryland, and the inn on the river was so soothing to the exterior man that we thought the interior individual might take a chance at a bad meal. But our dinner was both decorative to the eye and satisfying to that

side of us which, having a restricted view of life, takes small interest in the beauties of nature unless they are well cooked.

There were fresh green peas and asparagus, and each expression of gratification from us was repeated in a loud voice by the handmaiden as soon as she got beyond the swinging door into the kitchen. "They like the sparrowgrass," she announced, "but he don't eat no veal." The other guests grew very quiet in the dining room as the report of our doings continued. "They keep askin' about their dog," she shouted. "Take him round to the back door, Katie, and feed him till he busts." And at the end of the meal: "He ain't got enough money an's asked her for some. They come in a machine too."

The Illustrator hastened out to hunt up the chauffeur who had taken advantage of the assurance across the street that here were sold "sandwitches." The landlady came in when I was alone apologising to me for everything as though we were at an old-fashioned country tea party, where, if I remember rightly, it was the fashion for the hostess to deprecate her table. I recall the heavy effort to be enthusiastic and to quiet her pretended alarm, and how the wearisome repetition of our repletion took away our appetite before we were actually satisfied. We don't do so much of that nowadays and

one finds a casual hostess very much of an apéritif.

The landlady said with a weary sigh that she was housecleaning (here I begin working, not "easing" you up to your apartment door) and I admitted that I had wired "clean if not cleaned" while I was far away in Petersburg. She looked at me earnestly with her lips pursed up. "Do you think she'll do it as well as you?"

I replied that "she" would probably do it better. And I don't know why "she" shouldn't when it is her specialty and not mine. Nor do I see why a woman is less housewifely for paying others who need the small sum to do what she can ill afford to spend time upon. I can write stories and get money for them (although you'll probably doubt this) and I won't spend hours sewing on buttons when I could make enough in that time to employ a moderate sized Dorcas Society of needy needle-women.

As for the darning bag the Illustrator says I never get it out unless we are expecting an interviewer. But I defy any reporter to catch me so selfishly at work. I'd rather do without satin slippers which wear out so easily. Yes, and I do do without them. The next time you see me wearing kid ones at a party remember that a sewing woman has a day's work off of each foot—which is confusing but I know you'll understand.

Or will you? Have the previous chapters full of meandering thoughts left you opposed to the theory that I should keep out of the kitchen. Do you want to cry, " Try darning socks! " Believe me I have tried. I have tried many things in life and failed. After that what is there for us to do but tell of our many failures, and if a reader can get any consolation out of them perhaps we haven't been such fearful failures after all.

You see I should be closing this chapter now, but I write on hoping that I may improve my style—like suddenly learning a trick—so that you may say " the end was good "—which can mean two things. A last chapter is terrible, for a writer wishes to take back every word she has said that is confusing or incorrect or displeasing. It is like sending for a priest at the close of a wilful life. I wish I didn't know when it was to be the last chapter and that I could wake up some morning to find that the manuscript, now a sturdy and complete child, had walked itself down to the publishers. But see how I make into " one-night-stands " a run that was swiftly accomplished. If I can just get across the Susquehanna, over one of the long bridges to which the river is addicted, and reach the Delaware state line I am sure all Southern languor will leave me, and I can roll you by the power of words quickly to the Quaker City.

One could tell Delaware by the abrupt leaving of the perfect road, yet it was a good "home" road—I mean by that as "home cooking" is good, which is never quite what we pretend it to be. The buzzards left us as promptly as they had begun way over at the western end of Maryland, but Colonial beauties in architecture were still ours. As engaging a church as we saw in the South was that of St. James's near Staunton, Delaware. It is so curiously built that we hung about the churchyard for a long time hoping some one would come along to explain its unusual design. But it was off by itself in the country with no service for five days ahead, and that would mean almost another book if we waited for the history. One may notice that it takes little time to relate facts but I find it difficult to lead up to them from a long avoidance of the truth.

Between this point and the discovery of the best Southern inn on the run through a Northern state lay Wilmington, a town of lovely old houses which I never saw before, although I can tell all about the hotels and the theatres. The strolling player of today does very little strolling beyond covering the distance between his workshop and his bed.

But such are the benefits of motoring that we find the best of a town as often as we do the worst

THE TOWER OF HOLDER HALL, PRINCETON

of it, and as a rule under gentler skies than does the weary mummer. A number of us experienced Wilmington during a hot spell one September, however, that made us think affectionately of wading through snow drifts to catch early morning trains. From my excellent room I could look out upon the Delaware River, and I beg you to waste no further pity on "Washington Crossing the Delaware" when you are confronted by that large steel engraving. I did not believe during my torrid stay in Wilmington that the Delaware could ever freeze over, but if it did George Washington was enjoying it.

The river kept to our right (or we kept to its left as the river would say if it were writing this book) all the way to Philadelphia showing by its industries in ships, munitions, and other methods of destruction that it was very much in the mode. Before we reached Chester we found as charming an ornament as man could make and sit upon a little hill to view the stream. It is an inn known as "Naamans" after an Indian chief of that district. It is low with thick protecting pillars and wide inviting wings. At one end is a block house which the Swedes built for protection against the Indians in 1638. But the poor Norsemen needed more than block houses to withstand the violence of Governor Peter Stuyvesant. He drove them out

with small cannon balls—one was found absurdly hiding in the crotch of an old tree and now rests upon the hall mantelshelf. The block house is used for the braiding of the most lovely rugs imaginable, and if you see me wearing to the opera this Winter a circular effect in dull blues I will pretend that it is a coat but it is really one of the rugs purchased at Naamans.

The hostess and I were enthusiastically discussing the merits of the rare mahogany in the bedrooms when W—— said that it was too dark to make a sketch and so—"Ahem!" That is the male way of saying "As I have nothing to do here remaining is not important." Once I fed a little monkey and when the hand-organ man pulled him away he went hopping backwards with his arms stretched out appealingly to me. And in that manner I hopped away from Naamans, but some day a letter will come to Claymont, Delaware, which is the address of the inn, bidding them prepare the block house and I shall inhabit it for a while, shooting any one who asks me "What's for dinner?" or "Where is my left patent leather pump?"

It was a pleasant sign that on the last run of both our trips in America we have come across particularly interesting taverns. They are like little tendrils which hold you to your love of the road, promising comfort with charm if you will come back

and not forget what the broad highway has to offer.

Upon the outskirts of Philadelphia we plunged into domesticity so heavily that it looked as though no one on the globe was living in hotels or flats or boarding houses. Thousands of neat little homes attended us on either side the streets, millions of front steps led to rocking chairs on porches equally numerous. I immediately became a housekeeper and hinted to the Illustrator of a long night run to New York. But this was not encouraged and the best that I could do was to arrange mentally the furniture in these little houses: "The couch must be there—the lamp by the window—two bookcases on either side of the chimney and——" W—— turned to look at me quizzically. "You've stopped looking about," he said. It was true. I had stopped regarding the road in the arranging of furniture. I was nearly "home."

We did none of the things in Philadelphia that I hope you will accomplish. In preference to a lecture on foreign travel we went to the theatre—a bus man's holiday—to see an indifferently acted play. At supper afterwards one of the actresses stopped at the table which we were sharing with friends. She admitted that they were tired of the "road." I listened to this complacently for I knew that they would rest for a while, then a longing to

get back again would come twitching at their hearts. They too are of that band of explorers who know the wanderlust.

What haste W—— felt about reaching New York he did not crystallise into speech, but he was fairly acrid for an amiable man when I was very late ordering down the bags. I had been running up and down the most delightful feature of Philadelphia: its little back streets, chasing Mr. Toby. He had given up all thought of ever staying more than a night in one place and had accommodated himself to it, but an extra morning's scrub was a little hifalutin, and for the first time in his life he ran away, lured on by a few dogs urging him to join the union against baths. I would have pursued him to the world's end, and may the creator of all animals soften the heart of the passerby who meets the lost dog wearing a muzzle. Catch him if only to send for the wagon which carries his kind to a more peaceful finish than will be our fortune. But don't let him starve behind that mouse trap.

The parkway which Philadelphia has given the traveller of the New York road is the most majestic of my experience. Some day we are going to make the run from New York just for the pleasure of being conducted through lovely paved processes up to the heart of Philadelphia. It is quite symbolic, however, that we should have passed, upon entering

the city, the little houses whose prosperity made possible the building of these boulevards. Motor grievances are not enduring humps. They are ironed out by quiet running, and before we had reached New Jersey Toby's anxious eyes grew peaceful. "They're all right, everything's all right," said he, which I have thought so often that he must have borrowed it from me.

We turned off the road through the wilfulness of the motor before we reached Princeton which was done, I hope, to atone for other less welcome misleadings. It took us along an old canal with the drawbridge open while a long string of animals pulled so heavy a cargo that I could not believe it was only chalk. I was occupied until we discovered the far towers of Princeton figuring what they could do with all that chalk. The public need it —as far as I know—only for school children, unbecoming face powder, and grease spots. The picturesque reward was worth the wrong turn and the unusual approach to Princeton was as English as a landscape could be and remain New Jersey. A line of grey towers commanded green treetops, and Mr. Carnegie's lake was as good as the Thames any day.

We lunched at the Princeton Inn, a far cry from the noon meal of the day before, or of our outdoor spread in the swamps, of the farmhouse in the Vir-

ginia mountains, or Friddle's restaurant in the valley of the Shenandoah. Yet this dignified eating place was no mark of progression beyond the further enriching of our experiences. Let it be a healing thought to such of us as find the creature comforts of life decreasing with the advance of years that, in the steady march of time, never for one instant is our horizon narrowing.

I watched some of the older of the University men at table—seniors, a little tinged with the seriousness of life. They had shot above the limit of the school boy's mental stature. They were brave enough and sure enough to be simple. But, even so, I thought of the long road ahead of them and their discoveries along the way. A young man wrote me last year and spoke of his mental state a few months previous. "I was in transit then," he wrote, "now my principles and my philosophy are established. I see big and fine things ahead. It's a great relief. I shall have no more mental roving."

Ah, poor young man! Even now he may have found that he must take out his map of life and alter his pleasing itinerary. And he will travel far on his mental rovings nor cease until the map has blown from his withered hands by a wind too rude. We are in transit from the moment we come crying into the world until such time as we quietly close our

eyes upon it. And that is another reason we feel the highroad to be as much our home when we are restless as are the enfolding walls when tranquillity is ours.

We crossed to Staten Island from Perth Amboy and from there on the Metropolitan aura made itself felt by a sort of nimbus of New York trucks and town cars all around us. But the wrappings of the country did not leave my spirit as it has often done before. I wondered if I had been inoculated with the brown earth, or had my sympathies made me one with it—we were near to the ground in the Old Dominion. And then in the haziest fashion, even as we were making for the ferry amidst the great drays, there came to me the memory of the Greek story of the deluge. Faintly I remembered Deucalion and his wife, Pyrrha (who were the Mr. and Mrs. Noah of mythology) praying befort the altar for a way of quickly renewing the race. The oracle spoke and bade them cast behind them the bones of their mother. This was sacrilege to a Greek, but Deucalion found an interpretation for the command. It was not the human mother—which would be desecration—but the earth which, as Deucalion said, " is the great parent of all. The stones are her bones; these we may cast behind us." So they picked up the rocks along the way and as they walked they cast them over their shoulders.

" The stones began to grow soft, and assume shape. By degrees they put on a rude resemblance to the human form, like a block half finished in the hands of the sculptor. The moisture that was about them became flesh; the stony part bone; the veins remained veins, only changing their use. Those thrown by the hand of the man became men, and those by the woman became women."

So you see it would be very stupid in us not to love the road, for if you are a good Greek you will believe that you are not only on it but of it. And that is the last of the metaphor for this is the end of the book.

When we reached our apartment Toby was amazed over our complete dismounting of the baggage. " Is this our home? " he asked.

" Until the road calls again," we answered.

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